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THE BOOKMAN

JOHN FARRAR, *Editor*

THE POINT OF VIEW

LITERARY PLUCK

FEW of the critics who have lavished praise on Amy Lowell's fine biography of John Keats know the tremendous strength of will which went into its making. It was only when this New England poet was forced to cancel her trip to England, where she was about to address various learned bodies, that it became apparent how unwell she had been for several years. She was determined to finish the task she had set herself. She brought all of her New England courage to bear upon the problem, and by a system of rigorous discipline completed a work which entailed labors of research and of actual writing that would have been remarkable in one enjoying perfect health. Recently Boston gave her a complimentary dinner, at which various critics and friends told her honestly and sincerely how much they admired and honored her. Then they asked her to read a poem. It was only a few friends who realized, as she read the final moving lines of "Lilacs", how exhausted she was; for she made the New England lyric dramatic and beautiful, although she was pale and her voice did not have quite its usual ring. Perhaps this tribute to her courage is unnecessary. Yet as an example to young writers — to old writers for that matter — this woman, with her sense of form and of duty, her genius and her intellect brought to bear upon it to accomplish the seemingly impossible, should be an inspiration. Of her "John Keats" many things have been said, but the fact that it is a textbook for the young writer may not have become apparent. No book on how to write poetry, on how to live the artistic life, can equal it. In the mistakes of Keats, Miss Lowell points out the duties of others. One of the reasons why she was able to write so knowingly of the dreams and difficulties of youth is that she has always been unsparing in the amount of time she has given struggling youth. Night after night, she has interrupted her work to go over, line by line, word by word, the poems of aspirants to literary fame in whose gift she believed. Their troubles were her own. Her influence has been far reaching, and many of our

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finest poets are ungrudging in their acknowledgment of debt to her vision and honesty. Unflinchingly critical of her own work, she does not spare others, and her advice is never lightly given. We should like to wish her quick recovery from her illness and to assure her that wherever there are lovers of poetry and of the writing craft, they will grieve that she is not well. Miss Lowell can rest assured that her public is a growing and an affectionate one.

OBSCENITY RAMPANT

DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON in "The Rambler", No. 64, had something to say concerning "The Wickedness of Loose or Profane Authors":

> By the instantaneous violence of desire, a good man may sometimes be surprised before reflection can come to his rescue; when the appetites have strengthened their influence by habit, they are not easily resisted or suppressed; but for the frigid villainy of studious lewdness, for the calm malignity of laboured impiety, what apology can be invented? What punishment can be adequate to the crime of him who retires to solitudes for the refinement of debauchery; who tortures his fancy, and ransacks his memory, only that he may leave the world less virtuous than he found it; that he may intercept the hopes of the rising generation; and spread snares for the soul with more dexterity?

Thus spoke the eighteenth century sage, and his remarks ring with pertinence today. With all the talk of censorship, of criticism of present day theatres and books, it is necessary to reiterate several points. The lady in an upstate town who pronounced "Soundings" and "The Constant Nymph" obscene could not in the eyes of this magazine be justified in any degree. It would be difficult to persuade any jury that either of these books "spreads snares for the soul". Nevertheless, it is conceivable that any book, no matter how sweet — perhaps even "Pollyanna" — might be capable of ensnaring a particular soul. A psychiatrist recently pointed out that in many cases of developing abnormality he had traced the influence of a certain volume published a decade since, a volume not in any sense an obscene book, which could not be suppressed, yet which is harmful. Books and plays are the expression of the hearts and the minds of a people. We cannot change these hearts and minds by frowning on them, or by trying to influence their artistic output. If we try to destroy the works of artists, we shall some day burn a Michelangelo. Decent minded people do well to protest, as did Dr. Johnson, against "the calm malignity of laboured impiety"; but in so doing it is well to look into the heart to discover whether such criticism is justified or merely fussy.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY ON THE INSTALMENT PLAN

AT the time of the publication this year of "Mark Twain's Autobiography", reviewers guessed that it was incomplete. Now, to the New York "Times", Albert Bigelow Paine, editor of the Autobiography, discloses "that the full text would fill six volumes similar in size to the two already published". Mark Twain did not wish any vicious statements about living persons or their immediate descendants to appear until long enough after their death, so that there could be no possibility of offense. It does not seem evident to his literary executors or to his publishers — nor, apparently, did it occur to Mr. Clemens — that there would be no possibility of defense, ei-

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ther. Would it not be more courageous and fairer to the public if the entire book had been published at one time? Did not the occasion demand a firmer statement of fact at the time of publication of this first instalment? Mark Twain's stature will not gain by fumbling over his manuscript effects. Surely, if his convictions were strong enough so that he put them on paper, a man of his greatness need not fear the criticism of time. If enemies are worth having, they can be met in the open; there is an element of cowardice about not wishing to offend the living, while we plan to harass their ghosts in, say, a hundred years. "Mark Twain's Autobiography" as it stands is too good a book over which to quibble; but the full text is undoubtedly better. Mr. Paine's judgment in selection is usually excellent. Nevertheless he now makes a statement, "There is no reason why a considerable portion of it should not be used whenever the public seems ready for it. There are also chapters which it would not do to publish for a generation or two." Why not? We think the public may righteously demand a statement on that point. In a generation or two will not literary executors be putting Samuel Clemens in the unenviable position of striking blows in the dark?

THE COPYRIGHT SITUATION.

COPYRIGHT law is under discussion, and there is likelihood of legislation in the next Congress. There is likelihood, too, of disaster as well as aid to publishers and authors, if the matter is not given careful attention. The situation has changed since the discussions of 1891 and 1909. At one time, copyright discussion was chiefly between authors and publishers. Nowadays the right to control literary and artistic matter is of primary importance to the motion picture producers and theatres, the musical record industry, and the broadcasting stations. The change is quite clearly shown by the extent of the printed testimony before the House Committee in the four long hearings during January and February.

There are two important results which revision of the copyright law should bring about: first, a clearer statement of the rights of the owners of copyright, so that they may successfully control all markets; and second, the entrance of the United States into the International Copyright Union, from which it is the most conspicuous absentee.

A clearer statement of the rights of owners of copyright is needed, because a writer has not only book rights to think of but serial and second serial rights, moving picture and dramatic rights; in all these business transactions, he needs a clear control of his property. Under the present law, copyright protection depends on the act of publication. Oftentimes, in the case of literary material first published in a periodical, editors have neglected to transfer the rights to the author or the magazine has failed before such transfer was made, with the result that the author never can obtain the clear title with which to negotiate profitably for other income.

But the second result, i.e., the entrance of the United States into the International Copyright Union, is of still more importance. Once the United States is in the Union, a book written by an American author — or a play, song, or what not — is automatically protected in every other country of the Union; vice versa, everything of literary and artistic value produced in

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the other countries is automatically protected here. At present, an American writer must obtain foreign rights by publishing in a Union country, usually in London.

At the time of drafting our first international copyright law of 1891, copyright was made dependent on manufacture here. Such restrictions are not in accord with the agreements of the Union. American printers felt that a manufacturing clause was necessary to protect their interests, but in practice it has been found that books are likely to be manufactured here if there is a market for a sufficient quantity; if there is not, no amount of restriction will induce manufacturing. It is expected by those now favoring copyright change that the printers will take this broad point of view.

In Europe, on account of the differences in language, the problem of conflicting selling rights on the same book has raised but few difficulties. Paris does not publish books in German to be sold in Leipzig; and Leipzig does not publish books in French to be shipped to Paris to compete with the French edition. But, in planning for the successful marketing of a book in the English language, the author wants active publishers, if he can get them, in England, the United States, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand. It is, therefore, very important that he shall have the power to assign, and his publishers to enforce, restricted territorial rights. The American publisher of English authors can hardly be expected to look cheerfully on the plan, proposed in the new bill, which would permit the American market to be served by editions from London and Toronto as well as by his own, especially after he has carried the burden and expense of promotion.

Publishers point out that a basic privilege of copyright is to give the owner the exclusive right "to print, publish and vend" such a work, and that this exclusive right to vend means nothing if the market is open for any edition which may be made elsewhere. They point out that while the English or Canadian author will not be *obligated* to arrange for an American publisher, and while he can cover the American market through his London publisher, still his privilege of assigning American book rights should not be invalidated by American legislation, particularly as such a ruling would certainly mean fewer books sold in this country.

The American publishers hope that the new bill with its many improvements will be enacted, but that careful consideration will be given to these points. A disaster to American publishing will certainly be of no advantage to either authors or reading public.

A PLEA FOR THE SYMBOLIST

AS long as life continues to be depicted in literature, just so long will its exposition in anything approaching impressiveness require symbols. Words, of course, are symbols, and so, too, are images. But there are other symbols. There are symbols of atmospheres, symbols of urges, symbols of desire, symbols of human intents and defeats, symbols of mystical approximations. The shears of Delilah are a symbol and the Dove flying from the Ark is a symbol. In reading the literature of any single season in America, how often do we find a novel that understands the strength, the majesty, the intellectual force, the infinite power of suggestion that may be induced by the supreme use of symbols? There is vast room for improvement here, room

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for the author to fling his thoughts and conceptions up on stronger wings than an uninformed and meticulous realism that is accurate enough but no more. It would be difficult to find a masterpiece that is not based upon symbols, the terms of which have more or less passed into the daily parlance of our speech.

If the younger American novelists — most of them so informed, so excellent, so keenly reactive to the sensations of life about them — could more fully circumscribe their pictures of contemporary life in symbols it is to be suspected that their work would reach infinitely higher planes than it does at present. It is true enough that some of these younger writers sense the power in the symbol, understand that more may be conveyed by its use than by reams of precise naturalism in prose. But they do not carry it far enough. They are too intent upon a photographic recreation. They should retain this effective approximation of reality but, at the same time, they should inform it with a symbolic value. Only in this way can literature be lifted from parochial standards into a universal category.

THE IMMORALITY OF ANONYMITY

SINCE Margot Asquith came to these shores to follow up the triumph of her literary indiscretion, there have come into being — and have since passed out — "Dusters" and "Mirrors" and "Recollections", censored and otherwise, which, like children born of unknown fathers, have made the neighbors nudge and wink. In some cases the content of these nameless utterances could be accused of exciting neither nudge nor wink. It was throughout of high moral rectitude, immaculate save for the little tang of suspicion engendered by that word "anonymous", which, biographically speaking, has come to connote the unsavory. It conjures up pictures of sneakings down backstairs, of smugglings out by servants, of eyes at the keyholes of lavatory doors, of furtive jottings on the cuff under the meagre light of street lamps, of watchful lurkings in the club o' nights in the hope of overhearing something good, of dawn spyings in the corridors of country houses: and then at last the trading for thirty pieces of silver. . . . At least "Margot" had the courage of her indiscretions.

It seems to us that self revelation, confession, is the only excuse for anonymity; though, paradoxically enough, the psychology of self revelation seems to make not for a screen but for a megaphone. The unsigned revelations of the *faits et gestes* of others, living or dead, seem to us to be altogether inexcusable, to be indeed an adult reproduction of the manners of those questionable urchins who scrawl on the school door, "Billy Jones loves Susie Smithers!" and then run away. The adults call it literary biography, or recollection, or reminiscence. We call it the immorality of anonymity and invert our thumbs.

THE GREAT BOOK OF THE WAR

TO the thirteenth edition of his "Gallipoli" John Masefield writes an introduction that is honest, clear, forceful. He explains that his description of the great campaign was written frankly as propaganda, that it is a mere sketch. He refers the reader to the authoritative books on the campaign.

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He speaks bitterly of censorship and its power, the limitations it placed upon truth telling. "This censorship was submitted to by the public", he writes, "in every country, in the belief that it would be a sword in the hands of their skilful generals. No doubt in some cases it proved to be so; but far more frequently it served as a shield to hide the incompetence of generals, staffs, War Offices and the politicians who set them moving, or checked them (or set them moving and then checked them), as their ambitions or their cliques dictated. Early in 1916, this censorship was not, in this country, such a power as it afterward came to be, but, as a matter of course, it barred out the two most important sources of possible information, the Admiralty and the War Office." In effect, this prose epic was written as a message to America. It stands now, accurate or inaccurate, as a saga of heroism. Mr. Masefield finds himself puzzled by unwillingness to glorify war, yet no book could possibly do more to make for peace than one in which the terrors and struggles of war, and the humanity of the soldier in face of tremendous odds, are so aptly told. What a mastery of prose rhythm! This prose is almost poetry, yet starkly simple. Homer is the name that comes to mind. Any page carries with it a sense of the march of history. If "Gallipoli" is not a proper textbook for those studying the history of the war, it is essential for an understanding of the spirit of the war, and it should be on every library and home shelf that boasts the inclusion of modern literary masterpieces. We quote at random:

> This word of victory, coming to men who thought for the moment that their efforts had been made in vain, had the effect of a fresh brigade. The men rallied back up the hill; bearing the news to the firing-line, the new, constricted line was made good, and the rest of the night was never anything but continued victory to those weary ones in the scrub. But 24 hours of continual battle exhausts men, and by dawn the Turks, knowing the weariness of our men, resolved to beat them down into the sea. When the sun was well in our men's eyes they attacked again, with not less than twice our entire strength of fresh men, and with an overwhelming superiority in field artillery.

HUSHED MIDNIGHT

By John Hall Wheelock

I HEARD the owlet call,
A little, quavering call —
Timidly, timidly out of the dark it cried:
'Twas midnight,
By candlelight
I sat alone, and the light was burning low;
And I thought of you that once had loved me so,
And of my lonely youth, my stubborn pride.
Heart of my heart, it was you out there in the night —
It was you that cried!

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ART FOR PHILISTIA

By Irwin Edman

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In this series of articles, the first of which was "Philosophy for the Lawless", the second "Religion for the Faithless", Dr. Edman seeks to show that, although present day intellectuals talk much of changed codes, of religion destroyed, of a challenging of convention, there can be for them a stability in the midst of their chaos. He attempts to point the way, to speculate as to what standards will arise from the ashes of the old, if the old is to be truly destroyed.*

IN that wave of revealing introspection that has swept over American literature in the last few years, we have had discovered to ourselves by writers as different as Sherwood Anderson and Sinclair Lewis that American life suffers from standardization, mediocrity, and externality. We have learned that the American scene offers no place or shelter for eternal and beautiful things, and, what is worse, no stimulus or encouragement to the kind of life that flowers into art. We have been told till it hurts that we are lost in the morasses of mechanism, industrialism, and materialism. We have been convicted of wallowing in haste, waste, and greed. There has been comparative silence as an answer to the charges that there is nothing in our continent or in our civilization that gives a characteristic savor or meaning or loveliness to our lives.

Now anyone who has traveled much abroad knows that what these writers say is wrong with the American scene, has been more or less wrong with the world since the industrial revolution. Much of the joy that an American finds in Europe is not the glamor of a beautified present, but the halo of a dying past. The loveliness is that of individual relics and monuments lingering in the midst of a civilization not much less mechanical or external than our own. The illusion of difference comes partly, though not wholly, from the fact that the American remembers a distilled and purified Europe upon his return. He recalls, not the factories and unemployment of Birmingham but the promenaders in the wide spaces of the Tuileries Gardens. He remembers, not the grime of Manchester but the green of Salisbury, not the soot of the Five Towns but the thatched cottage and the cathedral close.

The indictment that sensitive and creative minds make against the conditions of American life is thus not an accusation against America; it is a charge against that industrial revolution whose operations and consequences are most clearly seen in America where, since it is a young country, there is so little of the lovely persistence of older and more beautiful vestiges and ways of life. The troubled critics of the American scene are making practically the same charges that Matthew Arnold was elegantly thundering against the British middle class fifty years ago. The comfortable citizenry was living upon the fruits of a terrible and dwarfing labor. It was spending its energies in an equally terrible and footless leisure.

Our own recent critics have, on the whole, been concerned not with the

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hardnesses of the labor on which our civilization rests, but with the rottenness, dulness, and absurdity of the leisure which it makes possible. The industrial millennium has not arrived. But what depresses those concerned for the future of our life on this side of the Atlantic is what that millennium would be like if it did arrive. They have their suspicions, drawn largely from an observation of what preoccupies the time of those economically on the yonder side of Paradise. Lewis Mumford in his striking "Story of Utopias" points out that the implicit and controlling ideal of our civilization is the Country House, with all that it implies of the way life should be lived. If the measure of our civilization is to be found by what we do or would wish to do with our leisure, we are convicted, most of the critics assure us — and with painfully accurate justice — of doing with it nothing or worse than nothing. They insist that the tempo of our life is Philistine, and that it lacks the quality, the presence, or the possibility of art. Our leisure is as regimented as our labor. Our amusements are as compulsory and as standardized as our work. It is not golf they object to, but the whole regimental rigmarole of the country club. They do not bemoan the radio, but the jazzy disintegration of the radio programs. It is not that we are pressed and penniless; but that having, by current standards, the major wealth and leisure of the world, we live in luxurious barracks, find pleasure in excited and standardized revues, and have neither the individual passion of producing nor the private peace of enjoying art.

For these critics, art and beauty have indeed become the new religion. Having nothing much left to believe in in the way of a world to come, they look for something to cling to in the world about them. In the middle of the nineteenth century, along with those optimistic giants of reason, Comte and Mill, they and we might have evolved for ourselves sufficient faith and exuberance in the possibilities of progress to have founded and found spiritual satisfaction in a religion of humanity. The war — and the peace — have disillusioned us. The prophets of sensitive despair have fled to the ivory tower. In the exquisite cultivation of beautiful moments, they have found the only hope of grace in a graceless world. The concert hall has become the new cathedral, in which sounds without meaning have been found to be the only pure pleasures in a meaningless world.

But those who flee to art have a profounder reason. They have shaken off the rusty shackles of old foolish moralities, and they have, in a latter day paganism, discovered anew the Greek identity between the beautiful and the good. What is good is not what was commanded by a law no longer believed in. What is good is what is moving to the senses, emotions, and the mind. For art comes to us, in Pater's famous phrase, proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to the moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake. And in the perfect moments of pure pleasure in color, word or sound, or the free and perfect spontaneity of artistic production, prophets of the newest paganism see not only a stimulation but a morality, not merely a pleasure but a religion.

Meanwhile the average man in the street has become increasingly suspicious of and insensitive to art as a thing, a life, a cult. There is no question that in America, for many intelligent minds, art is a foolish epithet adored by effeminate sillies. It is

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associated with museums that one never enters and books that one never — voluntarily — reads. It is profound, unctuous, and essentially unimportant. It is as serious as a religious service, and as dull. Or it is an embroidered dissipation indulged in by elegant wastrels. It suggests the sultry nonsense of the *fin de siècle* and the worst of Oscar Wilde. The wholesome, normal, full blooded he-man with the tangible goods of swift motors, weekend golf, and the rattat intoxication of jazz, sniffs at museums, concert halls, and libraries with all their dull and deadly arts. If he tolerates art at all, it is with the breeziest of the intellectuals in their canonization of the lively arts of jazz, vaudeville, and the comic strip.

The wholesome hearties who feel the futility of much irrelevant prettifying that passes for art, are expressing a certain justice in their reactions. Many who produce or are absorbed in the fine arts in our generation are having the experience, not of art, but of day-dreaming. When poetry degenerates into a thin playing with irrelevant verbal music, it is not an art but a tinkling escape from the major concerns of life. It is a flight to fantoms and arabesques from a civilization left no less brutalized and unadorned. Nothing could be more wan and depressing than an evening spent with a group of people whose only concerns are with the choice between mauve color and rose, and who have no life outside the exquisite titillations of the fine arts. Their passions seem puerile and their subject matter nil. One understands why Bernard Shaw believes that in a really adult civilization, like that pictured in the last part of "Back to Methuselah", art would take its place along with other toys proper to children. The Sancho Panzas of our day are not complete fools, no more so than was their original. They know there are more important concerns for living men than the tinkle of a rhyme or the last nuance of a color. They are justly suspicious of those who think there are not.

Yet one can believe that in the quarrels between the æsthetes and the hearties, the meaning of art in its widest human sense has been forgotten. They have both failed to see in art that which has made the most profound and vertebrate of thinkers, from the Greeks down, find in it the type and pattern of civilized achievement. They must both fail to understand why these same thinkers have found that a civilization without beauty was not a civilization at all. Oddly enough, the call to art as the type of perfect experience and perfected life has come in our generation most urgently not from an æsthete at all. It is Havelock Ellis, after a lifetime of frank and mellow survey of all the depths and radiations and heights of human passion, who has pleaded for beauty as a criterion of morals and art as the most expressive and generous pattern of life.

It was Aristotle who long ago fixed the most significant and pregnant meaning of art. He contrasted it with nature; it is artfulness or artifice; what man does to nature; it is what man does to a nature which was not made for him, but which he must accommodate himself to and subject to his own best uses. Bridging a river or broiling a steak are instances of art in its simplest and most rudimentary sense. All civilization is in essence an art; human intelligence applied to the conditions of nature, and human dreams turned through the technique of sciences and institutions into something like order and delight. If without government, as Hobbes insisted, life would be "poor, nasty, brutish and

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short", government is only one of the arts by which the human animal has turned his instincts into beneficent methods, and the chaos of his environment into a tolerable order. The step from the bearable to the beautiful is not very far. The fine arts are simply those arts in which what is done is done beautifully and for its own sweet sake. The sheer unquestionable and unquestioned joy of beholding a beautiful thing, and the liberating activity of producing it, have been regarded throughout recorded history as among the clear and impeccable goods of life.

The call to art is thus not at all a call to burial in a museum or stultification in a concert hall. It is merely a reminder that in the ways of creation that we call art and the objects we call beautiful are the instances of what we might wish our lives and our society to be continually like. Often before a still life we are caught in a moment's act of vision that is instant and absolute peace. It is such serenity as love and friendship at moments provide, and which a more generous order of society might make more continually possible. In listening to the ordered march, momentum, and disciplined passion that is Brahms's "First Symphony", we have a sense of what life, if its conditions were both more sensible and more spontaneous, might be like.

What troubles — and justly troubles — the critics about our civilization is not that people fail to buy books and pictures and talk the High Lingo of the nouveau art. What troubles them is that the sense for beauty and the demand for it are so notably absent and so little cultivated in our lives. What is needed is not so much new museums to bore more Philistines. What is demanded is a type of education and morale that will make beauty regarded as less of an effete stranger in our midst.

The artist knows that what gives his work and his life reality is individuality. He resents that standard mechanization of life that deprives lives of anything of a personal signature, or character. Some years ago, Helen Marot suggested that we make room in industry for something she suggestively called the "creative impulse". Hilaire Belloc and G. K. Chesterton sentimentalize much about the days when each handicraftsman put his own individual and unique touch upon his own work which he saw through from its design to its finish. Perhaps that is impossible for a civilization committed to quantity and machine reproduction. But certainly there could be more room for freedom, individuality, in our teaching, our writing, and our ideas in a civilization that did not put a premium upon standardized things, patterns, and ideas in everything from collars to cantatas.

Art for Philistia should begin with something more fundamental than courses in art or provision for artistic training, though it is curious how completely, for the most part, our universities have made provision for everything but the imaginative life. It should be part of our education to train us to a sense of the æsthetic possibilities of acts and objects not commonly thought within the domain of art. It is part of our gospel of efficiency to have become careless of all the means and incidents in life that might become durably and pervasively beautiful. After a sojourn in England, the returning American is shocked by the extent to which speech with us has become simply a hard ugly method of getting things said. And how easily the words and cadences of our language might turn the daily intercourse of our lives

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into something itself possessing the quality of an arresting delight! Perhaps, again, in a subwayed and radioed and Fordized civilization, courtesy and grace of manner in social relations would appear too effete and eighteenth century an importation. But the connection between manners and morals is something more than accidental; the form of doing and what is done, like the form and content in music, are indissolubly wedded to each other. No civilization can be lovely in attainments, the quality of whose daily living is ugly.

In his latest volume of "Impressions and Comments" Havelock Ellis becomes almost bitter in his denunciation of the extent to which our civilization has wandered from the path of beauty. He is forever contrasting a beautiful moment in love, in ecstasy of the dance, or in the sight of sea gulls flying, with the tawdriness and horror of our architecture, our cities, and our social relations.

There is cause for bitterness, no doubt. But cause, too, for hope. Never before since the sunny freedom of the Greeks was there more of a chance to have the attitude of the artist and the ideals of art become the criteria and centres of our lives. We are freed from many of the outworn stupidities and hypocrisies. We know perfectly well that whatever divinity we dream, it is only our own artful intelligence that can convert it into the realities of our lives. The new morale, if it is to be at all, will be a universal art of life. Through such an art we may turn the turbid stream of living into something colorful, fluent, and free.

There are many forces making in the direction of treating life as a problem in art. Not the least of these is the habituation even of Philistia to the cadence, the clarity, and the serenity of beauty. Somewhere Plato speaks of life as a listening, a listening to a fine music whose intervals are too subtle for the casual and promiscuous ear. It is perhaps not too fantastic to suppose that the way in which music seems genuinely to have made its way in America, may augur well for the future sweetness and fluency of life on this continent. An imagination attuned to the beautiful precisions of music will not remain long patient with the major discords of life. The harmony of the musician may win us to the view of making something more of a harmony of our society and our lives. We may come to hate hate, condemn misunderstanding, and social inequalities, not because they are wrong but because they are ugly deformations on the face of our civilization.

There are signs even that painting, so long a stepchild in this country, and architecture, too, are coming into their own. There are beginning to be reared about us structures in steel and stone that will feed the eye and the imagination as well as house the worker and his work. There is, too, something wistful and hopeful in the way in which thousands stand rapt along the galleries of the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, listening to music among the marbles. And there is hope also in the very discontent which torments the rebel against Main Street who misses the space and splendor of the Place de la Concorde and the imagination which made them possible.

It is hard to tell where the passion for beauty, once stimulated, may lead us. It may transform our ugly urban civilization into something more shapely, simple, and humane. Philistia, awakened to art, may cease to be Philistia. The critics of our civilization who are most effective are not the rebels, the cynics, and the satirists. They are those artists in writing, in

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thought and in sound and in color, who are bit by bit displaying to us the ingredients of a beautiful world. There is so much of vitality, energy, and freshness in our civilization that is amenable to forms of beauty that no artist will flee the challenge. The sense for beauty can be continually fed by artists too busy creating beautiful things to curse an ugly environment. Nor does this mean that we shall turn into a nation of æsthetes fleeing from reality to arabesques. It will mean simply that habituation to the beautiful in art will be retroactive upon our lives.

Schiller long ago wrote some beautiful essays on the æsthetic education of man. We are just beginning to learn that to cultivate the ear, the eye, and the imaginations of our children, to educate them to beauty, is one of the easiest and most persuasive ways to convert them to the good. If we educate the children of Philistia to beauty, to its enjoyment and to its making, the civilization of the future will not only contain more beautiful things, but life in it will be something nearer to the creation, the rhythm, the freedom and discipline that is art.

THE INITIATES

By Jessica Nelson North

I QUARRELED with the old dead where they were lying
Quietly under my feet,
As though when life was complete they had gone with joy to their dying,
As though they could not desire anything better than this,
The silence — the inviolable kiss.

I quarreled with them and said:
"Privet and charnel yew we have planted,
Moss rose and mignonette you shall not lack,
Your immortelle and rue you have not wanted,
And yet you come not back,
Nor lean to us, nor say,
'This was the way.'

"By what oath are you bound
To what cold brotherhood,
You that we loved and knew?
What vengeance could you suffer under the ground
Darker than dissolution? Lo where we offer
Roses and yew!"

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BIOGRAPHY BY INCHES

By Robert Benchley

With Sketches by Herb Roth

IMPORTANT as Amy Lowell's "John Keats" is to Keats lovers and poetry engineers, and readable as many of its twelve hundred pages are to the layman, it is rather fortunate that everyone with a pet poet has not the leisure or the genius for setting down two volumes full of data on his subject.

I, for instance, have a poet who has meant much to me in my dark hours and golden days. I need hardly say that I refer to William Bodney (1837–1876). And yet, were I to attack the subject with the loving attention to detail and conscientious analysis which Miss Lowell has bestowed on Keats, I should have the time to do only as much as that which follows here:

A LIFE OF WILLIAM BODNEY

Together with an Examination of His Poetry and Punctuation

I

GENESIS

THE weather report submitted by the Suffix Weather Bureau on May 11, 1837, states that shortly after three in the afternoon there was a light rain, a precipitation of some .005 inches. There is a certain sad significance in this technical statement of the Weather Bureau, for during that light rain, George and Edna Bodney were married in the south vestry of Queen's Church.

We know that it was the south vestry because of a letter written the next day by the Rev. Dr. Morbeling, the rector, to his sister Mrs. Wrethnam. "Such a mess, such a mess!" writes Dr. Morbeling. "The north vestry has been torn up by plumbers and plasterers for over a week now, throwing all the business into that dark, damp old south vestry which is very difficult to work in owing to the danger of tripping over the litter of kindergarten chairs."

North or south vestry, however, it is certain (and essential) that George and Edna Bodney were married on May 11, 1837, for on May 13, 1837, William Bodney was born.

II

BROOK AND RIVER

OF the boyhood of William Bodney we know but little. He was brought up as most of the boys in Suf-

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fix were brought up, except for the fact that he did not go out of doors until he was eleven, and then only to strike at the postman. He was kept in the house so much because of an old prejudice of Edna Bodney's against fireflies.

We catch a glimpse of Bodney's school life, however, in a letter written by Charles Cod, a fellow student at Wimperis School (From the Danker Collection):

"There are lots of fellows here in school", writes Cod; "among them Henry Mamsley, Ralph Dyke, Luther Fennchurch, William Bodney, Philip Massteter and Norman Walsh."

Cod is no doubt accurate in his letter, although a note of personal prejudice which creeps in now and again makes it a little hard to rely on his judgment.

No more trustworthy is Norman Rully, writing to Ashman in 1845 (Author's Collection) when he says that Bodney paid "three shillings for a pair of skates". This is unquestionably an error on Rully's part, for skates at that time cost five shillings if they cost a nickel.

III

EARLY POETRY

WE first find Bodney displaying his genius on the occasion of the presentation to him of a knitted necktie by Laura Pensick, the sister of his friend Alan Pensick. The tie was given to him early in the afternoon and by evening the young man had composed the following sonnet in honor of its fair donor:

LINES ON OPENING A LETTER AND FINDING SAND IN IT

When hours of sorry death have thundered by
And with them open windows to the sea
Lycurgus from his moss-bedowered tree
Brings asphodel to deck the starry sky.
The winter-scarred olympids homeward fly
And softly spread their golden heraldry
Yet Lacedemon does not wake in fantasy
Nor Thetis sing her songs to such as I.

So, Laura, how shall Eros take his due
Or crafty Xerxes leave his tent at night
If, dropping down from his cerulean blue,
He brings not gold with him wherewith to fight?
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way
And, what is more, you'll be a man, my son.

. . . .

The boy in Bodney is fading and giving place to the man. This sonnet, while not perfect, shows what was going on in the youth's mind. Of course, "moss-bedowered tree" is bad, and Lacedemon was the name of a country, not a person, but "winter-scarred olympids" makes up for a great deal, and the picture of decking "the starry sky" with asphodel comes doubtless from Bodney's vacation days in Polpero where there are a lot of rocks and seaweed. Henry Willers, in a most interesting paper on *Bodney's Relation to Open Windows* points out that the "open windows to the sea" probably refers to an old window of his aunt's which she kept upstairs in the house at Ragley. Mr. Willers is probably right also in believing that in line six, the word "their" comes from a remark made by Remson to Bodney concerning some plovers sent him (Remson) after a hunting trip. "I am using *their* feathers", Remson is reported to have said, "to make a watch fob with."

These are fascinating speculations, but we must not linger too long with them. Even as we speculate, the boy Bodney is turning into the man Bodney, and is looking searchingly at the life about him. Poor Bodney! We know now that he looked once too often.

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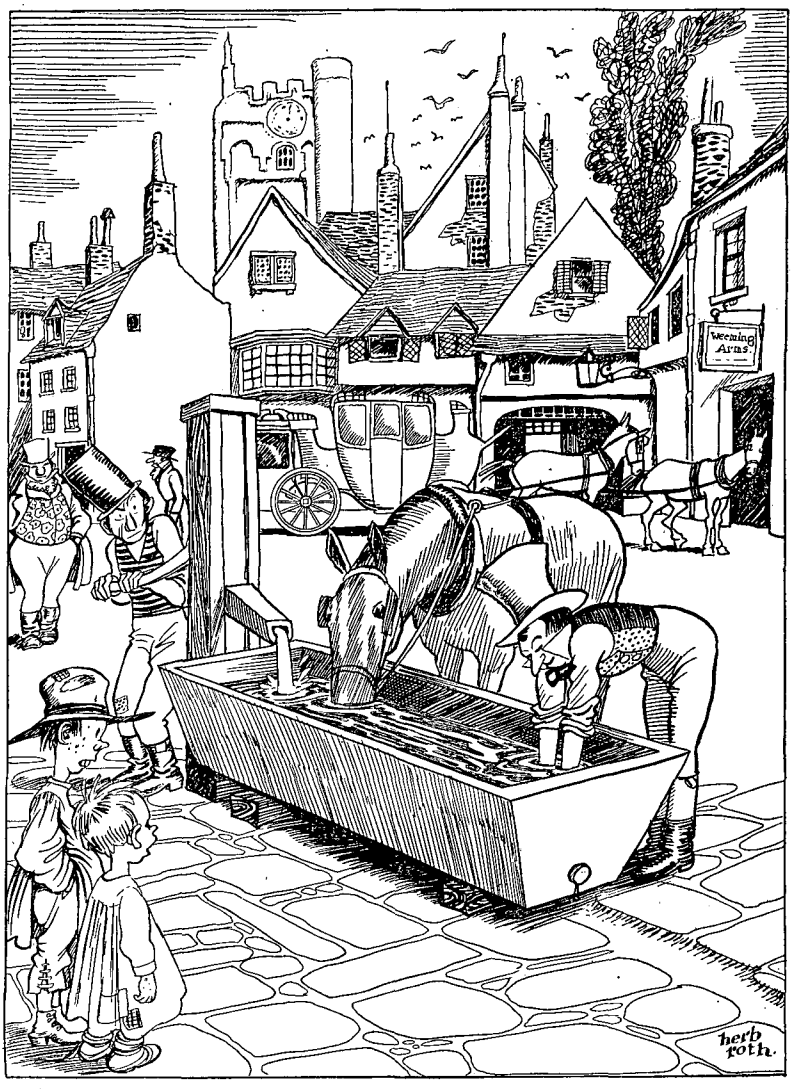

"Is it not possible that he stopped at the pump in the square?"

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IV

SHOPPING IN LONDON

THE first big adventure in William Bodney's life was a trip up to London to buy shoes. The shoes which he had been wearing in Suffix, we learn from the Town Clerk's record, were "good enough", but "good enough" was never a thing to satisfy William Bodney. The fashion at the time was to wear shoes only to parties and coronations, but Bodney was never one to stick to the fashion.

So bright and early on the morning of April 9, 1855, the young man set out for the city, full of the vigor of living. Did he go by coach or by foot? We do not know. On the coach records of April 9, there is a passenger listed as "Enoch Reese", but this was probably not William Bodney. There is no reason why he should have traveled under the name of "Enoch Reese". But whether he went by coach or over the road, we do know that he must have passed through Weeming-on-Downs, as there was no way of getting to London from Suffix without passing through Weeming-on-Downs. And as Bodney went through this little town, probably bright in the sunlight of the early April morning, is it not possible that he stopped at the pump in the square to wet his wrists against the long, hot journey ahead? It is not only possible. It is more than likely. And, stopping at the pump, did he know that in the third house on the left as you leave the pump London-wards, was Mary Wassermann? Or, did Mary Wassermann know that Bodney was just outside her door? The speculation is futile, for Mary Wassermann moved from Weeming-on-Downs the next week and was never heard from again. But I anticipate.

Of Bodney's stay in London we know but little. We know that he reached London, for he sent a postcard to his mother from there saying that he had arrived "safe and sound". We know that he left London, because he died fifteen years later in Suffix. What happened in between we can only conjecture at, but we may be sure that he was very sensitive to whatever beauty there may have been in London at that time. In the sonnet *On Looking Into a Stereoscope for the First Time*, written when he had grown into full manhood, we find reference to this visit to the city:

> And, with its regicidal note in tune,
> Brings succor to the waiting stream.

If this isn't a reference to the London trip, what is it a reference to?

V

PROGRESS AND REGRESS

WE have seen Bodney standing on the threshold of the Great Experience. How did he meet it? Very well indeed.

For the first time we find him definitely determined to create. "I am definitely determined to create", he wrote to the Tax Collector of Suffix (Author's Collection). And with the spring of 1860 came, in succession, *To Some Ladies Who Have Been Very Nice To Me*, *Ode to Hester*, *Rumpty: A Fragment*, and *To Arthur Hosstetter MacMonigal*. Later in the same year came *I wonder when, if I should go, there'd be*.

It is in *I wonder when, if I should go, there'd be* that Bodney for the first time strikes the intimate note.

> I sometimes think that open fires are best,
> Before drab autumn swings its postern shut. . .

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"Open fires" is a delightful thought, carrying with it the picture of a large house, situated on a hill with poplars, the sun sinking charmingly behind the town in the distance and, inside, the big hall, hung with banners, red and gold, and a long table ladened with rich food, nuts, raisins, salt (plenty of salt, for Bodney was a great hand to put salt on his food and undoubtedly had salt in mind), and over all the presence of the king and his knights, tall, vigorous blond knights swearing allegiance to their lord. Or perhaps in the phrase Bodney had in mind, a small room with nobody in it. Who can tell? At any rate, we have the words "open fires" and we are able to reconstruct what went on in the poet's mind if we have a liking for that sort of thing. And, although he does not say so in so many words, there is little doubt but that in using "fires" in conjunction with the word "open" he meant Lillian Walf and what was to come later.

VI

MIRAGE

FROM *I wonder when, if I should go, there'd be* to *On Meeting Roger H. Clafflin for the Second Time* is a far cry —and a merry one. *On Meeting Roger H. Clafflin for the Second Time* is heptasyllabic and, not only that, but trochaic. Here, after years of suffering and disillusion, after discovering false friends and vain loves, we find Bodney resorting to the trochee. His letter to his sister at the time shows the state of mind the young poet was in (Rast Collection):

> Somehow today I feel that things are closing in on me. Life is closing in on me. I have a good mind to employ the trochee and see what that will do. I have no fault to find with the spondee. Some of my best work is spondaic. But I guess there just comes a time in everyone's life when the spondee falls away of its own accord and the trochee takes its place. It is Nature's way. Ah, Nature! How I love Nature! I love the birds and the flowers and Beauty of all kinds. I don't see how anyone can hate Beauty, it is so beautiful. . . . Well, there goes the bell, so I must close now and employ a spondee.

Seven days later Bodney met Lillian Walf.

VII

FINIS ORIGINE PENDET

WE do not know whether it was at four o'clock or a quarter past four on October 17, 1874, that Henry Ryan said to Bodney: "Bodney, I want that you should meet my friend Miss Walf. . . . Miss Walf, Mr. Bodney." The British War Office has no record of the exact hour and Mr. Ryan was blotto at the time and so does not remember. However, it was in or around four o'clock.

Lillian Walf was three years older than Bodney, but had the mind of a child of eight. This she retained all her life. Commentators have referred to her as feeble minded, but she was not feeble minded. Her mind was vigorous. It was the mind of a vigorous child of eight. The fact that she was actually in her thirties has no bearing on the question that I can see. Writing to Remsen three years after her marriage to Bodney, Lillian says:

> We have a canary which sings something terrible all day. I think I'll shoot it Tuesday.

If that is the product of a feeble mind, then who of us can lay claim to a sound mentality?

The wedding of Bodney to Lillian Walf took place quietly except for the banging of the church radiator. The parson, Rev. Dr. Padderson, estimated

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that the temperature of the room was about 78° at the time, too hot for comfort. However, the young couple were soon on their way to Bayswater where they settled down and lived a most uneventful life from then on. Bodney must have been quite happy in his new existence, for he gave up writing poetry and took to collecting pewter. We have no record of his ever writing anything after his marriage, except a sonnet for the yearbook of the Bayswater School for Girls. This sonnet (*On Looking into William Ewart Gladstone*) beginning:

O Lesbos! When thy fêted songs shall ring . . .

is too well known to quote here in full, but we cannot help calling attention to the reference to Bayswater. For it was in Bayswater that Bodney really belonged and it was there that he died in 1876. His funeral was a Masonic one and lasted three hours and twenty minutes (Author's Collection).

TWO POEMS

By Richmond Lattimore

FANTASY

LAST night I dreamed I sat upon the moon
Swinging my legs; I saw the winking coil
Of stars that wound around the little moon,
And planets blazing like great lamps of oil.

I heard the whispered language of the stars,
How the moon sang, and how the planets talked:
I saw the leaping, tossing flame of Mars
And, on dim earth, your shadow as you walked.

WHICH?

I SAW the fisherman of dawn come forth
And catch five stars within his silver net,
Five stars that shone and struggled and were wet,
Three from the western sky, two from the north.

I went into the woods awhile and thought:
An endless question through the silence ran,
Whether I was the bearded fisherman
Or else the smallest star that he had caught.

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PARIS FOR YOUNG ART

By Robert Forrest Wilson

SYLVIA BEACH'S bookshop is in the Rue de l'Odéon in Paris, on the right hand side, about halfway between the Boulevard St.-Germain and the Théâtre de l'Odéon. It is a bookish neighborhood. French bookstores are numerous in that part of the old Latin Quarter, two or three of the leading French book publishers have their head offices in that vicinity, and the bookstalls under the arcades of the old theatre are as celebrated as those on the quays of the Seine themselves.

Her business self Sylvia Beach chooses to call "Shakespeare and Company", and a portrait of the bald bard appears on the shop sign hanging in front of No. 12, Rue de l'Odéon. It says something for her own personality that she has never succeeded in giving her trade name much currency. People in Paris know the place as "Sylvia Beach's Bookshop". The young intellectuals, who have the family spirit and call each other by their first names anyhow, shorten it still further to "Sylvia's Bookshop".

It happens that this bookshop disputes with a Parisian café the honor of being the chief focus of American culture in France, if not in Europe. The café is the Café du Dôme at the corner of the Boulevard Montparnasse and the Boulevard Raspail. The Dôme is primarily an artists' rendezvous — it is the American centre of the new Latin Quarter — but a good many writing people gather there too. They, however, are not intellectuals. They write for as much money as they can get and not for the select few who matter. The young intellectuals themselves seldom appear at the Dôme. They revolve around the bookshop in the Rue de l'Odéon. It is their headquarters and the place where one must go, if one is a stranger, to get in touch with them.

Miss Beach herself is a comely young woman with poise, a quiet and attractive manner, a businesslike bobbed head, and a frequent cigarette. And of course she is intellectual. Long ago she despaired — or so she strikes one — of getting the message across to the less understanding, and thus arrived at a forbearing but unhoping and somewhat weary tolerance of the Philistine.

It is an inviting establishment she runs. On chilly days there is an open fire before which one can sit in a comfortable chair and toast his shins while examining books for purchase or borrowing. The shop has a book renting department as well as new-book shelves. Pinned up over and around the fireplace are numerous photographs of intellectuals young and old autographed to Sylvia, and on the round table are piled for sale current copies of such New York and London reviews as the truly literate regard as significant.

But affording a sanctuary for young intellectuals, renting books, and selling books and magazines are not the only business activities of Shakespeare and Company. They are publishers, and mighty well known publishers. Their fame is considerable in France, and even wider in England and the United

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States. However, although it has made such a stir in the world, Sylvia's publishing nest has thus far hatched only a single egg — but that egg happened to be an eagle's egg, a veritable roc's egg, for it was James Joyce's novel "Ulysses".

So many men whose names carry authority in the world of letters have proclaimed "Ulysses" to be a work of genius, so many college professors and professional critics have contributed articles and even whole books to the growing Joyce bibliography, that it would be presumption in a mere scribbler to set up a contrary opinion, even if he were sure he held one. Its greatest admirers, however, will not deny that "Ulysses" is the most obscene book in the English language, or the most obscene one with pretensions to being literature. It is more obscene than Mr. Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man"; and that book was suppressed in England not by official censorship but by printers who threatened to strike rather than set its phrases into type. "Ulysses" is so obscene that an average reader, even one trying to discover the beauties which critics have pointed out — and he can discover some of them, if he looks for them — has a hard time hurdling the indecencies which Mr. Joyce continually throws into the path.

Yet, though shocking, "Ulysses" is not lewd. There is no sly, suggestive look in Mr. Joyce's eye as he writes. He has invented a new method in fiction — his worshipers say a revolutionary method — and that method is to paint characters almost entirely in the thoughts that flash through their heads. As a man thinketh so is he; and there is no gainsaying the essential effectiveness of the method. Mr. Joyce, however, writes mainly about obscure people who live on the spiritual level of the sewers thinking sewer thoughts couched in sewer language. The author sets down all these thoughts with the same fidelity with which he records thoughts about meadow flowers and Shakespeare and the political state of Ireland. There is no fact in the spiritual, sensual, and vegetative life of a man or a woman that Mr. Joyce avoids when human thoughts lead in that direction. It is realism carried to the end — a question of taste — but nevertheless there is something inexorable about it, as if the author were the moving finger of fate writing the human record in the eternal book.

To American readers who follow the trends in literature there is nothing new in these statements; for, since the suppression of "The Little Review" in America in 1920 when it was publishing serial instalments of "Ulysses", much has been written about this book and its author. The point of the novel's obscenity is again made here merely because of its bearing upon the merchandising of the editions of "Ulysses". It is Sylvia Beach's attitude that in publishing "Ulysses" she has performed a service to humanity, in that she thus rescued the masterpiece from an oblivion to which the timidity of other publishers would have consigned it. She publishes "Ulysses" at the retail price in Paris of sixty francs.

Sixty francs is a large price for a book in Paris. To a Frenchman it is almost prohibitive. For six or seven francs the Frenchman can buy a book that will be a distinguished job of printing. It will be on thick, durable paper with beautiful margins, adorned with artistic woodcuts and chapter initials in color. To be sure, it will have a paper cover, for French books are almost invariably bound in paper. This is an admirable custom. It makes of bookbinding an honored and extensive

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retail trade. It enables the book buyer to discard his purchasing mistakes without financial regret, to preserve worthy books in bindings of his own choice, and at no great expense to give to his library the richness lent by tooled leather.

And sixty francs is no low price for an Englishman or an American. It is fifteen shillings in England and over three dollars in America. In either country it will buy a book well bound and painstakingly printed. Shakespeare and Company's "Ulysses" is neither. Like French books, it is bound in paper. It is printed on thin paper of less than medium quality. Its text pages in appearance are as unattractive as those of a government report. It is full of typographical errors; although one can never be certain in "Ulysses" whether a printing affront is a mistake or one of Mr. Joyce's eccentricities — what his followers call his originalities. All in all, the book is a muddy, slovenly job; and in a land of low printing costs it retails for sixty francs.

Sylvia Beach justifies the price at which "Ulysses" is sold by its great length, which is three times that of an ordinary novel. But if there is wide circulation for a book, its mere length ought to cut no great figure in its price. Its paper and binding costs are much more important elements. "Ulysses" has now run through four editions. Miss Beach does not divulge the number of copies printed for each edition.

Although she maintains that most of the buyers of "Ulysses" are serious Joyce students, the fact remains that with the advent of the tourist season the book appears in the windows of a number of bookstores, both English and French, in the downtown section of Paris. And there is little doubt that many buy it for its enormities. If any filth hunter, however, thinks that in "Ulysses" he is getting a piece of light reading, the joke is on him. Most of "Ulysses" is hard going. In any paragraph the thoughts expressed, and expressed without punctuation guides for the reader, may be variously Mr. Joyce's or those of one of his characters or those of some person of whom the character is at the moment thinking; it takes close and practised attention to disentangle them and make the narrative intelligible.

The man who raised this monument of obscenity and flashing phrase, of calculated and even childish eccentricity and of limpid English, is not the sort of man one might expect such an author to be. He is quiet in appearance, unusually shy and retiring in disposition, and forty finds him the domesticated head of a family consisting of a wife and two grown sons, one of whom has a bass voice which resounds Sunday mornings in the choir of St. Luke's chapel in the Latin Quarter. Many a journalist seeks to interview James Joyce, but few succeed. His friends say, however, that when he is surrounded by his intimates he talks fluently and delightfully and not at all in the unreal manner of the style of "Ulysses".

James Joyce may or may not be living in the Latin Quarter in Paris — one never knows. When it comes to a place of abode Mr. Joyce shows the same restlessness that afflicted the Greek hero in whom he saw the analogy and prototype to the leading character in his novel. Joyce spent five years in the composition of the three hundred thousand words of "Ulysses". In those five years he moved thirty times and lived for brief spells in thirty different places in Trieste, Zurich, and Paris. The Latin Quarter, however, more than any other place can claim

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him as its citizen, for he is usually to be found in one or another of its hotels working away at the new novel which is to succeed "Ulysses" and which Sylvia Beach is going to publish.

Whatever the outside opinion about Mr. Joyce may be, to the young intellectuals of the Latin Quarter he is nothing less than both Allah and his Prophet. They see Joyce as the supreme modern master of English and "Ulysses" as the turning point of the modern novel and as a phase of literary education through which anyone must progress who pretends to write significant fiction today. The young intellectuals are not clamorous in these views — they simply state them. A person does not argue hotly about the size of the Pacific Ocean. It stands there for itself; and if your intellect cannot discern its greatness, so much the worse for your intellect.

Joyce and "Ulysses" being the shibboleth, it becomes easy to identify the young intellectual group of Paris with approximate definiteness. There are some minor figures, but they report at the bookshop only now and then and are not truly significant of the circle. The rest, the outstanding personages of this interlocking directorate of the Continental advance movement in English letters, are by name McAlmon, Ford, Bird, Hemingway, Antheil, and Pound. And, of course, Sylvia Beach and James Joyce himself.

Joyce is an Irishman, but the rest of the group are Americans, with the exception of Ford Madox Ford. Ford Madox Ford, whose name used to be Ford Madox Hueffer, is an Englishman — a large, ponderous Englishman —, who publishes in Paris a magazine called "the transatlantic review". It is called that without capital letters, too, Mr. Ford having adopted this millinery shop originality on the magazine's cover. The device is typical of a good share of the originality of the young intellectuals. Be different, even if you have to drop your capital letters. Joyce drops a lot of his.

It is, however, more or less of a struggle for Mr. Ford to be a young intellectual, the discoverer and contemporary and occasional collaborator of Joseph Conrad being scarcely a youth any more. The resulting strain, which one seems to detect in much that Mr. Ford writes, may bear upon the dulness of the uncapitalized review, which Mr. Ford ballasts almost to the deep-load line with his own literary production, inserted either anonymously or under his current or his sometime name. Besides the columns of his own magazine, Mr. Ford has access to those of various journals that matter both in America and England; and as he frequently writes about the doings of the young intellectuals of Paris, he is the chief celebrant of the group.

William C. Bird is a fairly recent convert. The young intellectuals captured him and took him to their bosoms, and he is now one of them. Not so long ago, during part of the war in fact, Bird — who is Bill Bird to his fellows — was a newspaper reporter in Washington, a member of one of the New York bureaus there. Newspapers still provide him with his principal means of support, for he is the Paris correspondent of a well known American syndicate. In addition Bird is a connoisseur of French wines, and he has recently published a book of his own written not at all in the young intellectual style. It is a concise, accurate, and practical manual of wines — how to know them, how to buy them, and how to drink them.

For the young intellectuals it was Ezra Pound who sprinkled the salt on

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this particular Bird's tail. All his life Bill Bird had wanted to go into the printing business. As a boy he had fussed with printing presses; and when he found himself set down comfortably in Paris for what looked like a good long tenure of office, he decided that the opportunity was at hand to gratify his hobby. So he bought a fine hand press and other equipment and set up a printing shop on one of the quays of the Ile St.-Louis, with the idea of producing books of the Mosher type.

About this time Ernest Hemingway introduced Bill Bird to Ezra Pound, and the poet's fertile brain at once conceived of a greater destiny for the new publishing house. Why (he asked Bird) be content to repeat what others have done *ad nauseam*? Why get out any more de luxe "Rubaiyats" and "Kubla Khans" when there are the unpublished works of living men and women equally deserving of such form? In other words, why not help lead the advance in letters and establish that rare, that almost unique thing, a publishing house hospitable to the free and rebellious spirits of contemporary literature?

Whereupon Mr. Pound, with the acquiescence of Mr. Bird, undertook to get together the manuscripts for a book list which should be a cross section of contemporary writing of significance, or rather (to quote the prospectus) "a critical enquiry into the state of prose in 1922–3". For the sake of those who would be well informed about what is going on in letters, this list of titles is here inserted:

It includes "Indiscretions" by Ezra Pound himself; "Women and Men" by Ford Madox Ford; and "In Our Time" by Ernest Hemingway — three of the six titles therefore by members of the Paris circle. The volume entitled "The Great American Novel" is by W. C. Williams, an American country doctor who was a college mate of Ezra Pound's. "Elimus" is by B. C. Windeler, a British wool broker who was a colonel with the Air Force in India when he wrote it; and "England" is by B. M. G. Adams, an upper class Englishwoman. Three British authors, three American.

All these books have been published by the Three Mountains Press — as Bird named his establishment — and beautifully published, on handmade paper, forty to eighty pages to the volume, two dollars per book. So thoroughly has Mr. Bird entered into the spirit of the young intellectuals that there are to be no second editions of the books, and the first editions are limited to three hundred copies, that being a sufficient number to place one in the hands of every person whose opinion could possibly matter. The Three Mountains Press publishes for the intelligent few.

The Press boasts a printer, but sometimes it is the pleasure of Mr. Bird and of Mr. Pound also to work there themselves. Now and then you can find the two of them in the little quay shop, their sleeves rolled up over their elbows and their hands inky as they pull the pages of the new ultralimited edition of Mr. Pound's epic, of which more is to be said farther on.

William Bird could be regarded as the official publisher of the bookshop group were it not for Robert McAlmon, who is not only an author and a member of the circle but also a publisher of books. His house is the Contact Publishing Company, the address of which is Miss Beach's bookshop. The Contact Publishing Company now has a list of seven books of the sort, as its unitalicized prospectus says, "not likely to be published by other publishers for commercial or

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legislative reasons". Just as necessary to the rebellion in letters as the free Parisian atmosphere is a free avenue of public expression, which accounts for the three publishing ventures — Miss Beach's, Mr. Bird's, Mr. McAlmon's — which the young intellectuals have set up for themselves in Paris. Assuming that the stupidity or commercialism of American publishers is stifling our most advanced genius, at any rate no broad public harm is being done, if we take the valuation which the young intellectuals set upon their own work. The edition of each of these Three Mountains and Contact books is limited to three hundred copies, and the announcements promise that there will be no subsequent printings. Thus if there should happen to be a masterpiece among them, it must, until copyrights expire, remain unknown to the people, a legend, unavailable even at many public libraries.

Mr. Bird has published a book by Ernest Hemingway and so has Mr. McAlmon. This fact and the further one that he is intimate with the bookshop circle seem to mark Mr. Hemingway for young intellectualism's own; but there are indications that his sojourn is to be only temporary. In other words, his work promises to remove him from the three-hundred-copy class of authorship. One of his short stories was proclaimed by the O'Brien anthology to be the best of the 1923 crop, and he has recently finished a novel which is said to break new ground. While an admirer of James Joyce, Hemingway is in no sense an imitator of him; he pursues his own ways, and his friends expect him to go far. He is a young man of vigorous health and physique who has been soldier and war correspondent, who now represents a Toronto newspaper in Paris, is versed in European politics, and is occasionally assigned by one or another of the New York newspapers to report some peace conference or League of Nations meeting; and who when not writing in his quarters in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs mingles democratically with the artist-writer crowd at the Café du Dôme.

Quite the most engaging figure of the whole group is George Antheil. He lives in the Rue de l'Odéon just above the bookshop — a convenient location, for if anybody asks for him in the bookshop Miss Beach can step to the curb and call up, and if George is at home he can signify his presence by sticking his head out of the window. George is almost offensively young — a short, chubby, fresh complexioned American boy who looks as if he might be getting through high school next year — but he nevertheless at his actual age of twenty three has a past which he would fain live down. It is risking his esteem to reveal the skeleton in his closet, but it must be done for the sake of the picture. George Antheil is, or has been, a virtuoso — a performer on the piano excellent enough to win showers of applause and good notices in such critical music centres as Munich and Vienna. And he reached this celebrity — think of it! — by playing to his audiences Beethoven and Chopin.

All that is a closed book now with him. When first he heard an automatic piano play a scale he knew that the human hand and the human equation in the rendition of music were doomed. Virtuosity could never hope to equal the flawless even beauty of that performance; and so George Antheil turned to the composition of precisian, machine made music for electric driven pianos. He has already composed a string of sonatas, ballets, symphonies, and even an opera, in the new form.

He is so engaging because he is so

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passionately sincere, so utterly certain that he and the handful who think with him are right about music and that the world is wrong. Start him talking, and his thoughts and ideas jostle each other in their hurry for utterance. He thinks of music as a grey polished shaft of high speed steel — his compositions are written to be played at terrific velocity and without crescendo or pianissimo effects whatsoever. He hates long hair and virtuosity and sentiment and everything the popular taste demands in musical performance. He believes in melody but admits that only his ear and one or two others as highly trained can detect the melodies which fill his own works; others find in them only time — swift, throbbing, exciting, African war drum time — and when the ordinary dissonances will not serve, George Antheil invents quarter tone sharpings and flattings for such instruments as can take them.

He thinks that Stravinsky is twenty years behind the times, that Irving Berlin comes close to being a genius, that ragtime is the most vital thing to come into music in modern times. He is indeed trying to do for ragtime what Moussorgsky did for Russian steppe music — to organize it artistically and improve it, to make it more vulgar, more a thing of the people — to make jazz jazzier. How, asks George Antheil, can you express America with music of the classic type? Such music was a European invention, and so, wherever it is composed, it implies Europe and sounds like Europe. America has to have its own form. He himself is an American. He was born in Trenton, the son of a Polish political exile. The sounds of Trenton — its machine shops, its potteries, the Pennsylvania trains rushing through the station — are the sounds of America that he remembers. At an early age his parents took him back to Poland, and he was educated in music there and in Germany, and finally in Paris under Stravinsky, whose distant relative he is through his mother's family the Dabrowskas.

Stravinsky thus became his spiritual father and at first his fast friend; but now the two have quarreled, and George on his travels no longer gets the daily friendly telegrams he once received from his last master. But Stravinsky has stood still for years, and George has gone on ahead. Who is the more significant of the two now as a composer of advanced music? George by actual count has had a hundred and ten riots at his concerts in Europe; and how many, he asks scornfully, has Stravinsky had? Only one. That ought to prove something. In fact, the only unriotous concert in which George ever played his own modern compositions took place in Paris last winter; and that was a paper house, invited by Ezra Pound, which was too highbrow to riot.

So George Antheil talks — tremendously in earnest, tremendously believing in himself, and — tremendously youthful: a stocky high school boy with cropped neutral color hair that sticks up in back and won't hold a part. He warms to his theme and tells about the trip he made alone into the heart of Africa — across desert and veld — to gather native jazz themes; filled a notebook with them — several hundred. He rushes to the closet and drags therefrom an evil smelling goatskin drum he brought from Africa, and pounds upon this instrument and yells savage jungle tunes until his hair is more tousled than ever, his face flushed, and his forehead dewed with sweat.

His six "Savage Sonatas for the Piano", his "Ballet Mécanique", his

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two violin sonatas, all have faded into the second rank of importance beside the work he is just now finishing — his electric opera, of which the so called "Cyclops" chapter of James Joyce's "Ulysses" forms the book.

"Ulysses", it must be pointed out, is largely an analogy to Homer's "Odyssey". The novel itself does not openly indicate this truth; but the critics and reviewers (with or without hints from Mr. Joyce) discovered it, and now the resemblance is plain to everybody. In the original Cyclops story, the one eyed Polyphemus, after being blinded by a burning stick, hurled a boulder after the ship of the fleeting Ulysses and his companions, but missed them. In the "Cyclops" chapter of the novel, Leopold Bloom, the modern Ulysses, gets into a barroom fight in Dublin and is pursued into the street by an irate Irishman who has picked up an empty biscuit tin to hurl at Bloom. Bloom grabs the tail end of a passing jaunting car and gets away. The Irishman throws the biscuit tin after him, but the setting sun dazzles him and he misses; the tin hits the pavement.

Such being the story of the opera, it is evident that the music, in the hands of Mr. George Antheil, winds up with a bang. But there are several other bangs in "Cyclops". The opera has music and it has words, but there its resemblance to other opera ceases. It is, for instance, to be performed — as much as it can be performed — without human players at all, or at least visible ones. The "orchestra" is to consist of a battery of twelve electric pianos, eleven of them hooked up mechanically with the twelfth, which plays the master roll. Noting the rubber drums, the steel and wood xylophones and various blare instruments, all of which are to be played by the master roll also, it must be mentioned that the score is to be run off at one swift tempo and at a level forte without any crescendos or diminuendos except as these effects are gained by switching pianos on or off. Each individual instrument, when it plays at all, plays at utmost speed and power.

No singers appear on the stage. They are concealed below, where they vocalize into receivers connected with loud speakers scattered through the auditorium. This device enables the voices to be heard above the din of the pianos and xylophones and also saves the audience the unpleasantness of having to gaze upon singers who do not in the least resemble characters whose rôles they are assuming. Instead of singers on the stage the Joyce-Antheil opera provides for a ballet interpreting in pantomime the action as it progresses. The responsibility for the ballet interpretation Mr. Joyce has taken upon himself, contributing full stage directions.

Do not think that this devastating opus has been born to die unsung. Even as these sentences are being written, a contract for "Cyclops" has been closed between the authors and the Provincetown Players of New York, who have guaranteed to give it an American production. "Cyclops" is on its way into the American operatic repertoire.

Almost on the pedestal with Joyce himself George Antheil places his closest friend, Ezra Pound. Ezra is easily the most eminent poet of the Latin Quarter writing in English — or largely in English. Actually he follows the modern mode of interspersing English with oddments of foreign languages dead and alive, common and rare. Ezra will be coasting along easily in English, writing stuff that reads at least as if it ought to

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be intelligible to a true intellectual, when suddenly he will roll in some such obstacle as "ANAXIFORMINGES! Aurunculeia!" — and the low grade intellect that has dashed headlong into the obstruction will pick itself up nursing a shanty on its mental eye.

A few bumps like this one, and a person begins to get the scheme of it. There are intelligences so keenly discriminating, so microscopically calibrated, that the tongues of all men are none too rich in words for the exact expression of their ideas. Any single language is too lean for the modern genius. Tobacco smoke, it is said, looks blue because its particles are so fine that they intercept only the short blue rays of light. In like manner do the tongues of men serve the muse of Ezra Pound and the other moderns. There are times, it seems, when only the Icelandic phrase, the Hindustani idiom, the Manchu ideograph, or some such thing, can capture the blue and ultraviolet wave lengths of the Poundian sunshine.

Ezra Pound is a sort of college professor type who has leaped the corral of conventionality and now ranges the literary open spaces. He follows up abstruse lines of original investigation, such as the higher mathematics of musical harmony, and bandies about such themes carelessly and casually like Olympian small talk. He is quizzical in manner and complexly humorous, is prone to answer one question by propounding another that seems simple but is actually a baffler, and has other mannerisms; in spite of which, however, the somewhat difficult Mr. Pound is a pleasant enough chap. He has a big shock of wind blown blond hair and a full blond beard roughly trimmed to a point. At work in his studio in the Rue Notre-Dame-des-Champs, he often wears a blue shirt with roll collar open at the throat, and also a black velvet coat. Sometimes he walks abroad in his velvet jacket, but then he dons a Latin Quarter hat. Only from the waist down does he wear the raiment of mortals who dwell not on Parnassus; otherwise he is completely and utterly the poet.

The Latin Quarter divides him with Italy, where he browses in old libraries among the mediæval manuscripts. His passion for the mediæval has led him into a study of music which has carried him so far that he is now as much musician as poet. He began by studying the verse of the old troubadours, but found it to be verse so wedded to music that he had to gain a mastery of this also. Then he began reconstructing troubadour music in modern form, and has brought out collections of troubadour songs which his researches unearthed in England and Italy.

In France his study of Villon's verse led to the creation of an opera called "The Testament", of which the book is the poetry of François Villon and the music by Ezra Pound — music based on ancient forms. The mediævalists noted neither time schemes nor lengths of tones in their music scores — their performers understood these things instinctively — but instinct, Mr. Pound discovered, would not come to the rescue of the modern musician. So he bowed to the inevitable and called in George Antheil as assistant; and while Ezra sang the score and tapped on his desk, George made the necessary time notations. The structure of mediæval music is such that the score of "The Testament" averages eight changes of time to every bar, or practically a special notation for every measure of it. It is unusual, it is difficult, but it is playable.

Nevertheless it is upon verse that

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Mr. Pound's fame chiefly rests, and to verse that he devotes his chief attention. He is now revealing for the first time the vast plan of an epic which is to be his *magnum opus*. For ten years he has been working away at this poem, and he hopes to live to put thirty years more on it, thus making it a presentation of the modern consciousness as observed by Ezra Pound throughout his life. He has not yet named the epic, and he may never name it. The Three Mountains Press, which is bringing out the first cantos of it in an edition limited to ninety copies (ranging in price from twenty five to one hundred dollars a copy), is calling it merely "Sixteen Cantos of Ezra Pound". Mr. Pound himself has thought of calling it "A Poem of Some Length".

In this first public offering of the epic the strongest sections relate to the deeds of one Sigismundo Malatesta, a mediæval general who hired his sword variously to Venice and Florence and spent his wages patronizing the arts in a temple which he built for himself at Rimini. There he surrounded himself with the best poets and painters and sculptors and in general acted as an agent of civilization, as Mr. Pound says, in an age peculiarly commercial and materialistic. The poem's record of Malatesta is as historically accurate as Mr. Pound's researches in the Vatican Library could make it, and the likeness of the age to our own gives the poet opportunity to criticize his own times when ostensibly talking about others.

The whole group of young intellectuals in Paris is curiously interknit. Ford Madox Ford writes about them all and publishes their contributions in his magazine. Ford's magazine has its publication office at Bird's printing shop. Bird publishes their books. Pound is literary adviser for Bird's publishing house. McAlmon publishes some of their books and has some of his own published by Bird. Antheil and Joyce collaborate in an opera. Antheil collaborates with Pound in an opera. Antheil writes about the music of Pound, and Pound has written a book about the music of Antheil. Bird and Antheil have formed a business arrangement for the exploitation of Antheil's new system of musical notation. Sylvia Beach sells all their publications and makes her bookshop their headquarters. And they all sit at the feet and hear the word from James Joyce, author of "Ulysses".

Electric opera, mediæval opera, magazines of rebellion, poems "of some length" done in a hundred cantos and nearly as many languages, books printed for the intelligent three hundred, three-hundred-thousand-word novels largely without paragraphing or punctuation, novels not likely to be published "for legislative reasons" — is this a madhouse, or is it the van of English-language culture? Is it all pose, pretense, and insincerity; or will people a century hence be referring to Antheil as another Bach, Pound a modern Dante, Bird a second Caxton, and Joyce the rival of Shakespeare?

The truth probably lies between the extreme views. The young intellectuals are probably not nearly so futile as intolerant Philistine opinion might hold them, nor nearly so significant as they hold each other. The works of all of them do show talent, and their scorn of the rules does tend to shock more docile craftsmen out of their oiled ruts. Some of these things being done in Paris influence and may even change existing standards — may blaze the way for new tendencies. And at least nobody can assert that the doings of the bookshop circle lack interest.

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IN DEFENSE OF MELODRAMA

By Arthur Hobson Quinn

THERE is nothing easier than to give a play a bad name and hang it. How often, after an evening in which a playwright has entertained, surprised, and even thrilled us for a few moments, do we reward him by shamefacedly remarking to our semi-profound friends, "Oh, yes, it was an interesting play, but of course it was only a melodrama." When we go to see Miss Cowl as Juliet or Mr. Hampden as Cyrano and find that we have thoroughly enjoyed ourselves, we feel a glow of virtuous approval; when we assist Mrs. Fiske in reviving "The Rivals", we have a similar glow. Tragedy and comedy are respectable. But when we have sat with our eyes riveted on the stage while Mr. Gillette played with his deft fingers upon our emotions in the double rôle of playwright and actor in "Secret Service" or when Mr. Thomas's "The Witching Hour" treated with originality and power one approach to the uncharted country of the soul, we knew we were moved and we were a bit ashamed of it. Partly we were disturbed because these plays were American—how could they be great or even important? Are not we constantly told by those who are perhaps informed on other matters that we have produced no great plays in America?

But it is partly the critical rage for classification that besets us. We think we know tragedy and comedy, but we do not know what to do with the vast body of plays which lie between these species. We call them all melodrama, and into that convenient category we see pitched such artistic opposites as "They Knew What They Wanted" and "Rain"; "Cobra" and "White Cargo"; "What Price Glory?" and "Seventh Heaven"; "Tarnish" and "The Easiest Way"; "Outward Bound" and "The Fool"—the list might go on.

Then perhaps the thought begins to dawn upon us that there is good melodrama and poor melodrama; that we believe in Tishy Tevis in "Tarnish" and in Tony and his bride Amy in "They Knew What They Wanted", and that we do not believe in Sadie Thompson in "Rain" at all, notwithstanding Miss Eagels's fine performance. And then we begin to look for the laws of melodrama—not the rules, for dramatic rules are made only to be broken, while dramatic laws persist in spite of the textbooks on technique, and are as clear to the historian of literature as they are apparently cloudy to the critic. If age is any criterion of respectability, the melodrama has been present in our dramatic literature for centuries. As I watched the last delightful production of "Romeo and Juliet", with the bustle of the fight and the happy inconsequence of the action, the thought came to me—what a fine melodrama this is! One word of reasonable explanation at the right time—a bit of ordinary caution—and all would have ended happily. There is none of the tragic inevitability of "Hamlet", of "Macbeth", of "Francesca da Rimini", of "Beyond the Horizon". I remember so well Dr. Horace Howard Furness's saying to us after reading "Romeo and Juliet"

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aloud, "This is no tragedy—they found they loved each other—whatever happened afterward was a detail." But he did not call it a comedy and he was right. It is a fine, a glorious melodrama.

We, the English speaking races, had the thing long before we ticketed it neatly. The French thought they invented it at the close of the eighteenth century. What they called the *mélodrame* developed out of the pantomime plus dialogue and the *scène lyrique*, a combination of spoken words and music. It was a necessary revolt against the rigidity of the French tragedy and an attempt to bring the drama into closer touch with the free theatres of the boulevards, which were not permitted to play the legitimate drama of the Théâtre Français. The *mélodrame* in France had its effect on the great romantic drama of the next century of Hugo and Dumas, but our interest lies in its contribution to the drama of our language. In France it developed its own rules, among which were the presence in each play of four essential characters: a villain, an unhappy but virtuous woman, a good man who protects her, and the comic character who helps him circumvent the villain. We can see these four characters still in many of our melodramas but we have long ago forgotten the rules. What we took from the French melodrama was a revival of the essential quality of our best melodrama of an earlier period, the quality of freedom.

The tragic spirit demands high seriousness, a strict adherence to the dramatic laws of cause and effect. It creates a character with which we are asked to sympathize, and then it destroys that character. If it is fine tragedy, like "Hamlet", we see the ruin coming step by step, and we go out of the theatre at the end feeling exalted by having witnessed the struggle of a great human soul against circumstances too bitter to be borne. If it is fine comedy, like Mr. Mitchell's "The New York Idea", we see just as searching a scrutiny into the hollow mockery of certain of our social pretenses, and we laugh at the characters for their hypocrisy.

But there are times when we wish neither to have our souls exalted nor our weaknesses exposed. We wish to have our attention caught, held, kept by interesting situations and capable dialogue, and we wish to have above all that element of suspense which is the heart and soul of melodrama. So we are willing to give the playwright freedom. He may play upon that profoundest impulse of our nature, the instinct of self preservation, and the hero or heroine may be in danger all the time. We have progressed beyond the point when we demand a happy ending—we were quite satisfied to have the hero go out into the ice storm in "Conscience" (for we were tired of him)—but we do want the ending to be "satisfactory". I quote the word from Bronson Howard, who could write good melodrama when he chose to do so, as in "Shenandoah". That is why "They Knew What They Wanted" has a "satisfactory" ending. We do not want Tony to be left alone and we do not want his bride, whatever her momentary impulse of passion for Joe may have led her to commit, to go away with that light o' love. For Mr. Howard, the playwright, Mr. Bennett, Miss Lord, and Mr. Anders, the actors, have made us sympathize with all three of the leading characters; furthermore, their very limitations make them unsuitable for tragedy. It was far different when their originals, Lanciotto and Paola and Francesca, played out their tragedy in Boker's great drama. These were lofty souls who could not go on with the stain of guilt upon them. But

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Tony and Amy can go on quite cheerfully. It is the difference between the twentieth and the thirteenth century, perhaps. But the point is that both plays, great tragedy and competent melodrama, ring true to their own standards.

Of course popular approval does not settle the matter. Audiences go to melodramas like "Rain" or "White Cargo" because these plays allow their hearers to indulge vicariously in emotion which the auditors would perhaps hesitate to acknowledge. But it is obvious, despite excellent acting, that "Rain" does not have a "satisfactory" ending and that we do not follow either Sadie Thompson or the minister into a future state, mundane or subterrestrial, with confidence. We do believe in the possibility of a woman's worshiping something pure in a man and being willing to give up her passion in order to keep that ideal, for we have seen it made the theme of a fine melodrama in Mr. Sheldon's "Romance". When, however, the authors of "Rain" used that motive for their play, they left the charm and the verity both behind them. Mr. Maugham's story on which the play was based was sufficiently sordid and unnecessary, but at least it did not send Miss Thompson off to a cheerful domesticity after the minister had cut his throat!

For melodrama has its own laws, not so clearly felt but still real. When any artist deliberately frees himself from certain restrictions, he either takes on others or he observes even more faithfully the ones he preserves. We are willing to forgive the writer of melodrama if he heightens the sentiment a bit or even exaggerates the passion. But not only must he make the ending satisfactory to us, he must also provide situations that are well knit together — the action must be sustained, the illusion of probability must be preserved. For remember, it is an illusion. Tragedy and comedy have their logic, for they are founded on the very facts of life; their characters speak for themselves. Fine tragedy and fine comedy are "actor proof" — even a high school dramatic club cannot kill "The Rivals". But have you seen what an incompetent stock company can do to "The Easiest Way"? Not even Miss Starr has ever been able to convince me that the Laura of the first act is the same woman as the Laura of the second or of the third, and when I read the play I am still less convinced. Mr. Walter perhaps thought he was writing tragedy when he wrote "The Easiest Way" but he was not. The inconsistency of Laura's actions turns the play, not into melodrama, but into a category outside of art. Compare the deftness with which a skilled writer of melodramas, Martin Brown, leads us through the scenes of "Cobra" or "The Lady", so intent on the action that we swallow any improbability. Both plays were extremely well acted; the sinuous heroine in "Cobra" was so real that she was almost uncanny. Once we granted the necessary concessions to probability, everything went along logically enough. But in "White Cargo" the whole artificial structure of poor melodrama is shown at its height. I went to see this play with one of the oldest and best informed teachers of dramatic literature in America, who has a broad tolerance based on wide historical knowledge of the drama. He became so indignant during the second act that he grew articulate, and I had difficulty in keeping him in his seat. We had not expected much; it was summertime and we were in a mood to be entertained. But the joints creaked so harshly and the actors shouted at us so shrilly that the illusion never blossomed. And when the maud-

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lin doctor interrupted the progress of the play to tell the story of his life, which had nothing to do with the plot — if there was a plot — we felt a sense of outrage, for we were convinced that the playwright and the director did not know their business.

How different was Mr. Milton's stage direction of "Outward Bound". It is a great satisfaction to those who are watching the progress of our theatre to notice the growth of a profession of expert stage direction which emphasizes the play rather than the star actor. In that development lies the strongest hope of our drama. Here, in "Outward Bound", was an utterly impossible situation, a group of souls who thought they were alive but were really dead. How easily it might have become intolerable can by appreciated by anyone who was fortunate enough to see the burlesque of the play which ornamented the delightful "Grand Street Follies" at the Neighborhood Playhouse. But the audience was caught and held at once by the realism of every detail of acting and setting. The playwright knew well that audiences will forgive mystery if they are admitted to his confidence before the characters in the play are all aware of it. The hearer wants to become identified with the solution and to share in the venture. Sutton Vane knew too that audiences will not resent impossibilities — but improbabilities they do not like. That is why he planted the suggestion of the abandoned dog in the first act and built up the last act upon it — and almost but not quite succeeded. Mr. Vane's father wrote melodramas many years ago, but the art of the melodrama has progressed since then. Those were the days when its old accompaniment, "soft music", was brought in to lull our critical judgment to sleep, to arouse our emotions so that they would forgive the absurdities which it seemed necessary to employ. Music is no longer needed in the new art of melodrama.

If we can take the form back into respectability, perhaps it may reward us. Its essential quality, freedom, is the life of art. Mr. O'Neill, Mr. Emery, and Miss Vollmer in tragedy, Mr. Kaufman, Mr. Connelly, Mr. Craven, and Mr. Kelly in comedy, are shattering delightfully the old academic conceptions. Two years ago Maxwell Anderson wrote a fine sombre tragedy of the northwest, "White Desert", but it failed to win popular support. Then he turned to melodrama, and gave us a provocative play in "What Price Glory?" Would Mr. Anderson and Mr. Stallings have tried to write a tragedy of war? Probably not. Could they have given us a play which causes us to think so hard, if they had built it up on regular lines of comedy? Probably not. The play rises to the climax in the dugout scene, and there is a grim note throughout the drama which holds one despite its weaknesses. Yet it is essentially melodrama. I am not disposed to be led into the controversy concerning its reality — I have had equally good testimony on both sides — but it keeps one law of melodrama perfectly. Whether or not the relations of Captain Flagg and Top Sergeant Quirt are impossible, once they are established they are carried out consistently to the end. We may scout the idea that a French tavern keeper would leave his café unguarded while American soldiers pour out their drinks *ad libitum*. But these and other impossibilities are forgotten in the more interesting probability that when the call to duty comes, the American soldier, no matter what his condition, will respond without display. So the ending of "What Price Glory?" is "satisfactory" to the audience.

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Perhaps I am a bit whimsical in defending the species; perhaps it can take care of itself. But I rather resent the criticism which called "The Shame Woman" a melodrama, as if it were a term of reproach. "The Shame Woman" was a tragedy, and it would have been a very much finer thing if it had been played as Miss Vollmer wrote it; but the critic who thought that the term "melodrama" meant a poor tragedy was using words recklessly. I found an unexpected ally not long ago in a forgotten dramatist, William Charles White, whose plays were acted in Boston about 1811. In the preface to "The Poor Lodger" he tells us that "the alternation of comic and serious scenes produces that variety which is universally pleasing; and like light and shade in a picture, creates that relief, which is the soul both of painting and poetry; nor will it be denied that the mixed drama has been found by long experience, to be the most faithful mirror of nature and of life."

I think he was right. From the days of "Romeo and Juliet", yes, even from the earlier centuries of the miracle play, we have loved the drama that made us both cry and laugh—that thrilled us with a sense of danger, lifted us to heights of passion and self sacrifice, cheered us now and then with a laugh or a smile, while all the time we knew that the hero and the heroine were safe and that virtue would be rewarded and vice would be punished in the last act. For after all, tragedy comes to us and comedy, too, but life is for the most part just melodrama. And that is why we love it.

THE GARDEN

By Charles Norman

WEARY, he came unto Gethsemane,
The Master, with the world's grief in his weeping.
In the sweet grass, he knelt beneath a tree;
Pale April's spirit moved around him, heaping
The ground with petals, but he did not see.
He felt a tremulous misery creeping
Over his taunt-stabbed heart, and then he cried,
Cried till his heart was breaking in his side.

All through the dew-drenched night he knelt, and wept.
The stars swept brighter overhead; the trees
Loomed high with monstrous palms. Thin shadows crept,
Mingling with sounds of mystical, lost seas,
Whenever the wind that in the branches slept
Arose and stirred the night. Still on his knees
The Master prayed, and cried, and would not rest;
And once in the night he sobbed and beat his breast.

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"Lord God, I have beheld Thee clothed in rain,
Invisible with beauty", Jesus prayed,
"And I have given love, and eased men's pain,
And wept their woes, and now I am dismayed.
I cannot face the people on the plain
Come with great crying unto me for aid.
I dare not look on woe; I turn to Thee
That I may see Thy sign, and what will be."

Over the hills he saw the lanterns shine;
Like a ship's lamps they were, rising and falling.
And there were soldiers in that straggling line,
For now on the wind he heard a trumpet calling
That died with the low wind. He heard it whine
Long after the centurions came bawling.
And darkness groped among the trees; the cold
Stirred in thick mists. He felt himself grow old.

His thoughts went wandering now to Nazareth;
He moaned, thinking of Mary and his home.
In the still hour, hearing far murmurs of death,
"How sweet", he thought, "it is to smell the loam,
To watch the stars in the pool, and feel the breath
Of home winds blowing, sometimes full of the foam
Of distant, breaking seas — how sweet, how sweet!"
There was a rustling now; he heard the marchers' feet

Tramping his doom. And still he knelt and prayed,
Lifting his head to heaven, and his face
Glowed with a rich, unearthly light. He swayed
To the drone of prayers in that lone place,
And no man heard him; but he heard men wade
Through the tall grass with an uneven pace,
Circling him all about with glistening spears;
He rose now, and his face was clear of tears.

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PORTRAIT OF A PRINCE

By Howard Corbett

"HE has seen everything and knows everybody", said Disraeli of Albert Edward, Prince of Wales, at thirty seven. And this knowledge of men and of affairs which he had so steadily assimilated was what enabled him to play the great part he did play when at the mature age of fifty nine years he commenced his short span as ruler of Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the seas.

Never was a prince so rigidly educated by his parents. From his nursery days he was doomed to submit to a colossal educational regimen the study of which was for many years the chief concern of his father, the Prince Consort.

Nothing was to be left to chance. Unceasing surveillance by carefully chosen tutors who should answer Stockmar's definition of "persons morally good, intelligent, well informed and experienced, who fully enjoyed the parental confidence" was to check undesirable tendencies of adolescence. He was to be kept aloof from companions of his own age. Habits of mental concentration were to be fostered under fitting direction by unremitting study of literature, science, history, archæology and art. Sport and amusement of a sober kind were permitted but were to be strictly rationed and supervised. Freedom in any relation of life was to be sternly denied to the youth.

The year before he entered Oxford the Prince was sent by his father to Edinburgh, there to be crammed by tutors in the varied subjects of applied science, ancient history, Italian, French, German, law, modern history, Greek, and Roman history. His varsity life was one of strict educational routine, supplemented by relaxations duly authorized and approved by his father or his governor, and such relaxations took place always in the company of solemn people much older than himself. Even smoking at this time was forbidden him.

Before graduation from Oxford the Prince had visited the United States of America and also Canada, and on his return from these visits "even General Bruce his Governor pointed out to the Prince Consort that the light of publicity in which the Prince had lived could not be suddenly extinguished and that the continuance of the schoolboy discipline was out of keeping with the growth of circumstance". Nevertheless the Prince returned to Oxford, the Prince Consort meanwhile planning for him further studies at the sister university of Cambridge. It was from there that the Prince was called to the bedside of his dying father in December, 1861. And all this time the Prince had one idea for his own future — his one wish was to be a soldier.

On his visit to this country he was to figure only "in the character of a student", was to adopt the incognito title of Baron of Renfrew, was to study American life; and save at Washington, where he might enjoy the President's hospitality, was to lodge in hotels and not in private houses. But the Prince's own simple letters to his mother, Queen Victoria, best give his impressions of the New World.

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The President's house is a very nice one, and the rooms are really very fine and comfortably furnished. Washington is a fine looking town and contains some striking buildings . . . all the Public offices are in the same building and we might easily take some hints for our own buildings which are very bad.

Mount Vernon is a much revered spot by the Americans, as the House in which General Washington lived and also died stands there. The visit therefore was a very interesting one; the house itself is unfortunately in very bad repair, and is rapidly falling into decay: we saw all the different rooms and the one in which Washington died. We also visited his grave and by the wish of the President, I planted a chestnut near it.

On arrival at New York he wrote:

The people cheered and waved flags most enthusiastically. I think it was by far the greatest reception we have had, and shows that the feeling between the two countries could not be better. I never dreamt that we should be received as we were. . . . I believe there were 300,000 people in the streets, which was wonderful.

But the famous ball given in his honor was not, according to his description, an unqualified success:

The great ball took place, but it was not successful. Three thousand people were invited and five thousand came, which of course was not an improvement, the ball room being the Academy of Music, which did not even hold 3,000 people comfortably. We arrived at 10 o'clock and before the dancing had begun a great part of the floor gave way and it took two hours to set it right so that dancing did not begin until 12 o'clock and the crowd was so great that it was very difficult to move, but in spite of these disasters I must say it was a very pretty sight.

It will be recalled that when the present Prince of Wales visited New York in 1919, all survivors of the company which had assembled in the same place nearly sixty years before, in honor of the Prince's grandfather, attended in the same building a similar ball.

The same continual fêting, the same popular acclamation, the same spontaneous enthusiasm of the public, rendered the Prince's journey through America as triumphal a progress as that of his grandson so many years after.

Beyond his disappointment at the denial of a military career, the Prince was to suffer one even more bitter in the refusal of his mother to allow him, for many years after the death of her husband, any part of her queenly duties or obligations. Against the advice of her chosen counselors and the wishes of the heir to the throne, she systematically kept him without political influence. Even when he had passed his fortieth year he was pointing out to her that he was less trusted with official information than the private secretaries of ministers, and that no official intelligence regarding the proceedings of the Cabinet had ever been placed at his disposal.

Yet always he was asking "to be of use", and to place at the service of his country that intimate familiarity with world affairs which had now become generally recognized.

Sir Sidney Lee tells us that it is at the request of King George V that this biography has been written, and that much of the information it contains is based on documents in the royal archives and on collections of personal letters never before made available. To these documents we are indebted for new light on the relations between the late King Edward VII and his nephew, the ex-Kaiser William II. Sir Sidney is emphatic in his statements that jealousy of an uncle who, though not theatrical and less assertive, usually received in foreign courts a warmer welcome than himself, was the foundation of the antagonism between Kaiser and Prince. But the biographer goes further when he states that force tempered by cunning was

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the decisive controller of human affairs in the Kaiser's philosophy of life. It was this cunning, this wish to deceive, this anxiety to be tortuous in his dealings with his fellow sovereigns, that called down upon the nephew the wrath of the uncle. The most sinister of the quotations refer to the period of the Boer War, when documentary proof is given that it was the Emperor, and none other, who was responsible for the oft discussed attempt at the encirclement of England by her European neighbors. In those days he was in one and the same hour sending messages of sympathy and unasked for military advice to the aged Queen Victoria, and through the Russian Ambassador in Berlin making suggestions to the Tsar that if Russia should be moved to attack India, he, the Kaiser, "would guarantee that none should stir in Europe. He would mount guard over Russia's European frontiers". Then, as the suggestion came to naught, the Kaiser plied his uncle with assurances of friendship and warnings against "sundry people".

Before this the Emperor had dictated his famous telegram to President Kruger at the time of the Jameson Raid. The message was never delivered, but word for word it was soon known throughout England and interpreted there and in the Chancelleries of Europe as an ultimatum threatening war. Never did a sovereign apologize more humbly, yet when the Boer War three years later followed the Jameson Raid we find, from these documents now published, definite proof of that duplicity which caused the Prince of Wales to appeal to Queen Victoria "to rebuke her grandson sharply, to administer to him a 'good snubbing'".

The first volume ends with the death of Queen Victoria and the accession to the throne of King Edward VII. Sir Sidney Lee here gives us a book of deep social, personal, and political interest, and none will dispute his claim that he presents "a signally humane, human, and many sided personality, very rare among princes".

King Edward VII, A Biography. By Sir Sidney Lee. Volume I: From Birth to Accession, 9th November 1841 to 22nd January 1901. Macmillan Company.

NATURAL SCIENCE

By Laurence Harris

I WONDER how
It comes about,
That the stars pop in
When the sun comes out.

For I should think
In sunny weather,
Stars would make
Great sport together.

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LUCRETIA PEABODY HALE

The Author of "The Peterkins"

By Ellen Day Hale

IT must be over ninety years ago now that four Boston children, brothers and sisters, used to take walks together in the country. They were Nathan, Sarah, Lucretia, and Edward Everett Hale. Though Boston was a little town then, it must have taken a long time to get into any sort of country at all from their home near the Common, whether that joyous company crossed Cambridge Bridge, or took the journey into Roxbury by Boston Neck. It is no wonder, then, that little Lucretia, the younger sister, used to get terribly tired as the walks went on. She had no idea, however, of going home, or of letting the others go on without her. Her more strenuous method was to run violently ahead until nature was exhausted and her little legs would go no farther. Then followed a few minutes of delicious repose, while her well grown and hearty brothers and sister were catching up with her at a reasonable rate; and then the interesting, if fatiguing, search of adventures would continue.

This method of traveling through the world has seemed to me characteristic of my Aunt Lucretia. She was the delicate member of an extremely strong and vivacious family. Her life had its short intervals of intense action, and its longer periods when she was almost an invalid. But invalid or not, her main interests lay where health and illness do not count. When you are the possessor not only of an invincibly gay and cheerful spirit but of the faculty of finding interest in every phase of life, and when you have also the power of living in a world quite your own, into which you can introduce all sorts of reflections from this gaiety and interest, you are by no means to be pitied, whether you are sick or well.

Her parents' house was certainly no difficult place to find interest in. It was not only a literary but a newspaper house, for her father, Nathan Hale, was editor of the Boston "Daily Advertiser". Everybody in the family might be called upon, at unexpected moments, to write a book review or make a translation; and a modest refusal on Lucretia's part would have shocked her mother as an evidence of disobliging affectation. She herself had been her husband's secretary while the elder of her eleven children were young, and she was constantly at work on one or another literary task during the long night hours when she was waiting for his return from the newspaper office. Work with pen and ink must have appeared to Lucretia, as to the rest of the family, as much a part of woman's home life as washing up the breakfast things or helping with the massive family sewing of those days. I think this matter-of-course hack work had a good effect on her writing, as a whole. It had the advantage of making her feel that there is nothing very unusual in the power of writing for the press.

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She was sent to Miss Elizabeth Peabody's school, as a little girl, with her lifelong friend Margaret Harding, the daughter of Chester Harding the portrait painter, and later the wife of the Reverend William Orne White. Afterward they went together to Mr. George B. Emerson's school. There they had another companion destined to be a friend for life, Susan Lyman of Northampton, who was to become Mrs. Peter Lesley, and whose kind and practical wisdom Lucretia was long after to commemorate in that good fairy of the Peterkins, the Lady from Philadelphia. I have been surprised, in looking over Margaret Harding's recollections of those days, and some of Lucretia's letters, to see how stiff the courses were in the two schools. They were both considered highly "advanced" in those days, and in fact they were so. From these notes I get the picture, very like Chester Harding's portrait of Lucretia Hale, of a graceful girl, not handsome but distinguished, wearing well the dress of the later Thirties, highly imaginative, endlessly gay, and shivering merrily through the desperately cold winter weather to and from school.

In her childhood, she had made her dolls the actors in many dramas, rather than the objects of parental care. As she grew older she still made dramas about them for the younger children. My father, her brother Edward, used to tell me about her accounts of Mrs. Rideout's boarding school for dolls. It was a traveling school, so that the pupils could learn both geography and the modern languages as they passed from country to country. In those days of enthusiasm for internal navigation, it was natural that these educational tours should be made in a canal boat. Consequently, the dolls could get a practical knowledge of washing clothes as they slowly advanced behind the horses along the visionary tow path.

Even as very little girls, Margaret

and Lucretia went to dancing school. I think from the first it was that of Mr. Lorenzo Papanti, the revered and admired dancing master of Boston, in whom his pupils gloried for two generations at least. The deep respect with which dancing, as an art, was considered by my grandparents is shown in the fact that at a time even earlier they sent their two eldest children to dancing school, in what was then called a hack. The children were of such tender years that, on falling off the seats into the bottom of the carriage, they could not climb up upon them again.

"We had great pleasure", writes Margaret, "at Mr. Papanti's, where, to our unspeakable pride and delight, we were taught the Gavotte." This gavotte, so called, contained much of the old minuet, and nobody ever was allowed to learn it who did not dance well. Later, at seventeen, Lucretia returned there as an old graduate for a special party at which, she writes to Margaret, there was an orchestra. Mr. Papanti's fiddle was laid aside,

NOTE: *The drawings accompanying this article were made by Susan Hale during the trip with her sister Lucretia to Egypt and the Holy Land. They are to be found in the volume of "Letters of Susan Hale" (Marshall Jones).*

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while he moved about "in his light blue satin vest, in great glory". Long after, he still played a delicate little air — Italian, I suppose — on that small violin or kit, while taking his beautiful and finished steps.

All the arts were loved at Lucretia's home, though cultivated with varying success. Margaret Harding writes that the only time Mr. George Emerson ever showed Lucretia any partiality was when "we were both very eager to go to the drawing-class, which privilege was granted to those whose penmanship was approved of. Now we did *not* consider Lucretia a master of that art, and I privately thought that my copy-book was more to be commended than hers, but she was allowed to join the drawing-class, while I was left lamenting." Margaret really wrote a beautiful hand, and Lucretia a bad one. But however that may have been, she enjoyed both drawing and painting. As for music, all the children of the family loved it. Their mother's early attempts on the pianoforte seem to have been unsuccessful; her music master, perhaps Mr. Graupner, was remembered to have made her cry by the reproach, "Miss Sally, it seems as if Satan led you on." But she did play and, fortunately for her descendants, she had learned to sing, and to accompany herself on the "harp guitar". She had an amazing repertoire, not only of the fashionable songs of her youth but of the old North End ballads dating back to the Siege of Boston, and beyond it. Her daughters had musical taste, and there was singing and playing in the house.

Outside the literary art, which was part of their daily life, the art they most excelled in, as time went on, was the dramatic. They acted charades, they acted ballads. I suppose they may sometimes have produced the *tableaux vivants* which were in the taste of that time, but I am inclined to doubt it, for I cannot imagine their action and change of expression being quelled for a moment. Margaret Harding says the tradition was that, in dying at the end of one of their melodramas, "the boys slid their heels so often over the straw matting of their mother's front parlour that they wore it through to the floor!"

As these young people grew older they went joyously to the Italian opera, and to numberless concerts and plays for which, as in other editors' families, tickets sprang daily from the newspaper office. There was a good deal of fortunate social life at the house too. Nathan Hale, the eldest son, brought home his classmates, James Russell Lowell, William Abijah White, William Story, and John King. These young men had charming sisters, none more charming than Maria White, the sister of one, the fiancée of another. For years this knot of young people met often in that front parlor of my grandmother's. She might well say, when asked what her favorite amusement was, that she liked to hear young people talk.

Together with all this social pleasure, and more, there was a strong current of religious life and interest in the household, in the form which would now be called Channing Unitarianism. That exact name, however, would have been inappropriate, for my grandmother's passionate loyalty to Brattle Street

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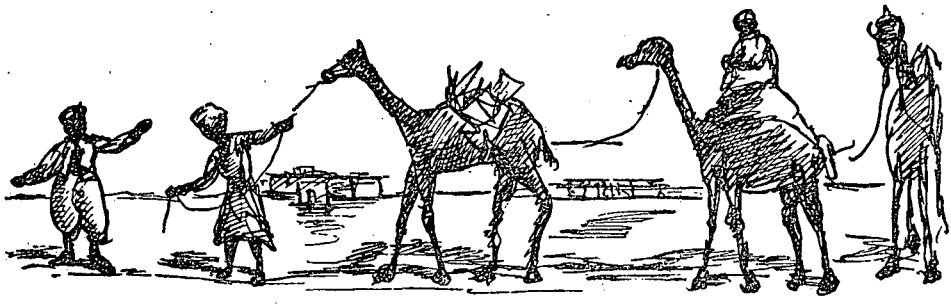

Church, and to Mr. Palfrey or Mr. Lothrop, its successive beloved and revered ministers, caused her to look askance on any churchgoing in other directions. And it was at Federal Street Church that Dr. Channing preached.

The Sundays had a strenuous character unknown to our day. "All the family", says Margaret Harding, "was expected to go to the church, of which Dr. Lothrop was pastor, on Brattle Street. . . . After the morning service we went to Sunday School. We returned to the house for a lunch of gingerbread and apples, eaten in the nursery, and then went again to the afternoon service. After a walk, perhaps around the Common, we came home perfectly ravenous to the never-to-be-forgotten supper of cold tongue or corned shoulder of pork and baked potatoes. Nothing ever tasted so good! In the evening we sang psalm-tunes." Aside from all this family observance, no one could really understand Lucretia Hale who did not know that her life was founded on a deeply religious basis, and that in her trials, which were many, she was supported by something stronger than her interest in life or even her cheerful temperament. Her faith was with her to the very last hours of her long life. I sometimes wonder if the writers whose work overflows with a sort of irrepressible gaiety are not apt to be very religious persons. "The Peterkins", my aunt's one work which has lived, is full of that lighthearted mirth. And Lewis Carroll, the great master in this kind, was a very religious man.

It is not surprising that her first published books should belong to the category of what is called "religious reading". The first of them all, "Margaret Percival in America", written in collaboration with her brother Edward, was indeed a combination of the hearty piety of both authors with a wild audacity which was equally characteristic of their best writing. But that audacity lay more in the conception than in the execution of this book. It was intended as a sequel to the novel "Margaret Percival", written by Miss Sewell, a well known High Church writer, at the time of the Oxford Movement. I may add that it was a most unexpected sequel.

Lucretia compiled, in the years which followed, several books of devotion: "The Service of Sorrow", "Seven Stormy Sundays", and a manual of reading on the Lord's Supper. In the two first, the selections are connected by a thread of narrative. She also wrote, and published in 1861, a story which she called "Struggle for Life". But of all her earlier writing, the most characteristic and successful achievement is "The Queen of the Red Chessmen", published in the young "Atlantic Monthly" of 1858. This story

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seems to have been written under the influence of Hoffmann, a great favorite of her mother's, who had translated one or two of his tales. While the form may be Germanic the treatment is, however, highly individual. The extraordinary conception of the Red Queen, awakened to life as a beautiful and fascinating girl, living as the guest of a suburban doctor's wife and assisting with the family sewing, is Lucretia's alone.

My own first recollections of my Aunt Lucretia date from the late Fifties or early Sixties, when the family had removed from their large house in Hamilton Place, near Boston Common, to a little one in Brookline Village. My visits were infrequent at first, but I must always have been there on New Year's Day, which was to us then what Christmas Day became later — the time for the great interchange of family presents. I can also recall a heartfelt, though scarcely solemn, celebration of the Fourth of July, all the more earnest because of the Civil War, which made a stormy background to the events of all family life in those days. My Aunt Lucretia read the Declaration of Independence aloud, from the vantage ground of the front piazza, while the others punctuated it by the explosion of firecrackers and torpedoes at the end of each sentence. Thanksgiving Day was always the occasion for the soul stirring dramatics of which I have spoken.

As I advanced a trifle nearer to the years of discretion, I was often sent to my grandmother's from our own house at the South End, in the red or brown Brookline horsecars of the time, first alone, later with a little brother or two in hand. There we found a joyous welcome, the more to be admired since my aunts were always extremely busy. Yet their own occupations never prevented their finding out new and fascinating ones for us. Naturally, little reading or writing could be done while we were there. But, since every woman in that family was a competent and practical seamstress, my aunts used to cut out and fit their voluminous and elaborate dresses of the Sixties, guided by fashion plates of ladies who appeared to me of heavenly beauty, whose charming heads, somewhat resembling the Empress Eugénie, I was encouraged to cut out and stick into a succession of costumes from the same sources. My aunts did a good deal of the cross stitch worsted work of the day, and took pleasure in setting me to work upon a sampler, which I suppose was one of the last made in Massachusetts. These delightful hours were spent

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with my Aunt Lucretia, my Aunt Susan, and my grandmother, who was a constant and cheerful giver of cents or of "fractional currency", with which to buy lozenges or sticks of candy in the village. My uncles often looked in on us; I suppose their hours were partly arranged by the working schedule of the "Daily Advertiser". How we could all have found room in that little parlor, I cannot now understand — all this dressmaking in progress, private worsted work of my own or the painting of large newspaper pictures for scrapbooks, in which I think most of the family joined, or the preparation of a toy theatre, while pretty young Brookline ladies came in and out, and a pussycat, the venerated Totty or one of his successors, filled up all interstices of space or time.

It was during those Brookline years that the earlier "Peterkin" papers were written. The first of them all was invented for the younger daughter of Lucretia's old schoolmate, Mrs. Lesley, during a summer stay in the hill country of Princeton, in Massachusetts. Little Meggie was ill. Sitting by her bedside, Aunt Lucretia, as the child called her, told the story of "The Lady Who Put Salt into Her Coffee". As I have said, the Lady from Philadelphia, who set everything right in these tales, was Mrs. Lesley, this fortunate child's mother. The fourth of the stories was first told at Keene, at the house of Lucretia's other lifelong friend, that Margaret Harding whose reminiscences I have been quoting, now Mrs. White. As the family were starting to take a drive — Keene drives were famous — they had the misadventure the Peterkins experienced on a like occasion: they forgot to unhitch their horse. My aunt immediately constructed a story from this misfortune, to amuse little Eliza White, raising its possibilities to a power undreamed of when the thing happened.

These stories — "The Peterkin Papers" and "The Last of the Peterkins" — form the main literary accomplish-

ment of Lucretia Hale's life; but I doubt if she ever really knew they were that. She had already given much more time and labor than they ever required at her hand to work which was significant and interesting in relation to that day, and to her own character and temperament; but not much of that work has lasted. "The Queen of the Red Chessmen" has lived out its sixty years. I bought it a year or two ago in a cheap pamphlet in a department store. But the Peterkins have gone on living a continuous and sturdy life; they are more read now than they were ten years ago. Had she not written these stories, she would never have made any contribution to literature which was her very own. The creature of fire and air, the tricksy spirit which only her intimate friends knew lurked behind her gentle and retiring manner, had never before been allowed to spread his wings; he now spread them to some purpose. She had always loved to tell children stories, and they had always loved to hear them. Now her audience was extended, and she found herself, at last, as much at ease in talking to that larger circle of children as to the little brothers and sisters in her mother's nursery, or to all the children who called her Aunt Lucretia. Another reason for the success of these tales is that the habitual condition of mind of

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the excellent Peterkins has been shared with them, at times, by every human being on this earth.

The earlier of these stories were published in "Our Young Folks", the adored magazine for children which we all read in those days. She continued writing them for years in the intervals which her health or her daily occupations allowed; yet, as I have said, I do not think she realized how important they were as a part of her lifework.

When their mother died in 1866, the family left Brookline, and Lucretia's friends must have been electrified to hear that she, the delicate invalid of over forty, was going to Egypt with her sister Susan, to make their brother Charles a visit. She was dreadfully sick on the ocean voyage; the journey to Alexandria, across Europe and the Mediterranean, must have been an arduous one in those days; and the stay with her brother, the agent and consul general of the United States in Egypt, comprised a voyage up the Nile and a horseback journey in Palestine. None of these things appears to have daunted her. She got an immense amount of pleasure out of them, especially during the voyage up the Nile, when her beloved friends Professor and Mrs. Lesley were of the party.

When she came back to America she passed two years in Keene, near her equally dear friends the Whites, and threw herself most heartily into their parish interests. Her travels may have overfatigued her — they probably did — but they seem to have given her new force in unexpected directions. When she settled in Boston once more, it was to lead an entirely different life from that of her earlier years. Her chief interests now began to be public ones. When the vote for school boards was given to women in Massachusetts, she not only qualified as a voter but became one of the first women members of the Boston School Committee. I think she served for two consecutive terms. She was a useful member of the Board and an especially welcome one to the teachers, who found in her a constant and a wise friend.

This was the one public office which she filled. But she also spent much time in work for the Society for the Higher Education of Women, in founding cooking schools, and in acting as one of the teachers in Miss Ticknor's excellent correspondence school for women, which we used to call the Study-at-Home Society. At different times, indeed, as in the earlier part of her life, she taught classes on various subjects, mainly historical ones. Teaching, like writing, was a family occupation which came easily to her hand.

She usually lived in little apartments, lined with books, and full of cheerfulness. Each one of them seemed to have especial advantages in her eyes. She would have liked to live in one of the earliest settlement houses in Boston; to take rooms there, as in any apartment house, and to be of what use she could, as time went on, to her neighbors. Her brother Edward opposed this plan, and lived to regret it; for a resident without responsibility, in such a house, was exactly what she was fitted to be. As it was, she was always on the most helpful and democratic terms with those people among whom she lived. Her friends were not only agreeable teachers and clever literary people, but the poor and sick and unhappy. She was destined to be the friend of the unlucky, but the lucky wanted to be her friends too. In fact, her talent for friendship almost deserved the name of genius. Her devotion to her friends was returned not only in affection, but in practical and faithful ways which gave ease to her later years.

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During these years, she did a good deal of writing. In 1873, she had written a story of the Puritan days called "The Two Letters", printed in "The Atlantic Monthly". Later she wrote, in collaboration with Edwin Lasseter Bynner, a story called "The Uncloseted Skeleton". The novel which she wrote about 1877, called "The Wolf at the Door", for the "No Name Series", a set of anonymous stories published by Roberts Brothers, is often entertaining and interesting, as is much of her work at this time, written largely for the magazines and the newspapers. But her best expression seems to have been in a cross between imagination and satire — a most gentle satire, but satire still. And it is only in relation to the Peterkins that it has its full outlet.

As her life drew toward an end, she encountered the great trial of blindness; and she bore it bravely, as she had borne her other trials. It was a long one, for the progress of her disease was gradual. Little by little, she had to give up the small and pleasant occupations which she loved. Cribbage and solitaire had been dear to her; but now, when a friend sent her the description of a new game of "patience", she answered that she could no longer play patience — she must live it. But even so gentle a complaint was rare with her.

As her blindness became hopeless and complete, her brilliant mind clouded; but even then she found more to enjoy than to suffer. Up to the end she made new friends and loved to be with the old ones. That end came on June 12, 1900. She was nearly eighty years old.

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THE SKETCH BOOK

CHARLES DICKENS AND THE BLUE SUNDAY LAWS

By Earl E. Fisk

IT is not my intention to write a long and tedious paper on the Blue Laws and the present day overdoing of the "moral uplift", but I have been interested to note how H. L. Mencken, the modern crusader of the antis, hews along the same lines as did Charles Dickens in 1843.

Mr. Mencken in all his recent books has gone to infinite pains to take good cracks at the reformers and the moral uplifters, and in most instances he has undoubtedly voiced the thoughts of the majority of people. In his "Prejudices: Second Series", he states his belief that uplifters and reformers do their nefarious work merely because of love of the chase. While red blooded men derive their enjoyment from golf, hunting, and other sports, these reformers take theirs out in hunting down offenders of the Blue Laws, those improper restrictions upon the liberty of the people which they have had passed to assist them in their hunt and to make up the rules of their game. Mr. Mencken is an extremist who in some instances goes too far, but his tirades provide food for thought; often one finds that he has printed one's own unvoiced opinions.

Among my Christmas presents one year was a facsimile copy of the first edition of Charles Dickens's "Christmas Carol", published by the Atlantic Monthly Press, a beautiful example of fine bookwork. It is edited by my good friend, A. Edward Newton, who contributes a delightful introduction. No better man could have been chosen for this purpose, nor one more informed on the subject. His own collection of "Carols" is just about complete. But to get back to the Blue Laws. I had read the "Christmas Carol" many times before, but now for the first time I noticed what Dickens had to say on the matter. The part I am referring to is to be found in stave three. The second of the three spirits, the Ghost of Christmas Present, has been showing Scrooge the poor people going to the grocer and baker shops to buy their Christmas dinner. On pages 84, 85, and 86 of the first edition is found the following:

> But soon the steeples called good people all, to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of bye streets, lanes and nameless turnings innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revellers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in the bakers' doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch. And it was an uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some of the dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was. God love it, so it was.
>
> In time the bells ceased, and the bakers' were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.
>
> "Is there a peculiar flavour in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.
>
> "There is. My own."
>
> "Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

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"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit", said Scrooge, after a moment's thought. "I wonder you, of all beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I", cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all", said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I", cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the Seventh Day", said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"I seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family", said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours", returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name; who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

No further comment is necessary but that in 1843, as in 1925, the Christian Spirit is used to mask bigotry, selfishness, and envy. Reader, do you not agree?

ON NOT INTERVIEWING GEORGE MOORE

By Virginia Rice

"YOU'RE at the age when you like to meet great men."

George Moore poured himself a glass of wine; the reporter tasted hers and smiled assent. She hoped he would take another glass and still another, and then perhaps in the midst of the unsuspecting diners at Queens Restaurant, out of the vintage would emerge a new and absolutely fresh edition of Impressions and Opinions. Possibly, there would be Confessions. She eyed the white hair and sagging shoulders. Confessions of an Elderly and Well Seasoned Man. But—a gay lavender shirt—a blue tie with yellow polka dots—a guileless pink and white complexion! Were they mere accidents, or did they indicate that here was no ordinary sage?

"Won't you have some melon? It is so delicious at this time of year."

This, superficially speaking, was no more than a polite and what proved to be a good suggestion, but the tone was so ingratiating, so suavely mischievous, that the reporter began to wonder whether the word "melon" had some special connotation in London society.

Mr. Moore twirled his mustache; the corners of his mouth turned up impishly and his pale blue eyes brightened.

"Tell me about *yourself*", he urged. "Have you ever *been* in love? *Are* you in love?"

From George Moore this was not only an unembarrassing but actually a flattering question; he was willing to meet his guest on his own hunting ground. It was as if H. G. Wells had asked for her opinion of the Soviet government. What staggered her, however, was the degree of boyish enthusiasm in his voice and the very evident curiosity.

What had happened to the Young Man who made his confessions sometime in the Eighteen Hundreds? His physique was no longer erect or firm; his hair had turned white; and during rare, unamused moments his mouth drooped. And yet, despite a lapse of thirty odd years, did the essence of that Young Man remain? The reporter suspected it. "He is gay", she thought to herself, "yet underneath it all, he seems harassed and restless."

"'Abelard and Heloise' upsets me", Mr. Moore confessed in response to an inquiry as to his sincere estimate of the works of D. H. Lawrence. "In the

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first edition there was an entire chapter missing. It was this way. Abelard didn't know his own mind. None of us know we are in love until separated from the beloved. It's only in the past, you understand. So I sent Abelard to Blois for the purpose of meditating and brought him back without writing his meditations. Extraordinary absence of mind! Later on, I wrote them, of course."

It was a sad and checkered history—that of the belated meditations—a tale of original and revised manuscripts, of a premature appearance in book form. The reporter felt time slipping and decided to seize her first opportunity to launch the interview.

"Joseph Conrad's prose is admirable. Don't you think so?" she finally managed to introduce.

Mr. Moore appeared to be thinking. At last, he answered. "What's the matter with 'A Storyteller's Holiday'? What's wrong with it?" His smile was sly and rather pleased. "It only says that men run after women and women run after men. It is true, and what a world it would be without it. . . . Love is the world's enchantment. Even the censors know that. Men have always adored women and will always continue to. They adorn them with jewels and build palaces for them. That's what both were made for." And then suddenly his fervor died down. "But the British insist on making rules for other people and imposing their morals on them", he sighed.

The reporter wanted to know if Americans were included among the so called "British".

"Yes, I'm afraid so; although", Mr. Moore added pacifically, "sex *is* doing very nicely in America. But why should there be boards for suppressing books?" He beseeched her to enlighten him. "Isn't conversation worse than any books? What person was ever influenced by a book?"

This was a new thought to the reporter. "It seems to me", she ventured, "that realistic literature has a great influence on impressionable people. Take, for instance, the novels of Thomas Hardy."

"English literature is rarely true to life", Mr. Moore continued. "Apparently, nobody knows that the elemental passions upset conventions and that a man who is in love with a woman wants the woman, and doesn't bother about her mistakes." He chuckled to himself. "Do you know", he inquired, and he laughed outright, "that the heroine in 'A Mummer's Wife' was the first woman to commit adultery in an English novel?"

The recollection was a gleeful one. Thirty years ago, the Young Man, himself, could not have experienced more genuine delight in shocking the British public.

The reporter felt rejuvenated. There had been discussions like this in her undergraduate days—about the priggishness of the Anglo-Saxon temperament and the irksome restraints of modern life.

"Do you think it's the fault of our education?" she asked dolefully.

"Education", Mr. Moore agreed, "is responsible for a great deal. Schools are the last things I believe in. There should be casual education—no stuffing. I myself refused to learn anything at school. Consequently, I am self educated. Have you read 'Confessions of a Young Man'? A charming book, but the grammar is bad. You see, I was just learning."

An odd suspicion was beginning to form in the reporter's mind. Did Mr. Moore acknowledge the existence of any living genius?

"The creative sense is sinking", he

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informed her as though he had guessed her thought. "The age of art is over. Culture is dead." He pronounced the epitaph of the twentieth century and tacitly confessed his own peculiar isolation.

The reporter had a sense of mingled horror and relief. Products of a culture ridden age, her doomed contemporaries could scarcely hope to achieve anything, or even know life at its best. Still, nothing much would be expected of beings unfortunate enough to be born in the Dark Ages.

But Mr. Moore was consoling her. "In five hundred years, culture will come again", he assured her. "The antique world was followed by eight hundred years of barbarism. Then came the Renaissance, and we have been living on the Renaissance ever since. This is applied to every branch of the fine arts.

"It is true", he admitted. "Wagner did finish opera. Manet, too, is a very great man. Nevertheless, this has been a decadent era. Everything that is to be said has been said. We need a new world. When oil and coal come to an end; when the means of locomotion have ended; when men have ceased to look over one another's shoulders and to copy each other; then, that world will be here. Man is an imitative animal. If he can copy his neighbor, he will. In old times, travel was not at his disposal, so he couldn't. The origin of art is segregation. When the pack horse appears again on the downs, and the archer bends his bow to shoot the deer crossing the glade; when the housewives will come to the cottage doors in the evenings to spin the flax out of which shirts are woven, we shall see a man, who knows his fellows, without education, withdraw from the country and make a beautiful drawing."

It was a lovely dream, lovely enough to banish the dismal prophecies of a moment before. The reporter was transported.

George Moore smiled indulgently. Luncheon was over; it was time to return to Ebury Street and evoke the spirit of the Renaissance. He stood up and leaned on his gnarled walking stick. "What do you think of me?" he asked. "Am I anything like you thought I would be?"

The reporter rubbed her eyes. *This* person was elderly. Yet she was sure she had heard the voice of the Young Man!

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

By Henry E. Harman

IN one of his stories of farm life in Georgia, Joel Chandler Harris tells of a wealthy planter who wanted a few acres of original woodland cleared near a village in which he lived. Labor was scarce, but he finally induced a thriftless village fellow to do the work—a man who had always been honest, but who was a kind of dreamer and ne'er do well. After a few days the man came to his employer and frankly confessed that he could not do the work, although he needed the money. Pressed for a reason, he said that the first tree he had started to cut down was hollow and occupied by two squirrels, who made violent complaint at the destruction of their house. The next was the home of a chipmunk with a large family; and the third was occupied by at least four pairs of jay birds. "That piece of woodland is a peopled city, throbbing with life, busy from morning until night. It contains their homes and families, they have built and lived there for years and I have not the heart to destroy what belongs to these helpless

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creatures." Out of that incident, simple but impressive, Mr. Harris drew inspiration for one of the most graphic pictures in all literature.

Along in 1902 or 1903 I was spending the summer at the Sweetwater Park Hotel, Lithia Springs, Georgia. By appointment Mr. Harris and James Whitcomb Riley spent two weeks there together. I was with them much of the time and can never forget the royal fellowship which existed between them. Riley came down from Indiana chock full of stories, and "Uncle Joe" had one in reply for each the Hoosier poet would tell. For two weeks these rare characters loafed about the broad verandas of the hotel, rarely ever separating, and only occasionally having with them a few select friends as guests at their story telling bees. Riley would tell one of his best ones and hold his sides in laughter as he watched the effect of the story on Uncle Remus. Then "Uncle Joe", as we all called him in those golden days when he was in his prime, would bat his eye a few times, his lips would curl in a suppressed laugh, and he would put over at Riley a story which would make a stoic laugh.

In all my experiences I never saw such comradeship between two men. Each seemed absolutely happy in the company of the other. When the short vacation was over and we were coming back to Atlanta to take up the grind again, Mr. Harris told me that the two weeks with Riley would stand out in all the coming years as the happiest he had ever known. At that time both men were perhaps at their best, both following literature as a profession; and widely different as they were in many respects, they were as one when it came to real good fellowship. That devoted friendship kept up as long as the two celebrities lived.

Some years afterward I met Riley in Miami, Florida, where he spent the last winters of his life. In a discussion of the literary work of Mr. Harris he said: "The creator of Uncle Remus is a poet of the highest order. Even his most desultory pages are inspired, while in certain climaxes he reaches the highest form of poetic sentiment. I have often told him this but he resents being called a poet and will hardly admit that he is a good story teller. In all of your southern literature, which burns with the intenseness of the fervor of your climate, no writer has yet arisen whose work will live longer or more tenderly in the hearts of your people."

On the occasion when President Roosevelt and Mr. Carnegie came to Atlanta to pay homage to Mr. Harris, "Uncle Joe" passed through one of the most trying ordeals in all his life. His timidity and dislike for ostentation made that day one fraught with much anxiety for the dean of "Wren's Nest". But when the President made his celebrated speech at the Piedmont Driving Club and pointed to the blushing creator of the Uncle Remus stories as one of the greatest authors of this country, a scene was enacted which has no parallel in the literary history of America. Uncle Remus simply got into the procession and could not get out. The occasion will go down in our literary history as one of rare interest.

In the later years of his life he had a habit of going to the old post office on Marietta Street each morning for his mail. Often we met in that famous old building, and the philosophy of the man would be expressed in his morning greeting. "There is a new type of gold in the sunlight today" or "The April rain of this morning will awaken many drowsy daffodils", were among the many expressions he used in those blessed days of his prime. Keen eyed,

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he sensed some new wonder in nature every morning, and applied it so as to make the day happier. One frosty October morning he remarked: "This starts Mr. Possum for the persimmon tree and the wild grapes along the river bank."

Joel Chandler Harris brought into his stories a type of animal life of which descriptions had been attempted before but without success. Having spent his early days on a farm in south Georgia, he learned at first hand the habits of Brer Fox, Rabbit, Possum, and others; about these lonely and hunted creatures he has woven characteristics both poetic and beautiful. They live and act as human; the master shows us the secret of their souls and forever hereafter these dumb animals will possess a personality which no other writer could have given them. About their lowly and simple existence there hangs a weird charm, full of romantic adventure.

But after all it is in intimate knowledge of the oldtime Negro life and delineation of the Negro character that the master excels; upon it his reputation will stand. Fortunately he lived through a period which took in the old and the new—the antebellum days and the years of reform which followed the war. This gave him a broad sweep of vision; he saw and understood the Negro of the south, both old and new, as perhaps no other writer ever did.

His treatment of the oldtime Negro developed all that was best in Mr. Harris as a writer. Here was a character somewhat new in the world of romance. Here was a character he knew and understood and a character he loved, because of fine traits which had never been described. He looked back to the war period and saw the faithfulness of the trusted darky, taking care of his master's home and family while the master was away in the thick of the fight. Such a character had rarely, if ever, been known in the annals of history. His faithfulness deserved recognition, and about the whitened head of the old slave our "Uncle Joe" wove a halo of fame and glory. With this simple character Mr. Harris played; he drew from the Negro's strange philosophy some of the most charming incidents in all his books. The superstition of Uncle Remus worked like a charm with the weird theories of his dumb animal characters. For instance, in the goodnatured story of "Why Brer Possum Loves Peace", we learn: "I don't mind fightin' no mo dan you doz, sez 'ee, but I declar' if I kin stan' ticklin'. And down ter dis day", continued Uncle Remus, "down ter dis day, Brer Possum's boun' ter s'render, when you tech him in do short ribs."

In all these stories, dealing with the life of the lowly, there is mixed the indefinable charm of nature, her melodies and her secrets. The narrator knows the note of every songbird, the prophecy of every breeze that blows, the far away glory of the summer clouds, the secrets of migrating fowls and birds; he paints with consummate artistry a Georgia landscape, the wonder and mystery of night when the moon hangs full over harvest fields; he knows the secret of frost, the mysteries of the swamp with its evergreen trees and vines, the hedgerows of briers and sumac, and a thousand other wonders which belong to the limitless world of nature. To one who has lived in the country his pictures are true in every detail. Moreover, he never fails to show you the poetic rainbow of promise that hangs about the most commonplace things. Herein lies his greatest achievement.

A vast amount of fine work done by Mr. Harris has never appeared in book form. The old files of the Atlanta

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"Constitution", upon which he toiled for years, contain much of his best writing, done when he was in his prime. His editorials were masterpieces of literary craftsmanship, just as were those of the lamented Henry Grady, and they burned with a fierce wish for healing the wounds between the north and the south. But outside this loss to the reading world, he left enough that was fine, enough that glowed with inspirational fire, and enough that was in the highest sense poetic to make his place safe in the hall of literary worthies.

WHY "O. HENRY"?

By Edward Larocque Tinker

MANY secrets lie hidden in port cities. Ships from every shore and trains from every direction are continually stranding in their streets, nervous strangers fleeing from crimes committed or troubles too great to bear. Of New Orleans this is particularly true, for she is the gateway to those picturesque and wicked little Central American countries whose boundaries are a bar to the laws of extradition. Sydney Porter was one of this stream of fear ridden fugitives; and he left in that city, as did many others, the answer to a secret about himself — a secret, which has long baffled the public.

It is now common knowledge that a Texas grand jury indicted him for alleged complicity in the embezzlement of the funds of a bank, and that he boarded a train with every intention of going to the county seat to give himself up. It is equally well known that during this journey he fell a victim to his own marvelous imagination, which tortured him with frightful pictures of trial, cross examination, conviction, disgrace, shame, and the penitentiary, until his determination was sapped. When the train finally arrived at the county seat, he did not have enough will power to get out. He continued to ride, dully, on and on until he reached the end of the line — New Orleans.

Here he hung around, aimlessly, for a time until fear drove him to further flight and he took ship to Honduras. He was now safe, to be true, from the law, but not from that far more implacable force — nostalgia. He became so homesick that he finally decided to go back and face the charges. Arrived again in New Orleans, he once more weakened; and he stayed on, always promising himself that he would start the very next day on that journey which ended so disastrously in the penitentiary.

It was during one of these visits, I do not know which, that Porter left in the memory of one man the key to that question which has always been so obscure — why he chose his nom de plume.

C. A. Smith in his biography of O. Henry has said, "The pen name, 'O. Henry', may have been thought of when he was in New Orleans; it may have been suggested by the names in a New Orleans daily, the 'Times-Democrat' or the 'Picayune'; 'O. Henry', I believe, is reported to have said as much. But the evidence is that he did not adopt and use the name until he found himself in prison."

It is quite true that the name was suggested to him while he was in New Orleans, but it came about in a very different way. There used to be a very popular barroom there on the corner of Gravier Street and Bank Place, which rejoiced in the picturesque title of the Tobacco Plant Saloon and was owned by a certain Mrs. Brand. There was a great deal of drinking then and, as a natural result, many big busi-

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ness deals were consummated or, at least, celebrated in saloons. It was therefore easy for a smart barkeeper, with keen ears, to pick up many scraps of information most useful to newspaper men. Henry, the barkeeper of the Tobacco Plant, was particularly clever at that sort of thing. Reporters from all the different newspapers used to stop so often for a drink and to see if Henry had any new tips, that the place came to be considered a sort of newspaper club. It is not surprising that "Sid" Porter, himself a writer and a steady drinker, should have gravitated to the Tobacco Plant and become on intimate terms with its habitués.

One morning when he stopped in he found Ernest Hepner, an artist for the "Times-Democrat", and Billy Ball, a bright young reporter, standing at the bar. Porter joined them in a drink and after some desultory talk turned to the barkeeper and said, "Oh, Henry! Set 'em up again." While they were waiting, he pulled a manuscript from his pocket and remarked, "See here, boys, here's something I've written. I don't want to sign my own name, what'll I write instead?"

A quizzical smile raised the corners of Hepner's mouth and he said in his quiet way, "Why don't you sign it 'O. Henry'? God knows you say that often enough!"

Porter laughed goodnaturedly at this palpable hit, slipped the manuscript back into his pocket, and promptly forgot all about the incident—for a time. . . .

Sydney Porter was sitting inside a grimy little cube of monotonous gloom called a cell in a penitentiary. He had just finished writing the last page of one of his inimitable short stories, vivid with all the life and freedom and warmth of human comradeship for which he was aching. He was staring at the partly blank page before him, racking his brain for a name which would serve to hide his identity and, with it, his disgrace. Suddenly, by that strange trick which memory so often plays upon us, a picture of the cheerful barroom of the Tobacco Plant flashed into his consciousness—so real that the remembered smell of whisky and tobacco made his tongue parch and his throat go dry. His desire for the human warmth and conviviality of the place stung him with a pain as searing as that of burning flesh. Faces, flushed and laughing, of the men he had known there came back to him; but most alive of all there appeared a vision of Henry, his starched white jacket almost glistening in contrast to the dull red glow of the mahogany bar, a smile of welcome breaking his face into shrewd little humorous wrinkles round his eyes, his right hand mechanically polishing the surface of the bar with a wet towel. . . . Porter's hand reached out to the sheet of paper before him and his pencil traced the letters—"O. Henry".

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CURRENT SHORT STORIES

By Gerald Hewes Carson

THE BEST SHORT STORIES

The following ten short stories are selected for special mention as mirroring the best elements in current fiction as it has appeared between February and April. When the stories selected are not by American authors they are, nevertheless, the work of writers who are important influences upon our own creative effort.

Six Dollars. W. D. Steele. PICTORIAL REVIEW, March.

Blocker Locke. Barry Benefield. CENTURY, February.

The Last Card. John Galsworthy. RED BOOK, February.

The Last Visit. Conrad Aiken. DIAL, April.

A Working Man's Wife. Sheila Kaye-Smith. WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION, March.

The Dime. Zona Gale. CENTURY, April.

A Captain Out of Etruria. A. R. Leach. HARPER'S, April.

Bewitched. Edith Wharton. PICTORIAL REVIEW, March.

V. Lydiat. L. Adams Beck. ATLANTIC MONTHLY, February.

'Thea Zell. Booth Tarkington. RED BOOK, April.

EVER since that notable day in 1640 when Stephen Daye struck off the "Bay Psalm Book" at his press in Cambridge, the American imagination has manifested an ethical bent. The trait has persisted in spite of all discouragement. Denied light and nourishment, it has often grown up white, lean, and waxlike, as a potato sprout will in a dark bin. Denied, in our generation, the countenance of the intellectuals, it creeps into fiction, with the insidious purpose of instructing as well as entertaining us. That is how our magazines often tend to become handbooks on practical morality, concerned, in didactic wise, with love and sex and getting ahead in life.

It is curious to note what an important ingredient this has become in magazine fiction. The editors do not talk about ethics. God forbid! They call it (with that pleasant hyperbole peculiar to editors) being "helpful" or "vital". But their fiction is highly ethical, nevertheless, deeply concerned with problems of conduct. In short, a large group of editors and writers have conspired to this end; they will often amuse us, often entertain us, often give us glimpses of an ideal and romantic world, but they are awfully concerned with setting our feet right upon the solid earth of this present world. I call attention to this state of affairs purely as a phenomenon or characteristic. I am not entering any sort of judgment at the moment.

Particularly is the path of matrimony set with warnings. "Husbands and Wives" (Designer, April) by Mae Foster Jay sets forth that one man's meat is another man's poison. Stan and Minnie got on well by bickering. It stimulated them. But June and Peter were very happy in agreeing perfectly. Then June got worried about her individuality. It appeared that she had submerged it as the price of her happiness. June set out immediately to

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become individual, but succeeded only in becoming unhappy. It all came out right, however, when she learned that what was good for Stan and Minnie wouldn't promote success in life for her and Peter. It all comes out right, too, when Fannie Kilbourne treats of gossip (American Magazine, March) in the story of that name. One is forced to the inevitable conclusion that a great many of the world's woes exist because someone's tongue wagged too freely.

Sometimes the short story writers delve into the psychology of tangled human relationships to produce their lesson. Barty and Jacko got started wrong in "The Good Little Pal" (Munsey's, April) by Elisabeth Sanxay Holding. Jacko was both a sensible girl and a modern one. She insisted upon a secret marriage because it happened to be the politic thing for them to do. Jacko's ambition was to be a real pal, a comrade, self effacing and stimulating. Then Jacko had to learn the hard lesson that Barty did not want a sensible comrade for a wife. He wanted someone to serve and protect. And so, because Jacko was such a sensible girl, Barty got what he wanted.

A short story that throws light upon marital heresy is "Twin Roofs" (Munsey's) by Anna Brownell Dunaway. An effective but unobtrusive satire is played upon the spirit of modern matrimonial experiment — at least when it gets a little too theoretical. Caroline set up her lares and penates in the country. Her Joe remained in town, near his work. It seemed an ideal arrangement, so free, so modern, so harmonious with the intellectual and social movements she apprehended — perhaps somewhat dimly. At any rate she found the world, in the person of an amorous salesman, crude and literal. The salesman misunderstood and made advances. Caroline's emotions reacted to clarify her mind.

Mella Russell McCallum deals with the subject of the neglected wife in "Something Special" (Munsey's, April). Scott Bartow was trying so hard to get ahead in the world that he and Lucie got out of step. Lucie formed the sort of friendship with Tom Navarre of which it is often written that the relationship "rapidly ripened into something deeper". Just as Lucie prepared to take French leave with Tom and let Scott get ahead by himself, she made this discovery: that most of the parties to newspaper scandals are convinced that their case is higher, cleaner, "something different". And Lucie, too, joined the long list of current heroines who have discovered that ardent feeling is no substitute for clear thinking. (P.S. Scott got the job.)

Another estranged wife who shared the same experience was Adelaide Macdonald. Her revolt from error didn't come until she was alone in a hotel room with the wealthy bachelor who was to become her second husband, her first being as yet unaware that his successor had been picked.

"She was a fool", so the narrative goes, "to feel dread at the thought of giving herself to another man while Ware was living. That wasn't the modern attitude, and whatever else she might be surely she was modern!" But the mildly satirical author, Elizabeth Newport Hepburn, stops Adelaide in time, so "The Blue Counterpane" (Cosmopolitan, February) comes to naught but a happy, if plainly didactic, ending.

In May Edginton's "This Happens Every Day" (Pictorial Review, February) there is a broader mood, almost that of farce. The same values are involved, though it is a man who is

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straying this time. It is the "Cytherea" motive — the man of forty seeking his true mate. His wife, naturally, isn't his mate. But by the peculiar irony of circumstances he discovers that his wife *is* his mate, and that he even owes his business advancement to her tact and charm. As a matter of fact he had already found his Cytherea, entangled himself with her, only to experience a sudden reversal within himself which exhibited his wife as the real thing after all. And he knew that it was real things, not smocks and sardines and spurious good spirits, which he wanted.

A little child leads them in Corinne Updegraff Wells's "Bobbie's Roof" (Designer, March). Anne Davenport was preparing to marry Rodney Blauvelt. Rodney had been divorced from his wife for a long time, and Anne knew that she could be a good mother to Rodney's little Bobbie. But there came a critical illness of childhood. It was pitifully evident that so far as Bobbie was concerned Anne was inadequate. What he needed was his real mamma. Out of his need arose the conflict in Anne between love and duty which is the nub of the story. Duty won, as it should in all well regulated stories, and Anne sacrificed her happiness to insure Bobbie's.

Grace Sartwell Mason, like Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, has the faculty for writing very good or very bad stories. However, "The Gray Spell" (Saturday Evening Post, March 28) falls outside this generalization. It is a story of conflicting temperaments and the marital adjustments they imposed upon Ethan and Alvira Pell, and it achieves a moderate success by virtue of its fidelity to human truth. The homiletic element is held in abeyance, for Mrs. Mason is more of an artist than a moralist.

In lighter mood, Viola Brothers Shore relates the business of marriage to the electrical contracting business in "The Deputy Husband" (Woman's Home Companion, February). This story shows that if a woman is clever, takes an interest in a man's work, makes tangible contributions to it, there will be no time, no inclination, for excursions into the shadowland with the unattached "deputy" mates in which our civilization is so prolific. It is Carlyle's gospel of work brought up to date, and down to the practical exigencies of getting somewhere in the world.

Lillian Day conveys something of the same gospel of progress in "Brief-Case Men" (Holland's, February). Any bright young couple in the lower levels of society can elevate themselves if they watch their step and pull together, says Miss Day, and she tells of the J. Roscoe Budds who kept their eyes and ears open. They learned to wear the right clothes, use the right stationery, say the right things. They read the right books, cultivated the right habits of thought, studied the right models as they presented themselves. Peg by peg the Budds advanced in money and position. We leave them still going strong, and we know that they reached their hearts' desire.

Innocuous people, the Budds, but symptomatic of the direction progress too often takes in our restless democracy. Culture imposed from without, a full and satisfactory life to be achieved by imitation and the shrewd application of rules of thumb — that is the practice and the philosophy of the J. Roscoe Budds. One may believe that their program, admirable though it be for its indomitable energy and hustle, can produce only an incomplete and unsatisfactory humanism; but, do

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the Budds know it? Miss Day doesn't tell us. Such other authorities as Sinclair Lewis and Stuart Sherman have offered as yet only tentative and highly qualified answers.

This whole group of stories may be said to have little enough to do with the art of the short story. That is true indeed. But it has a great deal to do with the practice of the short story. Heavy with sentiment, portentous with warning and admonition for the reader, this didactic vein runs through our current fiction to a degree which has seldom been recognized. In spite of Keats and Shelley, the Eighteen Nineties, the young intellectuals, and the materialistic and relativist philosophies, the conviction persists that art has a moral purpose.

It is to be regretted, then, that so few of the good writers are on the side of the angels. Ethical values have a way of cropping out most convincingly when the writer handles his material most artistically. It would help our art (it assuredly would not hurt our morals) to come occasionally upon a wife who regretted her wavering allegiance too late, a warring pair whose marital adjustments were complex and something less than perfection. There is a dualism in human nature which cries out for honest treatment, a complexity to human desire which can become a criticism of life only when it is allowed to run its natural course.

The outstanding stories of the three months under consideration — February, March, and April — are "Six Dollars" by W. D. Steele (Pictorial Review, March) and "Blocker Locke" by Barry Benefield (Century, February). Here again, against his favorite background of a New England fishing community, Mr. Steele builds a story in which an authentic character becomes vividly clear, and in which the action grows naturally out of the attributes of that character. "Six Dollars" is the story of a liaison, and of what a man's conscience did to him for many decades thereafter. All he had ever given the girl was six dollars, and with that she had bought a lamp to guide him back. For thirty years she kept it lit for him. For thirty years he saw it and was fascinated, tortured, molded by the secret power it held over him. When the lamp finally went out he had to go to seek the reason why. She was dead. The lamp — a handsome and pretentious one — had been polished and burnished as though it enshrined the very flame of love. And the tag was still on it; it just said "$6". This is romantic, yes, but a terrible God seeks a lifelong expiation for youthful error, and the story itself is made from the very qualities inherent in the character of the protagonist. That is why it drives so powerfully and unerringly at its mark. Mr. Steele has never handled his medium more flawlessly.

Blocker Locke, the hero of Mr. Benefield's story, rebelled against an unwritten law. His story is the simple and tragic narrative of heterodoxy and its consequences. Blocker was a stone worker in a marble yard. He was very fond of his two boys. When Carrie, his wife, ran away with the night telegraph operator, Blocker was in a dilemma. He knew the conventions of Arkansas society. But he didn't feel like raging and shooting. He felt like opening a bottle of champagne — though that is not the way he would have expressed it. The community, however, was not to be cheated so easily of its drama. Officious people supplied him with firearms and information. During his period of inactivity Blocker experienced every

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shade of slur, sneer, and open insult. They finally goaded him to murder — in the dark, in the tiny house he knew Carrie and Mat had taken in Little Rock.

"They're satisfied now, I reckon."
And then, raising his eyes, he saw that he knew neither of the dead. Mat and Carrie had moved.
"Thank God for that!" he breathed. "Jim and Little One will be glad."

John Galsworthy is frequently most brilliant and powerful, if not most pleasant, in studying a type of character in process of decay, and that is what he does in "The Last Card" (Red Book, February). It is Galsworthy in his most clinical, realistic vein — a minute, almost cruel picture of a woman at forty six assembling threadbare powers of seduction for a last great play for — what? Not, most assuredly, for the thing young girls want when they leave home incontinently. What the adventuress in Mr. Galsworthy's story wanted was security, decency, inner cleanliness, a protection that was not furtive — in short, the assured position of a respectable woman.

The technical brilliance of Conrad Aiken's "The Last Visit" (Dial, April) approaches that of Mr. Galsworthy's story. It is equally meticulous, a little bit morbid, and certainly more frigid. There is no supreme dramatic crisis, either subjective or external, in a young matron's paying a visit to a dying grandmother, making an early escape, and keeping an assignation in a vaudeville theatre with a man whose relationship to her seems one likely to precipitate still another story, though one which Mr. Aiken does not tell. But there is a high literary skill in the way Mr. Aiken brings the decay and dissolution of age into juxtaposition with the passionate, centrifugal forces of youth. The ending is a little perverse. It has mood and feeling, but it is not clearly defined.

We have had portraits enough of the poor harried wife of a cheap, tippling husband. Repetition in print, from the rostrum, and in the movies has made it both a literary and a social convention. From Sheila Kaye-Smith, who is no propagandist, we have an unprejudiced version of the theme in "A Working Man's Wife" (Woman's Home Companion, March). The story has action, plot, suspense, surprise, in excellent degree, but as a subjective study of a real woman whose eyes are on the hills, the story speaks with the very accent of poignant truthfulness.

Age, which is only the foil for youth in the story by Mr. Aiken, becomes protagonist in Zona Gale's "The Dime" (Century, April). There is youth in this story, the extreme youth of Jeffrey Copper, aged six years. But the central figure is Grandfather Tarkoff, who had come to America when he was nine and had been here ever since — eighty years. This is the tale of his latter end, his feebleness, his wistfulness, his uncouth awkwardness, his interminable anecdotes of the days when there was sap in him, and of his dime — the first dime he had ever made, the one he still proudly displayed. No one listened any more except little Jeffrey. It was through the rapt attention of the little boy that the old man did his living. It was his one contact with life, his one reason for going on. But the inevitable day came when he lost even little Jeffrey. Then the old fellow quietly went out and drowned himself in the canal.

There is the indefeasible texture of reality in this. The comments of the bereaved relatives and friends at the funeral are monuments to the distance which separates one human being from

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another, and one generation from another. Miss Gale is not hard or brittle in her handling of this theme. But she knows that we all walk alone, and that it is not only precocious genius which is misunderstood by a careless and unfeeling world.

A. R. Leach, a new writer, and author of "A Captain Out of Etruria" (Harper's, April) has triumphed over a group of stock characters, a trite scene, and a genre of fiction which has always been somewhat thin and trivial — I mean, the theme of the transplanted American society of the capitals of Europe. You will recognize the characters: an American woman artist with a touch of genius and a passion for people and motives, a young man of acute and sophisticated sensibilities, and a wealthy, newly rich American woman with a fragile, pretty, bewildered daughter in attendance. The latter two had come, of course, to ornament a society which was, tragically enough, quite uninterested in them. It sounds like farce or caricature. But it isn't. Miss Leach succeeds in individualizing her characters, she achieves real nuance, and gives a surprise ending to boot! It is a fair one, too.

Mrs. Wharton occasionally gratifies an interest outside the world which her admirers have assigned to her as peculiarly her own preserve. One of her occasional interests is New England. Another is the nebulous realm of witchcraft, old racial superstitions and dreads, the agonies of a mediæval religion. Such of her stories as "Kerfol", "The Hermit and the Wild Woman", "Afterward", and "The Lady's Maid's Bell" serve as illustrations. Both of these interests are present in "Bewitched" (Pictorial Review, March). The scene is New England in the grip of winter; the characters as grim and frigid as the season. Saul Rutledge is "haunted" by Ora Brand. At Mrs. Rutledge's request a quiet committee sits upon the matter and all the cloudy superstitions of the men and women who burned the witches at Salem rise in the cry of the formidable Mrs. Rutledge:

"A stake through the breast! That's the old way, and it's the only way. The Deacon knows it!"

But they do not drive a stake through the breast of the dead girl. A series of bewildering and mysterious events occur which bring rest to Saul Rutledge and to the community. Mrs. Wharton's chief excellence here lies in the picture she gives of a communal state of mind, and the significance with which she endows it. A complete rational and realistic solution is not offered, so that the reader is left balanced between a matter-of-fact and a mystical explanation of what really happened to Saul Rutledge.

I cannot explain "V. Lydiat" (Atlantic, February) by L. Adams Beck, and Mr. Beck does not wish to. It is a frankly mystical story, dealing with the extraordinary conjunction of two personalities whereby a stream of amazing fiction concerning India and the Orient was given to the world. It is also the story of how that stream of fiction ceased to flow forever. There is no solution offered for the whole thing, even less clue given than in Mrs. Wharton's story. But the meticulous skill with which the atmosphere of Eastern faith and philosophy is created and substantiated until one accepts the fantastical as plausible and true, is notable.

There are several Booth Tarkingtons. The best one, the Tarkington of "Alice Adams", wrote "'Thea Zell" (Red Book, April), the story of the rise and fall of the belle of a midland

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city whose name, one surmises, might conceivably be Indianapolis. 'Thea Zell was reared by her mother to be a dainty show animal, and she ran true to breeders' form; she had no brains. But 'Thea Zell had exquisiteness and temperament and vanity, so she ran away from her husband upon the night of her local dramatic triumph, away to the fabled city where the lights are brighter and success comes without stint to the deserving.

That was 'Thea Zell's great mistake. She had only her beauty, and years and years of one night stands took care of that. At the end of the story, when 'Thea's dissolution has gone pretty far, Mr. Tarkington returns her to her old environment, to complete the contrast between her life and that of the sister and the children she had left behind her.

It is not a pretty moment, though a powerful one, I think. Mr. Tarkington's simple, vernacular way of conducting a narrative is not the less artistic because it is apparently homely and artless in style and structure. 'Thea Zell is the perennial figure of the erring wife, middle class, middle western, broken by the fatal lure of the street which, according to one of our national ballads, has a broken heart for every light upon it.

SALLY'S ROOM

By Marion Strobel

O BUT this is cozy!
This is the room I love!
Sunny as a goldfinch
Downy as a dove!

Chintzes for the windows,
Chintzes warm as honey
Catching all the sunshine
Making it more sunny!

Little downy rockers,
With little frisky feet,
Little topply tables
With creamy things to eat!

O but this is cozy!
Everything's askew! —
Twenty dolls need kissing
Before I can kiss you!

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THE THREEFOLDEDNESS OF ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

By Grant Overton

With a Portrait by Bertrand Zadig

THERE are so many ways of considering Albert Payson Terhune that a little confusion at the outset is excusable; the only inexcusable thing would be lack of consideration. You may view him as a person, and then he is as all-round as the compass except that he is entirely without a northern or frigid exposure. If you contemplate him as a writer, his triplicity is remarkable: dog stories, mystery stories, and sport-and-miscellaneous stories are his thrice divided Gaul. But there is a Terhune apart from the writer and the person, somehow, and yet interpenetrative with them always, that I wish I knew how to name.

This, this Third Terhune, is a hard one. I can give you clues but I can't produce them as evidence. Length and breadth are two lines easily drawn on paper. Thickness is a dotted line which we agree shall stand for the dimension we can't represent (on paper) otherwise. I'll try to draw the dotted line but don't ask me to sign on it. Don't expect any "X marks the spot" where the Third Terhune may be accurately and finally located.

Well, then, the first clue is in a certain little book called "Now That I'm Fifty". Maybe you've read it. It is a brief résumé; what Walt Whitman would have called "A Backward Glance o'er Travel'd Roads". Its resemblances to other essays of its kind are superficial; for under the popular crispness and the manner of apothegm there is a curiously grim touch and a sort of savage honesty. It is as if Bert Terhune were overheard saying, from one of the deep corners of his mouth which smiles downward as well as upward: "I'll be inspirational, all right. But a good stiff jolt is worth any six adjectives."

Or take Terhune, the man. He stands six feet something and in a coonskin coat is the principal cause of New York subway congestion. He can play poker all night and write all day. Stripped and placed in the middle of what geometers know as the squared circle, he early showed an A. P. T.-itude (cross word puzzle pun), a skill and a science which were unfortunately lost to history owing to the invention of the typewriter. But both his lefts and his rights to the solar plexus of the standard keyboard are still the world's best.

Yet there is immense gentleness in him; inexhaustible patience.

Some years ago he took a vacation from people by getting interested in dogs. Now it is a mark of Bert Terhune that when he gets definitely interested in anything, he becomes professionally interested. He may choose to keep amateur standing but he instantly discards amateur standards. He expertizes. So he hadn't been doing dogs any time at all before he was specializing with collies, and breeding aristocratic collies. He was soon a judge at dog shows. He began writing stories about dogs.

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He loves dogs; but so far as I have heard he would still rather write verse than do anything else in the world.

"There is keen pleasure", he writes in "Now That I'm Fifty", "in striking out, across country, on a cold morning; escorted by a swirling, rackety, exulting mob of collies."

The Third Terhune — not the writer, not even the capital good fellow — really lives, I am pretty sure, on such a tramp.

Writer families — a more professional and accurate term than literary families — are neither rare nor common. Albert Payson Terhune was born into one. He is, in fact, with the single exception of Stephen Crane, the best newspaper man ever born in Newark, New Jersey. The event took place just before Christmas (December 21) in 1872. His father was the Reverend Edward Payson Terhune and his mother, who had been Mary Virginia Hawes, was nationally famous under the pen name of Marion Harland. (It is interesting that she was born in 1830 and lived until 1922 — consider the American history she saw in the making!) Bert Terhune took his A.B. at Columbia in 1893. A sister, Virginia Belle Terhune, herself a writer of an industriousness fairly comparable with her mother's, became the wife of Frederic F. Van de Water, whose extremely good short stories you have probably enjoyed in current magazines, and whose comment on new books is original and refreshing. Terhune himself married a musician, Anice Morris Stockton of Hampden, Massachusetts, a concert pianist and organist who had studied abroad and who is now almost equally a composer and an author. Mother, wife, sister, and brother-in-law; I don't know anything quite like it among contemporaries.

After college Terhune spent a short time in a New York newspaper office. One day he put his desk in order, left a note to the managing editor, and went abroad. He rode on horseback through Syria and Egypt, 1893–94, investigating leper settlements, living among the Bedouins of the desert, and accumulating literary material which is not wholly used up even today. A Bedouin tribe adopted him. Leaving a note for the chief, he returned to America.

From 1894 to 1920 he was on the staff of the New York "World". His first book, "Syria from the Saddle", was published in 1896. The next year he did "Columbia Stories" and afterward a novel in collaboration with his mother, who was then seventy. This is said to be the first instance of such a collaboration. He began writing novels, and some of his series in the "World", such as the articles on the famous love affairs of history, were brought out in book form. He was also writing short stories. In 1919 his "Lad: A Dog" was published, achieving a success probably greater than that of any animal story since "Black Beauty". Mr. Terhune's days as a newspaper man were over.

At one time Bert Terhune was amateur heavyweight champion. I think it was in the days before Mr. James Corbett reparteed the engagement between Mr. Jeffries and Mr. Johnson at Reno, Nevada, that Bert Terhune gave Mr. Corbett a fine battle one night.

"Lad: A Dog" and succeeding volumes are his best known work. What is there to say about these stories of collies? The first thing to be said is that they are to a considerable extent biographical. Mr. Terhune lives in a New York apartment in the winter, but all his summers are spent at his

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Albert Payson Terhune

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farm, Sunnybank, at Pompton Lakes, New Jersey. Here are the kennels; here are the "swirling, rackety, exulting collies" whose cups and blue ribbons are much the least important thing about them to their master. It can be said for Mr. Terhune's dog stories that they contain no actual feat by dogs that their author has not seen performed or has not carefully authenticated.

They are sentimental, of course; but to plead this against them is nonsense, since fiction about domesticated animals — dogs, cats and horses; more rarely, birds — has no other reason for existence. Such fiction is only a reflection, and a pale one, of human sentimentality about the animals themselves; and the objector should first expend his energy on a reformation of human nature. This accomplished, the reform of fiction will take care of itself.

The most important question which these dog stories raise is not peculiar to them but concerns all animal stories of every sort. Perhaps it has important bearings on fiction in general, but these are too large for consideration here. An animal story is successful or unsuccessful, fundamentally, by the extent to which it makes its animals persons. I don't mean humans; I mean almost-humans. The extent and even the kind of personalization I mean differs with the animal. The reader neither expects nor wants to feel that the wild beast is as close to him as the beast domestic; his feeling in reading about a fox is the interest in slyness and cunning, but a dog hero must be almost his alter ego. He wants to feel that this is an animal, and as such distinctly inferior to him in intelligence; but with variations for the particular kind of animal it is, he does not mind if the creature has a pretty full set of emotions — indeed, he wants it to have them.

Not to go back to the painful clashes between the late Theodore Roosevelt and William J. Long — to avoid entirely, if that be possible, the misleading term "nature faker" — it is necessary to point out that this business of personalizing beasts is the root of all evil to the scientist of austere, Arrowsmithian tendency.

(It is too bad, anyway, about the scientist, our modern successor to the Puritan. The fellow simply cannot bear sufficient personalization of the best impulses of heart and mind to make a satisfactory religion — any religion. And equally he snorts at the innocent pastimes of fiction.)

What the scientist fails to perceive — it being in plain sight and not merely visible under a microscope — is that to personalize an animal is not to impute intelligence. In the first place no one, not even a scientist, knows what intelligence is. Probably it is a certain adjustment between cause and effect, where one can be told from t'other, but even this is uncertain. In the second place, nobody knows who or which has intelligence, or when the thing manifests itself. There is even some reason to believe that the only truly intelligent people in fiction are the heroes and heroines of P. G. Wodehouse.

When we know — if and when — what intelligence is, we may be able to ascertain where it is lodged, at least temporarily; meanwhile the writer of fiction who, like Terhune, sticks to the facts of external animal behavior is secure as well as popular. He has just as much right to show animal motivation by human analogy as the scientist has to formulate a nebular hypothesis or indulge in dangerous inferences about atoms. The dog is much less likely to bite than the atom is to explode.

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I spoke of the Third Terhune. I might have said "the real Terhune" but I have no warrant for saying that the Terhune I mean is any more real than the writer or the excellent companion. But I am sure he exists and that he has expressed himself in such a passage as this from "Now That I'm Fifty":

> In my backward survey of the road, I see the Impassable Barrier that rose in front of me and hemmed me in. That Barrier was the loss of a job which appeared to have my whole future bound up with it. . . . It was the loss of that job which first started me to working in earnest. . . . The Boss's smile and frown were as significant to me — or I thought so — as those of Oriental potentates to their courtiers. To listen civilly to his windy stories, to cackle courteously whenever he deigned to lay a joke, to fight back the yearning to smash his jaw when he howled a call-down, to win by extra work the right to earn small pay; — these were not joyous things. To this day their memory is bitter wine on a sponge.
>
> But they drove me to the "outside writing" which freed me at last from the newspaper drudgery I abhorred — a twenty-year drudgery of which I have not one pleasant recollection.

I am equally sure that the Terhune that interests me most expressed himself in two short articles which have not, I think, yet been published, but which I have been privileged to see.

One is based on that common human experience of being young, penniless, and covetous, and of living to become older, purse-lined, and — not only not covetous, not even caring to acquire.

The other is a short study of the rôle that suicide so often holds for a considerable period in the life of rationally minded men and women. It is a study founded upon a knowledge of three actual instances and an observation impinged upon by many more. It is very honest; it blinks no facts; but it is entirely optimistic.

So that the Terhune who counts most of all, as I see it, has only begun to find expression. I don't mean in his writing only. What is this dear fallacy that because a man writes, paints, carves, or composes music, he can somehow find an ultimate expression of his Self in his work alone? What is his "work"? Is his life as a person not part of it? Was Tolstoy nothing but his books? Was Oscar Wilde no more than the surviving paper blackened with clever lines? Is Gilbert K. Chesterton naught but paradox in horizontal lines of print? Masefield, I suppose, is no more than we can read from his pen; and Joseph Conrad was nothing but a novelist. . . . It doesn't go down. Great genius is not seldom inhuman; but in so far as it is inhuman it becomes an instrument and a machine. In its attendant phenomena, its effect on the race only goes to confirm the oldest and most childish superstitions. Mr. Ordinary Man renews his faith that these writer fellows are an impossible, hermaphroditic lot. Mrs. Average Woman thinks vaguely of sheiks, Saint Anthony, fascinating male movie heroes, and the children's reading.

Perhaps no harm is done to the sacred cause of literature, in the long run, if at all times a considerable number of authors — Rex Beaches, Heywood Brouns, Irvin S. Cobbs, Booth Tarkingtons, and Albert Payson Terhunes— preserve the general outlines and contours of human beings. The occasional view of a writer fellow who operates under the same constitution and by-laws as his neighbor, the sales manager, is soothing and beneficial to that neighbor. In any representative collection of Americans, Bert Terhune would be recognized at once as a regular person. In time he could afford to let it out that he had written books without exciting serious mistrust.

He writes partly for fun, partly for a living, and sometimes lately because he

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has had something very definite and useful to say. His real forte is a kind of honesty that begins by being honest with himself and about himself. After a half century filled with work and overwork, much of it sheer drudging, he ought to be tired out, perhaps rancorous, certainly cynical. He is nothing of the sort. The somewhat hectic interests of the twenties and thirties have given way to a few far more durable, far deeper ones; the zest remains. To an exceptional degree he knows what he can do and likewise what he cannot do.

"The days that make us happy, make us wise." He is wise . . . but, you cannot give away wisdom, you can merely acquire it, and then only if you are among the fortunate ones.

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THE LONDONER

Bookbinders and Booksellers—A Pathetic Fallacy—"The Long Way Round"—Stevenson Copyrights—Madame Belloc—More Debates—Sir Harry Johnston—A Charles Lamb Centenary.

LONDON, May 1, 1925.

THE spring publishing season in London has been held up to some small extent by a binders' strike, but this has fortunately been settled before trade dislocation became too marked. In any case, according to my advices, the sales of books for the first quarter of the year have been none too brisk. At first it seemed as if the season would be fair to middling. But March showed a falling off. Whatever the causes, and of course there have been innumerable explanations, as there always are of any slump, it seems to be true that books all round have sold less well than the booksellers had a right to expect. I hear of several quite noteworthy publications which were bought freely by the trade upon the assumption that they would sell, and which are still to be seen in the shops of the purchasers. They have not been bought by the larger public, which happened not to want them. One's sympathy goes out to the booksellers, who were justified in expecting large sales, and who now find themselves burdened with heavy stocks which they will perhaps never unload. It is quite true that a shrewd man could have foretold that some of these books had no chance, but that man would have read the books, and this is a task for which no bookseller has any time. When so many books are published each week, no bookseller can spare the necessary attention to read one half of them. He has to depend upon his "nose", and sometimes his "nose" is badly at fault. The bookseller is rarely a trained literary man, and the trained literary man is rarely a judge of the public taste. Hence the unsatisfactory state of affairs in the book trade. This state is bound to continue until there is a diminution in the number of books published. I have been waiting all my life for the requisite diminution, and it never comes. Publishers, it appears, are optimists, or if that is too strong a term for them, "opportunists" will do as well. They will always take chances upon books which even I would reject scornfully. Few unprofessional readers are aware of the many reasons for the publication of quite half the books which appear year after year. Publishers and booksellers are a sporting lot. They often know very well that they can never get home upon a book, yet they persist in publishing it and in purchasing copies of it. The publishers think that by publishing a certain book they will encourage the author of that book to write another one that will sell. They see promise in it, they hope that something will turn up later, they wish to please somebody, they wish to be associated with something good even though it be unsalable, and so on. The booksellers have equally generous impulses. They feel that although they can never hope to sell their stock they ought to have copies of this doubtful book upon their shelves, or they have a fancy for a particular author or a par-

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ticular kind of book, etc. The whole trade is imperfect, and it is often wrongheaded, as one sees whenever one tries to get a particular book which has happened *not* to have struck anybody's fancy; but the difficulties of it are enormous, and I should be the last person to take the easy way of condemning a trade which is on the whole well intentioned.

The strike of the binders all arose from an attempt which is being made to return to sixpenny books. As most people know, the sixpenny book, bound, is an impossibility nowadays. It simply cannot be produced. And yet some bold men thought they would reintroduce it. They have done so. Naturally this has involved terrible cuts in price, and when it came to the binding of these books, with pseudo-gilt lettering and adornment, by means of a marvelous American machine which I believe does everything except write the books, the question of wages arose. As far as I can tell, the trouble began in a house of binders in which the son of Sir Hall Caine is concerned; and it arose as the result of a misunderstanding.

Fortunately, although the strike (which resembled rather a lockout, as strikes very often do) spread to other houses, everything has now been smoothed down, and until another cause of conflict arises we are to have peace once again in the book trade. I am glad of this. Personally I have no use for sixpenny books, but there are many people who want to read books, to whom the price of sixpence is a severe temptation; therefore it is impossible to find fault with those who are endeavoring to put these books upon the market. Naturally the books involved are not as a rule books upon which royalties are payable to their authors.

Speaking of this matter reminds me that a common fallacy has lately found an exponent in the London press. The fallacy to which I refer is the one which assumes that there is enmity between current literature and that which dates from past times. I will quote the letter which appeared the other day in the "Daily News". Here it is:

AUTHORS LIVE AND DEAD

Sir, — Your reviewer complains that a new Jane Austen fragment has not received half the enthusiasm of welcome it deserves. As a present-day author whose work is liable to be crowded out of the public consideration by such enterprise, I protest most stoutly against this eternal raking up of fragments by long-dead authors. In point of fact, only an elect few in England to-day can read Jane Austen's completed masterpieces, leave alone her literary odds-and-ends.

GILBERT COLLINS.

Bournemouth.

Mr. Collins is wrong in all his facts. In the first place, the "elect few" who buy and read the novels and fragments of Jane Austen is probably larger by some thousands than the number of those who buy the works of any of our leading "literary" novelists. Mr. Collins would probably be surprised if the sales of Miss Austen's works in various editions were revealed to him. He would probably be surprised to learn the number of non-highbrow people (I include myself in this number) who read the whole of Miss Austen's works through at least once a year, with never failing zest. But this is a minor point, which I mention only for the purpose of illustrating the mere news value of a review of a new volume, however fragmentary, by Miss Austen. Where Gilbert Collins is most seriously wrong is in his belief that he is crowded out of the public consideration by such an enterprise as the publication of a new Austen fragment. He is evidently a

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"protectionist", and the fallacy of "protectionism" is one of the most pathetic there is. I believe it to be a fact that in the market for children's books one volume which has a very large sale does interfere with the success of other children's books published in the same season. In 1923, Mr. Kipling published a book of tales for Boy Scouts, and although these tales were not considered very good the sales of the collection were enormous. Everybody bought copies of Kipling to give away, and nobody bought copies of the other children's books to give away. Result, a slump in the sales of all other children's books. Last year, A. A. Milne brought out a book of verses for children called "When We Were Very Young", and this book was of such superlative quality that all parents and uncles and aunts bought copies of it to give to their young relations and acquaintances (together with some few copies for themselves). The book, I am credibly informed, sold something in the neighborhood of forty thousand copies in England alone. Result, a slump in the sales of all other children's books published in the same season. But the market for children's books is a very restricted one, and is not comparable with any other market in the book trade.

With books for grown ups, the sales of which depend almost wholly upon personal recommendation, it is true to say that every bullet finds its billet, and that every book has the circulation it deserves. There are some books which nothing can sell, and some which nothing can stop from selling. Such fortunes are not affected one way or another by the publication of other books (at least in England, where the library system is in full swing). They depend solely upon the nature of the books themselves. Not so much upon their literary quality as upon some quality which escapes analysis. There are authors who sell habitually one thousand copies, two thousand copies, five thousand copies, ten, twenty, fifty, and a hundred thousand copies. These sales are regulated, not by the number of rival books published in the same season, but by the number of persons who wish to read the works of each author.

Taste is a temperamental thing. Mr. Collins has not lost the sale of one single copy by the publication of "Sanditon". Nor, to take the superficial point of his letter, has he lost a single word of commendation in the press. The reason I have never read one of Mr. Collins's books is not that I bought a copy of "Sanditon" upon the day of publication, but that I have not yet felt an irresistible urge to read Mr. Collins. However many copies of "Sanditon" I might buy, I should still read a book by Mr. Collins if I wanted to. I have read a number of books during the last twelve months by writers no better known than Mr. Collins. It has never entered my head to choose between him and Miss Austen. Nor, I think, has Mr. Collins suffered in any other way through the publication of "Sanditon". If he is young, as I suppose him to be, Mr. Collins must cultivate patience. When he is old, and full of riches, and of enormous news value to the press, he will welcome any fragment of Miss Austen's that may appear. He will be all for Free Trade. He will know that every book published, so far from checking him, is in reality creating a potential market for him, since it is spreading a conviction that literature is a thing that matters extraordinarily, and fostering a taste for the best work that Mr. Collins can do.

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One book which was recently forced upon my attention by an admirer was called "The Long Way Round", and was written by one Michael Maurice. I do not know Mr. Maurice's name, and I gather that he is the author of only one other book. "The Long Way Round" is a sort of detective book, and it begins, I am sorry to say, with the following words:

> On a certain Tuesday in April, when Grace had counted nineteen centuries and approximately a score of years, Henry Stafford caught, as usual, the Ten-Five express from Cambridge to Liverpool Street en route for his Town office — and his face was never seen again in this world of men and affairs.

Now I am prepared to swear that a book which begins in this way could never be a good book. In the first place, what on earth is the good of going such a "long way round" to say nineteen-twenty-something? This opening is a fair sample of the author's literary style. It gives a hint of the confused verbosity of the whole book. And it adds an illumination to the story itself. Nevertheless, for a person not easily jarred by improbability and an intolerably facetious style, the story has its interest. I must admit that I had guessed the riddle by the two hundredth page, but only because, being a professional novelist, I knew that no writer could expect to keep a reader's sympathy with a young wife who had lost her husband and who immediately allowed the detective in search of him to make love to her. There must be, I argued, some disclosure at the end of the book which shall gloss over these horrid scenes. Other readers, including the man who commended the story to me, were less perceptive. For this reason I venture to suggest that here is a mystery story in which the mystery is not immediately to be guessed by the reader; it is also a relief from the highly cross word detective tale which is being manufactured so steadily at the present time, in which suspicion is thrown from one person to another until it is no longer a matter of interest to detect the real criminal.

* * * *

A very important decision has just been given in the English law courts on a question of copyright. It may not be known in America that the new English Copyright Act (it is fourteen or fifteen years old now) gives copyright to any work for fifty years after the author's death (in the case of posthumously published work for fifty years after publication). At the end of thirty years, however, any book may be published by any firm of publishers on payment to the author's heirs of a royalty of ten per cent upon the publishing price of all copies sold. The first author of any note to whom this new scheme applies is Robert Louis Stevenson, who died in 1894, and whose work is copyrighted until 1944. At the end of last year, it became possible for any publisher to publish Stevenson's works on payment to Stevenson's heir of the legal royalty. Messrs. Dent, among others, wished to avail themselves of the opportunity to reprint Stevenson in their Everyman's Library. But as we know, Stevenson's works are short, and so Messrs. Dent conceived the notion of putting several of them into one volume. They proposed to pay Stevenson's heir ten per cent upon that volume, and not upon each book contained in the volume. Naturally, Lloyd Osbourne objected, because the Act seemed to him to indicate that a royalty was to be paid upon each work by his stepfather. Mr. Justice Romer has decided in favor of Messrs. Dent, who are to print "Treasure Island" and "Kidnapped",

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the two most popular of Stevenson's tales, in one volume, and who are to pay Mr. Osbourne, accordingly, a royalty upon one volume, and not upon two works. I expect that if novels alone had been concerned, the case might have been decided differently; but in the case of Stevenson, a number of whose books are collections of tales or essays, it was held that if you gave a royalty to each work there was nothing to say that you must not also give a royalty to each essay or short story. I put the case recently to a member of the original commission for drafting the Copyright Act. He expressed the view that the intention of the drafters of the Act was to protect each book as it was originally published in book form; but it will be seen at once how difficult this is. I can only suppose that authors who are very desirous of protecting their heirs from such a telescoping of their rights (for it is clear that there is nothing in the Act to prevent the whole of a man's works being published in a single volume, to the dire undoing of his heirs, who had counted upon a steady subsidy as coming from a royalty upon each published work of the author) will combat the reading of the Act by writing very long works. Yet in view of the fact that we already have "The Forsyte Saga" in one long book of about a thousand pages, and "The Clayhanger Trilogy" in one enormous book, and now Mr. Galsworthy's "Caravan", equally enormous, I see no hope for the heirs. We may yet live — or our heirs may yet live — to see "The Works of H. G. Wells" in one volume!

* * * *

I only once saw Madame Belloc, who died a week or two ago at the age of ninety five, but that glimpse of her (it was in the London Library a few years ago, when Madame Belloc had come to fetch some books for her daughter) was a most charming one. Her vitality was obvious, and the extraordinarily clear mind was at once apparent. I should have liked very much to speak to her, and receive impressions of the past from that unmistakably strong and quick mentality. I did not do so, and the opportunity never came later. Madame Belloc's children are among the most remarkable personalities I have ever met. Mrs. Belloc Lowndes is certainly one of the really amusing talkers of our day, with a fund of story which takes one's breath away. She is inexhaustible. The evening is gone before one has realized that it has begun. One may gather something of this — but not the full extent of it — from Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's published works, which are to be read with enjoyment for their ingenuity and for the masterly way in which they are manipulated. I shall never forget reading "The Lodger" a good many years ago, and being thrilled by it. "The Lodger" is a story of Jack the Ripper, and the old murderer's reply to his landlady, who protests against his going out into an appalling fog, should be classic. I have not the book at hand, but I think the passage is something as follows. "You're never going out", cries Mrs. Chose. "Why, it's a terrible night!" "Yes", replies the Lodger. "A night for dark and salutary deeds!" He then proceeds to commit a few murders. The phrase would sound succulently terrible in the theatre. It shows Mrs. Belloc Lowndes to have the real dramatic gift. Hilaire Belloc, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes's brother, is quite as good as the Lodger in the art of retort. I can remember hearing him once at a Fabian Society meeting long ago, when he started to read a paper. Some naughty hecklers,

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sitting at the back of the hall, objected to Mr. Belloc's reading his paper so quietly. No sooner had he begun to read than — with intent to disconcert the reader — they shouted: "Speak up!" Instantly, Mr. Belloc, raising his tone to that piercing cry familiar to all who have heard him rebuke an audience, said: "It's all right. I'm only talking to myself!" I have never heard anything quicker. Mr. Belloc is now getting to look very much like a British farmer. I suppose he does this on purpose, for anything less like a British farmer in mind I have never met. I must first have heard him speak about twenty years ago, when he delivered a lecture upon the subject of Collectivism. I remember of this lecture only Mr. Belloc's asides, which invariably captivated an audience which was in fact hostile to all Mr. Belloc's arguments. That was what one liked about both Mr. Belloc and Mr. Chesterton in those days, that they were so daring. They carried the battle into the enemy's camp. But in those days the battle was with the intellectual Socialists. Mr. Belloc had not at that time run up against the two party system or the Jews or any of his later red rags and red herrings. I think I would always rather hear a debate between Mr. Belloc and Mr. Shaw than anything else in that line.

* * * *

And this reminds me that there is again to be a series of debates this year at the London School of Economics, and that one of these debates is to be between Mr. Belloc and Mr. Shaw "on a subject to be arranged". Another is to be upon "Is Women's Place the Home?" in which Rebecca West and Mr. Duff-Cooper will be opposed. I cannot at the moment recall the other debates, but both of these should provide good fun. That either will be conclusive would be too much to hope, and I do not suppose that those who attend the debates go for any other purpose but amusement. It is a good form of amusement; I wish there were more of it.

* * * *

I hear that Sir Harry Johnston has now finished his new and last novel. It is called "Relations", and those of us who have relations (and who has not?) will hope to see this form of pest rigorously condemned. At least, we should do so if the author of the book were anybody but Sir Harry Johnston. I think Sir Harry probably has a weak spot for relations. He is a man naturally interested in the lives of all about him. I do not know whether readers of his novels are aware that Sir Harry's greatest literary work is in connection with the study of African languages, but a glance at the two volumes of his enormous work, published by the Clarendon Press, which deals with the history and grammar of the Bantu languages, is very impressive. This work has been an enormous and little aided labor; and it is excellent to know that since the publication of the original book Sir Harry has received a great quantity of fresh information, which will ultimately enable him to correct and almost to complete the task upon which he has spent so many years of study and toil. It seems strange to think of Sir Harry Johnston sitting in his charming home in Sussex — a home which is still out of the reach of that overbuilding of fine scenery which is spoiling the face of the southern counties of England — and breeding his peacocks and peahens, writing novels which are so full of the experience of life that many novelists must envy the

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stores of tales which Sir Harry has at his command, editing a serial work upon the history of the world, and at the same time keeping in close touch with the dialects of a great continent from which he has now been absent for so many years. Yet that is what this charming little man does. To look at him, one would not imagine the explorer, the intrepid British Consul, the pioneer; to learn from others of his exploits, one would not picture Sir Harry as he is. And yet there is no mistake. There is no real contradiction. Sir Harry is a man who has never known fear. He may all his life have exaggerated the importance and menace of his indispositions (as he tells us in his autobiography), but he has been a great public servant, and is still a man of most remarkable character.

* * * *

Another public servant's release from public service has just been celebrated in London by means of a dinner with speeches. I refer to Charles Lamb. Mr. Birrell was the principal speaker at the dinner, which was held to commemorate the centenary of Lamb's farewell to the India House, and other Lamb enthusiasts were also present. The object of Mr. Birrell's speech was to attack the legend of the "gentle Elia". But I think the speaker might have saved his energy by remembering that the word "gentle" does not mean "mild and amiable". He should have thought of the "gentle reader" which used to be a common phrase. Which of us was ever a gentle reader? Not Mr. Birrell, certainly. However, we must hope that Lamb was more gentle than Mr. Birrell. There is some talk about the formation of a Lamb Society, and I expect this will come to pass. Certainly there is no writer more loved than Charles Lamb in the whole of English literature. It is the more remarkable, therefore, that there cannot exist (owing to the claims of rival publishers and owners of copyright) a really complete edition of Lamb's greatest and most enjoyable work — his Letters. If only a few publishers could sink their claims for a time, in order to allow a thoroughly satisfactory edition of these letters to be prepared — either by Mr. Lucas or, with Mr. Lucas's assent, by another — this would be a better memorial to Lamb than any Society or annual dinner or whatever proposal is to be made for the commemoration. It would also be a boon for Lamb lovers who do not habitually join societies or attend dinners. But perhaps a Lamb Society will take in hand this problem of the Letters. It would be a magnificent work.

SIMON PURE

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HARRY LEON WILSON

An Interview

By Myla Jo Closser

IT was a good many years since I had last seen Harry Leon Wilson; not since a memorable phrase from one of his early books — "Don't take life warily" — had worked a drastic change upon my own fortunes. It was of this I was thinking when I came to interview him upon the methods, the minutiæ of his craft, whereby he brings the children of his fancy — Ruggles, Bunker Bean, Merton, Rufus Billop, and his latest, Professor Copplestone of "Professor, How Could You?" — to a public which roars over and adores them.

Mr. Wilson's home is at Monterey, California. I was shown to the plain upper room where he writes. Its severity is enhanced by the effect from its windows of the Pacific Ocean seen through tall pines. The windows were open. They are always open, I learned, winter and summer.

The writer rose from a plain typewriter table, bearing a plain typewriter (the modern vehicle of genius which spares the goose its quills). Having been forewarned of what I came seeking, he wore his usual working costume — a bathrobe with holes burned in the front, for he always smokes while writing. It did not ill become his close knit frame and I was grateful that he had let me catch him "in the act".

There was no typist in the room. "I tried dictating once," Mr. Wilson told me, "but I found I was laboriously choosing words I knew the typist could spell and I decided this would affect my style unfavorably."

"How long at a stretch do you usually write?" was my question, just as a starter.

"Eight, nine, even ten hours is an ordinary day's work — while I work. As long as I can sit at a typewriter — during my working months."

"I gather you do not write the year round."

"Only for three or four months of it. The rest of the twelvemonth I pass in the firm belief that I never shall be able to write another line. If people would let me alone, I'd probably wait even longer before beginning again."

"By 'people' I suppose you mean your publishers and editors. I should not be surprised though, were you to fail to produce a story for an unconscionable length of time, if the great American People sent a round robin requesting you to go to work. I'd sign it for one." I did want him to know how much I appreciated his enlivening tales. "Am I interrupting a working day?"

"You have come at the end of one", my host said graciously, putting me at my ease. It was then nearing sunset. The clouds were banking themselves over the ocean horizon. "I work only in the daylight hours", said the writer. "Preferably the forenoon. Never at night. My breakfast is coffee. And after the midday meal I go into a trance for an hour and wake up fresh.

"In this way I can finish a novel in from four to six weeks. 'Oh, Doctor!' did take two months, but 'Professor,

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How Could You?' much less. A short story is done in three or four days."

I dare say I gasped, knowing the quality of that output. My astonishment brought to the author's ruddy, wise, but somewhat enigmatic face a half smile. He admitted:

"Jack's a dull boy to his friends those workadays. They are all warned not to come saying, 'The So-and-Sos are giving a poker party tonight. How about it?'"

"Don't you take time off to go in search of local color?"

"Not time off. I don't 'go'. I am always in search of it. All the while I make notes on scraps of paper, jotting down ideas, phrases, or mere words which suggest ideas and phrases. By the time I begin a novel I have several hundred of these disconnected scraps. They drive me crazy but I must have them."

"And from these you make a skeleton of your story?"

"No, I don't make an outline in writing, but I have one very definitely in mind. This I change many times before beginning composition. But having decided on a plan, I do not change, and I never begin without knowing how I am going to end. The end conditions the beginning. Sometimes I start a thing by hand, fearing I may not be able to do it at all. But two pages are enough."

"Do you work your stuff over?"

"Not as I go. I finish first and let the beginning get cold. Then rewrite."

"Are you bothered much with outside criticisms and suggestions?" I ventured.

"I welcome them. I find some helpful and some useless, of course. None are irritating except those from people who know what the public wants. These I disregard from natural perversity. But I never read stories or chapters in manuscript aloud to my friends and family because I am a rotten reader."

"And where do you get your ideas for stories, Mr. Wilson? Yours are always so fresh—original and unstereotyped."

"The germs for them usually come from real life. Though once I found a whole novel in a dozen line newspaper paragraph. But I often find real life too incredible to use unaltered. Only the fiction artist can believe real life as it is. If he draws it too truly — unless he is a mere photographer of the commonplace — he is told he overdraws, exaggerates.

"I do not largely use personal experience, for my own is not so rich. I listen, rather. And the emotion, without which I think no one can write, comes to me from the experiences of others rather than from my own.

"However, I rarely draw characters from life. It entertains me more to make mine up. I construct them entirely from imagination."

"And do they ever defy you and act as you have not intended, as Barrie says the persons of his stories do?"

"I have vainly longed for that delightful experience." And this time it was no half smile but a whole one. I was warmed by it to ask:

"Is alcohol helpful, do you think? Or any other stimulant? I mean in promoting ideas or their expression."

"Well it must be admitted that alcohol promotes the most gorgeous ideas. I have composed perfect gems under its influence and sworn they should be set down next morning. But they never have been, because they were not what they seemed. Now and then I have retained a mild dilution of one. But it was hardly worth the trouble. . . . Alcohol is occasionally useful in breaking a bad rhythm of thought."

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Wilson has carved a smiling destiny for so many irresistibly droll yet half pathetic figures that I inquired whether he preferred happy endings or merely tolerated them. He answered that he had no prejudice one way or the other; but that he regarded life as a series of happy endings "if you pick the right spots".

"You give me, on the whole, the impression that you think rather well of life", was my comment as I was leaving.

"Anyone is lucky to have got in at all on such a preposterous adventure", were his last words.

They stuck. It seemed to me that this slant on life as a "preposterous adventure" was a fair explanation of why the books of Harry Leon Wilson are so successful in cheering the sons and daughters of earth.

THE BANQUET

By Beatrice E. Harmon

I BROUGHT new roses from the bush,
And old wines from the dark;
Three candles long and red I lit
In a tall, golden arc.

I set the arc upon the board
With a white damask spread;
I brought a bowl of bitter fruit,
A loaf of bitter bread.

I put an empty chair for him
Who comes to me no more;
I latched the shutters, drew the shades,
And bolted fast the door.

I quaffed the wine, I ate the loaf,
The bitter fruit did eat;
I swallowed all the husks of hope,
The ashes of deceit.

I drank a toast to faithless love,
I drank a toast to death;
I drank one toast to him my heart
(Poor thing!) still cherisheth.

I put a red rose in my breast,
And in my hair a white;
And opened up my door and fled
Into the starless night.

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THE NEW YORKER

Spring and the Day of Bedroom Farces Arrives—A Speculation Concerning the Subscription Theatre—The Theatre Guild Attains the Rank of Bourgeoisie—More Congreve in Greenwich Village—"The Servant in the House" Limps Back—Bays for Mr. Gatti.

NOW that spring is here and the flood gates are opened for the summer musical plays and bedroom farces, it is a good moment to look back over a season in the theatre of which we have no great reason to be proud. It brought us among American plays but four of first rate interest: "What Price Glory?", "They Knew What They Wanted", "Desire Under the Elms", and "Processional" . . . a small portion but a highly creditable one. The failing lies in the fact that there have been so few plays that were "almost good". They all seemed to have been either excellent or bad. Among the managers there has been a popular cry to the effect that the radio has hurt the attendance at their theatres. This seems to us a fatuous excuse rather than a convincing reason for the dreary list of plays which have lasted from one night to a fortnight. Most of our friends are already sick to death of the radio and have stuck their sets away in the store closet. The answer lies not so much in the three tube set as in the low powered stuff which the theatres have offered.

The best evidence of our rightness in this matter is the success of the countless revivals. Certainly a season which has had a score of successful revivals argues but one thing — that it is amazingly poor in original material. To list a few of the conspicuous successes made by old plays, there have been "Candida", "Cæsar and Cleopatra", "The Wild Duck", "Patience", "The Mikado", "Princess Ida", "The Way of the World", and "Love for Love".

As one looks back over the season, another element stands out — the success of the subscription theatres. For years, indeed since before the collapse of the ill fated New Theatre, there has been a great agitation in certain circles for endowed theatres which could survive the crass commercial competition of Broadway. Time and again such a venture has been tried without success, proving once more that such things can grow only out of a real need for them, a need expressed by "the peepul" and not imposed upon them. At length the thing has come to pass. The opening of the "new and palatial" Guild Theatre is the triumphant proof. The Provincetown Players have had a season successful commercially as well as artistically. The Actors' Theatre has at last got off to a fine start. And now a new group called the Stagers, in which Margaret Wycherly, Mary Kennedy, Don Marquis, and a half dozen other intelligent talented players and writers are joined, has made a beginning in Fifty Second Street, a few doors from the triumphant and luxurious Guild Theatre. All this leads one to the conviction that in New York at least we are coming of age as a nation (despite even such stuff as "Ladies of the Evening", and "The Harem"). It leads still further into the belief that the so called "commercial managers"

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are finding genuine competition at the hands of these newcomers in the field. Perhaps in another ten years the theatrical business in New York will centre about a group of subscription repertory theatres, which have sprung up and flourished because "the peepul" really wanted them.

Meanwhile the opening of the Guild Theatre was an event in the history of the American stage. For the occasion the wise board of managers (knowing that they have achieved a corner upon Bernard Shaw's esteem) chose "Cæsar and Cleopatra", a play which is perhaps better as a spectacle than as a sample of the Great Vegetarian's skill as a playwright. Upon the admirable designs of Frederick Jones, the Guild erected against a hot, blue cyclorama a series of magnificent and colorful pictures. Indeed, they were at times so magnificent that one suspected the hand of Morris Gest. Once or twice the scenery ran away with the play. Nevertheless, the whole production had a splendor and a color worthy of so great an occasion.

The New Yorker approached the play with a certain trepidation, having heard that the two leading rôles were to be played by Helen Hayes and Lionel Atwill. He is glad to say that he was pleasantly surprised. Miss Hayes was not too kittenish. She lacked the sophistication which Mr. Shaw, in his directions, assures us belonged to the Egyptian ladies of fourteen, but she succeeded in conveying the cruelty and childishness of the lovely lady. In his whimsical speeches Mr. Atwill had all the lightness of a juggernaut, but in the big scenes he took fire and did them in the grand manner which is so necessary to the rôle and so lacking in most actors of today. Cæsar is a difficult part to cast, demanding at once a farceur and a Shakespearian, and we doubt whether any other actor now in the American theatre could have given a better performance. Helen Westley, as Ftatateeta, lent the fire and humor which in our theatre belong to her alone. She is so popular with people about town that at the dress rehearsal the audience burst into wild applause at the mere sound of her voice off stage. As Britannus, the mouthpiece for Shaw's usual flings at the British Islander, Henry Travers, in a makeup which resembled closely that of Bairnsfather's "Old Bill", was superb. Schuyler Ladd gave just the proper touch to Apollodorus, who belonged not in Egypt but in the Yellow Nineties.

The play, however, on the occasions of the opening night and the dress rehearsal, was but half the show; the audience was the rest. Everybody, as the saying goes, was there; and between the acts the audience rose as one man and filed into the foyer to look at itself and to lament the belief that now the Guild was so successful it stood in danger of commercialism. A good time was had by all, save perhaps Philip Moeller who directed the piece and happened to sit immediately in front of us, so that our memory of "Cæsar and Cleopatra" will always be punctuated by such soliloquies as: "My God! Why did they do that?" and "For Heaven's sake, why don't they lower the curtain?" and "I told her not to stand like that."

At the Greenwich Village Theatre Robert Edmond Jones achieved a triumph of art and economy in the costumes and setting of the revival which the Provincetown group made of Congreve's "Love for Love". Of the acting, not so much can be said. There seemed to be a division of opinion as to whether Congreve was to be played in the artificial manner or in the style of "Desire Under the Elms". The scale

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ranged from a performance by Edgar Stehli as Tattle which was perfect to one by Walter Abel as Sir Sampson Legend which was neither here nor there. Adrienne Morrison achieved exactly the proper style and tempo in several of the scenes, and Helen Freeman, one of the few actresses who really create characters before your eyes, played throughout in the proper mood. Rosalind Fuller as the country girl Prue was intolerably coy; it may be, however, that the fault lies not so much with Miss Fuller as with the times which, being under the spell of the gin drinking flappers, will have none of the kitten. Someone might write an entertaining article on the collapse of coyness on the American stage.

"Love for Love" is not so good a play as "The Way of the World" and it is bawdy enough to attract numbers of dirty minded persons who snigger throughout. In "The Way of the World" there is no line which is bawdy without its underlying justification of glittering wit. In "Love for Love" there are lines which are bawdy for bawdiness' own sweet sake. It is probable that if Mr. Belasco had been alive under the Stuarts he would have produced "Love for Love", after having first engaged a play carpenter to tack on a sweet and moral ending.

The Stagers opened their venture as a subscription theatre by presenting "The Blue Peter", a play by E. Temple Thurston which had about it a curious, indefinable flavor of fifteen years ago. It contained one excellent act and here and there a bit of good writing, but it is on the whole theatrical, and unreal. Margaret Wycherly and Mary Kennedy gave two of the best performances witnessed this season.

One of the most painful experiences of the year was the revival of Charles Rann Kennedy's "The Servant in the House". It is amazing that this strange mixture of sentimentality and rhetoric should ever have found a place as one of the minor classics of the past twenty five years.

"The Mikado" and "Princess Ida" opened in a burst of sentiment and friendly feeling. Both productions are equipped with good casts and fine orchestras, and are far more worth seeing than most of the stuff on Broadway. Marguerite Namara is the bright star of "The Mikado" and sang "The Moon and I" rather in the manner of Marguerite Carré singing "Louise" at the Opéra Comique. Tessa Kosta sings in "Princess Ida", which is the better production of the two.

The New Yorker wishes to swallow now all the ill natured remarks he made

THE DRAMA SHELF

"Desire Under the Elms" by Eugene O'Neill (Boni, Liveright). Mr. Broun is quoted on the jacket as "having been cleansed by pity and terror". At any rate here, in one volume, is the much discussed New England tragedy.

"Mister Pitt" by Zona Gale (Appleton). Delicate and deft writing in this character study.

"Twenty Years on Broadway" by George M. Cohan (Harper). The same quality of life and zest that makes Mr. Cohan Mr. Cohan, makes this autobiography almost Mr. Cohan.

"The Mandarin Coat" by Alice C.D. Riley (Brentano). Natural dialogue is the best quality of these six quite actable one act plays.

"What'll You Have?" Oliver Herford and Karl Schmidt (Holt). Reformers and their ways satirized with enjoyment by two famous but humorful reformers.

"The Farce of the Worthy Master Pierre Patelin", translated by Moritz Jagendorf (Appleton). A handy form for an excellent piece of work, well written and often played.

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earlier in the season against the Metropolitan Opera House. During five weeks of the spring season the management atoned for countless "Rigolettos" and "Lucias" by giving twenty two performances of Wagner, magnificently staged and sung, better beyond any doubt than they are staged and sung anywhere in the world. The urbane Gatti-Casazza, after printing a special pamphlet of apology for not having produced "Pelléas and Mélisande" before this date, staged it admirably in a performance which included Lucrezia Bori, Edward Johnson, and Clarence Whitehill in the three leading rôles. It was a gala occasion, and Mr. Gatti added new laurels to an already ample wreath.

Three exhibitions of note opened at the tail end of the season. One at Scott and Fowles included the recent pieces of Elie Nadelman, who has done some fascinating work in highly polished marble, a manner which gives the effect almost of porcelain and which was used originally by the Greeks. At the same gallery, there was an exhibition of unusual interest by Edward Bruce, a newcomer who beyond question has much to offer in novelty and skill. At Wildenstein's Rockwell Kent had a magnificent show of the paintings which he made during his recent voyage to Tierra del Fuego and the remote reaches of the South Atlantic. He is an American artist who stands quite alone, unrelated to all the others; and this is one of the tests of greatness.

One of the high spots of the winter was the performance in "Candida" of Peggy Wood, who supplanted Katharine Cornell when the latter stepped into the part of Iris March in "The Green Hat". It was a difficult task — taking the place of a popular actress already acclaimed in a rôle which has become a classic; but Miss Wood came through in triumph. All the laurels are hers. Somehow she made Miss Cornell's Candida seem unreal and stagy, a composition of coos and cross stage dartings. We suspect that Miss Cornell is better suited to Arlen than to Shaw. It was in the final scene that Miss Wood captivated her audience entirely, creating such a stillness as we have seldom felt in a theatre. Now that the managers have at last given her a chance outside of treacly music shows, they owe it to the public to carry her along.

Two motion pictures, both seen at private showings, stand out in the memory of the New Yorker as admirable advances in that shadowy, public-bound thing known as "the art of the cinema". One was "Grass", a picture centring about the migration of a remote Persian tribe, which can best be described by saying that a motion picture of the Exodus would have provided just such thrills and such beauty. The other, "Moana", is a tribal picture taken in Samoa by Robert Flaherty. It is the most beautiful picture we have ever seen — unearthly, paradisical, and exotic.

The New Yorker wishes, before closing, to acknowledge the receipt of certain abusive letters anent his remarks upon Marianne Moore. Among them was a notable screed written on the stationery of the Cudahy Packing Company which referred to the late Alfred, Lord Tennyson, poet laureate under Queen Victoria, as "a stink". We are certain that the good queen turned in her grave. The writer accused us of extreme devotion to Tennyson. We agree with Ernest Boyd, distinguished author of "Aesthete: Model 1924", that the best thing written by certain of our impassioned young litterateurs is Billingsgate.

LOUIS BROMFIELD

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THE BOOKMAN'S GUIDE TO FICTION

THE BOOKMAN *will present each month tabloid reviews of a selected list of recent fiction. This section will include also the books most in demand according to the current reports in "Books of the Month", compiled by the R. R. Bowker Company, The Baker and Taylor Company's "Retail Bookseller", and* "THE BOOKMAN'S *Monthly Score". Such books as the editor specially recommends are marked with a star.*

*THE GREEN HAT — Michael Arlen — *Doran.* Iris March's hat has become a staple in Anglo-American furnishings.

FATHER ABRAHAM — Irving Bacheller — *Bobbs-Merrill.* A story of north and south blended by a mellow portrayal of the great emancipator.

THE TRIANGLE — Maurice Baring — *Doubleday, Page.* One mysterious event is told from the points of view of three people — a method interesting as an experiment but involving a good deal of repetition.

THE DIVINE LADY — E. Barrington — *Dodd, Mead.* The intrigues of Lord Nelson and the famous lady are given renewed glamor.

ALAN — E. F. Benson — *Doran.* Alan is a successful author, twenty years older than the wife he has made a drudge. A masterful study in egotism, a departure for Benson.

THE HOUSE WITHOUT A KEY — Earl Derr Biggers — *Bobbs-Merrill.* The charm of Honolulu lends beauty even to a sordid squabble over loot.

THE CLUTCH OF THE CORSICAN — Alfred H. Bill — *Little, Brown.* Interned by Bonaparte, a boy and his mother have a hectic time till rescued by an American privateer.

OLD WINE — Phyllis Bottome — *Doran.* Dispossessed Austrian nobility prove their blood in the rebuilding of their lives on the ruins of the Empire.

*DRUMS — James Boyd — *Scribner.* Colonial romance set in the south and written with vigor and beauty. (*See page 470.*)

THE MYSTERIES OF ANN — Alice Brown — *Macmillan.* A sprightly tale which tells what happens when a New England old maid develops a passion for Sherlock Holmes. (*See page 470.*)

WILD BERRY WINE — Joanna Cannan — *Stokes.* When a modern English romance decides to run true to form, nothing could run more true.

VARIETY — Richard Connell — *Minton, Balch.* Thirteen stories with unusual situations, refreshingly bunkless.

THE WESTERN SHORE — Clarkson Crane — *Harcourt, Brace.* Another book about university life, but "different" — with an interesting assortment of characters, and a great deal of sordid detail.

MRS. HARTER — E. M. Delafield — *Harper.* An unusual and rebellious woman and her effect on the usual people of an ordinary English countryside. Interesting and mildly ironic.

HARVEST IN POLAND — Geoffrey Dennis — *Knopf.* The "Faust" motif reappears in a creepy mystery story of modern times, long and detailed, but interesting.

LOVE — "Elizabeth" — *Doubleday, Page.* Is difference in age a bar to happiness? The answer is a sprightly novel with flashes of "Elizabethan" wit, but with characters in whom we just can't believe.

THE LORING MYSTERY — Jeffery Farnol — *Little, Brown.* A combination of Sabatini, Oppenheim, and Mr. Farnol himself. Hard to beat.

*SO BIG — Edna Ferber — *Doubleday, Page.* What son has not failed his mother? It is an old theme well wrought here.

*THE GREAT GATSBY — F. Scott Fitzgerald — *Scribner.* A mystical and ironical story of bootleg days on the fringes of society. (*See page 469.*)

THE MILL OF MANY WINDOWS — J. S. Fletcher — *Doran.* More serious in conception than the usual Fletcher novel is this tale of the fifth generation of mill owners in the English Midlands.

*A PASSAGE TO INDIA — E. M. Forster — *Harcourt, Brace.* Race contrasts in the

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Orient are described by visionary and propagandist.

PATTERN — Rose L. Franken — *Scribner.* Wherein Virginia wants to be naughty and decides to be nice.

THE MYSTERY OF ANGELINA FROOD — R. Austin Freeman — *Dodd, Mead.* Dr. Thorndyke turns a gruesome mystery into a joyous love story.

MOUNTAINS OF MYSTERY — Arthur O. Friel — *Harper.* Another adventurous trip of the three popular American explorers; this time they are in deadly peril on the Orinoco.

THE LONG GREEN GAZE — Vincent Fuller — *Huebsch.* Cross word puzzles are neatly worked in to add thrills to the murder tale.

*THE WHITE MONKEY — John Galsworthy — *Scribner.* These Forsytes are eternal — but Mr. Galsworthy kills another in this excellent study of postwar moods and manners.

HIGH NOON — Crosbie Garstin — *Stokes.* Pirate, farmer, and smuggler, this Cornish gipsy slips from one soul stirring adventure into another, with more to come.

*SOUNDINGS — A. Hamilton Gibbs — *Little, Brown.* More proof that woman cannot resist the right man even though he be wrong.

THE RECKLESS LADY — Philip Gibbs — *Doran.* The reckless daughter of a reckless mother finds it difficult to be reckless in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

THE THUNDERING HERD — Zane Grey — *Harper.* The buffalo supplants the wild horse in a typical but excellent western story.

QUEEN OF THE DAWN — H. Rider Haggard — *Doubleday, Page.* Another of the fascinating supernormal romances with which Mr. Haggard dresses up history.

LIFTING MIST — Austin Harrison — *Seltzer.* The claim is made that this book is a modern "Tom Brown at Rugby". Well it isn't, and there seems to be a needless lot of talk about sex.

MR. COLLIN IS RUINED — Frank Heller — *Crowell.* Crime and farce amusingly combined.

THE SHIP OF SOULS — Emerson Hough — *Appleton.* An ethical gentleman battles with temptation in the "lonely open spaces" that Mr. Hough knew so well.

MYRTLE — Stephen Hudson — *Knopf.* In the accepted sense, it is without plot, sequence, beginning or end — nevertheless, this study of Myrtle Vendramin is wholly charming.

PROFESSOR — Stanley Johnson — *Harcourt, Brace.* This vicious satire leaves professorial dignity not a rag to its back.

BEFORE THE DAWN — Toyohiko Kagawa — *Doran.* Realism out of Japan, discovering the fact that Orientals are not stolid. Reminiscent of the Russians.

NUMEROUS TREASURE — Robert Keable — *Putnam.* A highly colored record of an amorous interlude in Polynesia.

THE MANSION HOUSE — Eleanor Mercein Kelly — *Century.* Excellent summer reading, with the blue grass just a trifle bluer than it ever was in the memory of man.

*THE CONSTANT NYMPH — Margaret Kennedy — *Doubleday, Page.* Unusual characters developed with great piquancy. Perfect proof of the growing popularity of the unconventional.

THE ENCHANTED HILL — Peter B. Kyne — *Cosmopolitan.* With what enchantment this Irishman manages to weave a love story that appears different and is still a thriller!

THE TREASURE — Selma Lagerlöf — *Doubleday, Page.* Wherein the gifted author goes back to the sixteenth century to tell a short and simple tale with gentle artistry.

SNUFFS AND BUTTERS — Ellen N. LaMotte — *Century.* In these tales of alien races, Miss LaMotte displays the sensitive feel of a blind man's finger tips; also, to carry the simile further, her stories convey the outline and leave us to conjecture the color.

MEMOIRS OF ARSÈNE LUPIN — Maurice LeBlanc — *Macaulay.* Though fantastic and slightly pompous in style, this is still a well told crime story.

DEAD RIGHT — Jennette Lee — *Scribner.* Love in a garden, chaperoned by a clever, good looking female detective who foils the serpent.

*ARROWSMITH — Sinclair Lewis — *Harcourt, Brace.* This literary surgeon performs an operation on the medical profession in his finest book.

RUGGED WATER — Joseph C. Lincoln — *Appleton.* Rough and ready life savers

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with bravery and a Cape Cod accent make a good yarn.

ORPHAN ISLAND — Rose Macaulay — *Boni, Liveright.* A satire with much wise humor is this Strachey-like fillip at Victorianism.

PERISSA — S. P. B. Mais — *Brentano.* A rather unconvincing postwar adventure in quadrangular form.

MARTHA — Percy Marks — *Century.* Another tale of mixed marriage — this time the infusian happens to be Indian.

THE PLASTIC AGE — Percy Marks — *Century.* American youth tasting cocktails under campus elms and being very callow about it.

THE SLEEPER OF THE MOONLIT RANGES — Edison Marshall — *Cosmopolitan.* Heredity and an earthquake share the credit for making this an intensely exciting novel.

*THE PAINTED VEIL — W. Somerset Maugham — *Doran.* Short, vivid, vital sex drama played among three whites in the Orient.

YOUNG MRS. CRUSE — Viola Meynell — *Harcourt, Brace.* Half a dozen stories you will remember told with ease and casual charm.

THE MONARCH — Pierre Mille — *Greenberg.* Wherein the adventures of a beloved vagabond afford the reader a pleasant hour or two.

*GOD'S STEPCHILDREN — Sarah Gertrude Millin — *Liveright.* One drop of black blood starts this story and keeps it going for several generations.

THE COUNTERPLOT — Hope Mirrlees — *Knopf.* A brilliant and bitter study of a "close" woman who finds release in the writing of an erotic play, symbolic of her own emotions and desires.

THE BEST SHORT STORIES OF 1924 — Edward J. O'Brien — *Small, Maynard.* Persistent Mr. O'Brien keeps on looking for Santa Claus in American letters and finds only Pluto.

HIS WIFE-IN-LAW — Marie Conway Oemler — *Century.* A complicated love story told in marsh and jungle from South Carolina to South America.

THE BLACK SOUL — Liam O'Flaherty — *Boni, Liveright.* The rage of the elements crashes accompaniment to the highly colored drama of lust and madness enacted on the desolate little isle of Inverara.

THE INEVITABLE MILLIONAIRES — E. Phillips Oppenheim — *Little, Brown.* Lightly frivolous, Mr. Oppenheim recalls "Brewsters' Millions" but gives it a new and exciting twist.

SANDALWOOD — Fulton Oursler — Macaulay. Blunt realism marks this tale of a love affair between a beautiful Sybarite and a spiritual coward.

INVISIBLE WOUNDS — Frederick Palmer — *Dodd, Mead.* Enough romance, mystery, good writing, and war to make it — well, at least a lieutenant in the combat division of best sellers.

THE CHASE — Mollie Panter-Downes — *Putnam.* It is difficult to disassociate the seventeen year old author's age from her work, but judged on its merits this second novel is well written and shows promise of finer things to come.

THE TREASURES OF TYPHON — Eden Phillpotts — *Macmillan.* A philosophic novel pleasantly enlivened by humor and poesy.

A VOICE FROM THE DARK — Eden Phillpotts — *Macmillan.* A study in criminal psychology rather than a regulation mystery story, and therefore probably a disappointment to the confirmed addict.

MR. TASKER'S GODS — Theodore Francis Powys — *Harcourt, Brace.* In this first full sized novel Mr. Powys gives telling and bitter expression to his hatred for man's worship of bestial gods.

DOMINION — John Presland — *Stokes.* An unbiased and apparently accurate novel about the Jameson Raid.

OLD BRIG'S CARGO — Henry A. Pulsford — *Little, Brown.* Stolen with a newly built clipper from his father's shipyard by a gang of slave runners, a Quaker lad lives some glorious months of adventure.

THE PEASANTS — Ladislas Reymont — — *Knopf.* Another saga of the soil upon which the Nobel Prize Committee has smiled.

THE CAROLINIAN — Rafael Sabatini — *Houghton Mifflin.* America as a playground for M. Sabatini's gallantries.

OBEDIENCE — Michael Sadleir — *Houghton Mifflin.* Mr. Sadleir descends from desolate splendor to romantic sentiment in a possible but probably empty bid for popularity.

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THE SKYROCKET — Adela Rogers St. Johns — *Cosmopolitan.* A lively, reportorial narrative concerning the meteoric rise of a movie queen, told somewhat in the manner of Elinor Glyn, and topped off with a love-in-a-cottage ending.

THE TURN OF A DAY — C. A. Dawson Scott — *Holt.* Mrs. Scott takes a vivid heroine through a day on the Cornish downs, a day which dawns in love and sunshine but ends in death and guilt.

*THE LITTLE FRENCH GIRL — Anne Douglas Sedgwick — *Houghton Mifflin.* Love runs finally smooth between international banks. A harmless and well written story.

SCHOOLING — Paul Selver — *A. and C. Boni.* A dull and grimy tale of life in an English public school from the standpoint of a cub instructor.

INITIATION — George Shively — *Harcourt, Brace.* A middle western hero passes from boyhood through college and the war. Typical experiences adequately told.

*THE RECTOR OF WYCK — May Sinclair — *Macmillan.* To prove that English clergymen are not always like her own or Mr. Walpole's pompous canons.

THE SCARLET COCKEREL — C. M. Sublette — *Little, Brown.* French against Spanish in the Carolina swamps, with love and fierce sword play to lighten the gloom.

BOBBED HAIR — Twenty Famous Authors — *Putnam.* An inconsequential puff of thistledown perpetrated as a stunt in collaboration.

WATLING'S — Horace Annesley Vachell — *Stokes.* An English department store run by a Cappy Ricks and his go-getters. More strenuous than amusing.

TRISTAN — Armando Palacio Valdes — *Four Seas.* Is there not in all that fair land one Castilian to shout: "Be not deceived by its beauty, the book is an affront to Spanish womanhood"?

THE ROAD TO EN-DOR — Louis Joseph Vance — *Dutton.* Psychoanalysis provides the thrills in this story in place of the crime detectors one expects from this author.

LITTLE NOVELS OF SICILY — Giovanni Verga — *Seltzer.* Remarkable stories of the Sicilian peasantry and their unequal struggle for property, told ironically and with bitter pity.

THE TREE OF THE FOLKUNGS — Verner von Heidenstam — *Knopf.* A magnificent epic of the Vikings unfolding itself in a thousand varied, gorgeous scenes — compensation for a barrel of reviewers' fodder.

JULIA — Baroness von Hutten — *Doran.* Julia loved him, but she permitted him to marry her daughter; and Julia had to struggle for her own happiness.

CARNIVAL COLORS — Maude Radford Warren — *Bobbs-Merrill.* Interest in the solution of four tangled love problems running through three generations holds the reader to the last page.

THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS — Claude C. Washburn — *A. and C. Boni.* A romance of young Americans in Italy — proving that marital difficulties may be acquired abroad as well as at home.

*THE MOTHER'S RECOMPENSE — Edith Wharton — *Appleton.* Kate Clephane and her daughter struggle through emotional complications that give full play to Mrs. Wharton's charm of background and power of characterization. (*See page 469.*)

MYSTERY IN RED — Sidney Williams — *Penn.* Bootleggers spoil a holiday, and their punishment provides numerous thrills.

BEAU GESTE — Percival C. Wren — *Stokes.* A modern mystery of prewar days when heroism of French legionaries made romance on the African desert.

PASSION AND PAIN — Stefan Zweig — *Richards.* These stories were written out of a deep sympathy for human weakness and a hatred of tyranny and war.

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THE EDITOR RECOMMENDS—

BOOKS THAT MAY HAVE ESCAPED YOU

1. "Cobb of 'The World'" by John L. Heaton — a collection of the most forceful editorials ever written in America.

2. "The Singing Season" by Isabel Paterson — a costume romance written with much beauty.

3. "Liza of Lambeth" by W. Somerset Maugham — an early short novel that has power and drama.

4. "How to Write Short Stories" by Ring Lardner — with the reissue of his books, this stands out; if it is not the most amusing, it is surely among the best.

5. "The Old Maid" by Edith Wharton — one of the novelettes grouped as "Old New York", and one of the finest stories this great writer has ever given us.

Society and the Fringe

TO group Edith Wharton and F. Scott Fitzgerald may seem, at first glance, ridiculous; but if you will read "The Mother's Recompense" and then "The Great Gatsby", I think you will discover my reason. In one, we find a mature woman, with an amazing tolerance of life and an understanding of its smallest values, writing with force and clarity on a theme as tremendous as any she has ever touched. In the other, a brilliant young man, immensely puzzled by life and disturbed by shifting values in his own scheme, writes vividly but chaotically on a theme that is as tremendous but scarcely as clear. "The Mother's Recompense" (Appleton) is, it seems to me, the best story Mrs. Wharton has ever written. It is the same in theme as a rather lame play which flared forth on Broadway recently for a week, "Ostriches". A man falls in love with a former mistress's daughter. The plot is as simple as that; but in the character of Kate Clephane we have delicacy and complication of emotion that is dramatic and poignant. Mrs. Wharton tells this story swiftly, and with her usual command of masses of dialogue. She does not attempt to explain differences in the generations. She shifts from the Riviera to New York gracefully and with a complete understanding of both moods. I think she has achieved an even greater understanding of the mother-daughter relation than Edna Ferber evinced of that of mother and son in "So Big". To be sure, "The Mother's Recompense" is not always pleasant reading. It is painful, exceedingly painful, and cruel. This author never spares heroines; with unflinching zeal she lets us see their souls. Kate Clephane is so human that she terrifies, and her tortures and psychological adventures hold the reader as do few mystery stories, for in this novel suspense plays a large part. Actually, we do not know the solution until the final page, and it is a solution in which we are vitally interested.

"The Great Gatsby" (Scribner) is a strange combination of satire, burlesque, fantasy, and melodrama. It is Fitzgerald writing with his old gusto, with driving imagination, and with a sense of the futility of life and of the constant presence of bootleggers. A hideous and grotesque comedy this, yet a comedy in which truth lurks where the thread of the tale seems least plaus-

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ible. It is a satire on present day fame. It is a story of people who, through some twist of fate or personal magnetism, arrive at great notoriety, to whom those on the fringes of society flock, whose liquor the sycophants drink, and who fall into ruin and neglect when the inevitable scandal attacks them. Fitzgerald has told, really, the story of a modern Cagliostro, and told it amazingly well. That I do not always know what he means, is perhaps my fault. Whether you like "The Great Gatsby" or not, whether you understand it or not, you at least cannot deny its vitality.

More Wrangling over Wrangel

STEFANSSON'S books always have a tang of controversy as well as adventure. His newest volume is no exception; in fact, it is the liveliest of the lot. Here he tells the true story of the settlement on Wrangel Island, of the death of the settlers, and of the manners and actions of the famous Ada Blackjack. "The Adventure of Wrangel Island" (Macmillan) has a multiple appeal. To those who enjoy stories of hardship and conquest it will prove a story of dramatic incident and pathetic heroism. To those who enjoy detective stories, it will offer a problem in the unwinding of truths not clear at first glance; for the facts were apparently mistold in many of our prominent papers last year. To those interested in international politics, it gives a study of the movements of nations in the obtaining of new lands. To those who know Mr. Stefansson's vivid narratives of old, it gives, I think, the most of all. Can I say more?

Two other travel books I read this month and found only mildly interesting. "Unknown Tribes, Uncharted Seas" (Appleton) is a somewhat vivid narrative by Lady Richmond Brown who tells how she regained health by travel. Carveth Wells's "Six Years in the Malay Jungle" (Doubleday, Page) makes one wonder just a trifle, in spite of many interesting facts, how a man could spend so many years in a jungle and come out with so little sense of romance. However, don't let me keep you away from the books if you care for the ordinary travel story.

New England and the South

THE advertisements of Alice Brown's "The Mysteries of Ann" (Macmillan) lead one to believe that she has turned from realistic fiction of New England to the writing of detective stories. Quite the contrary, she has never penned a shrewder, more deft, or more captivating study of New England character than in this short novel which seems to me technically a masterpiece. She is writing, of course, of insanity in a mild form; but she does so with humor and a delicious sense of the ridiculous. What an absurd and charming play "The Mysteries of Ann" would make. The story of how Ann confused life with a story in her own mind, and how life turned out just like that, is fascinating and even thrilling. The comic New England sheriff has never been done with better wit. For several hours' reading there is nothing to beat this.

James Boyd, whose "Drums" (Scribner) has already received much critical acclaim, writes curiously like Thomas Boyd, to whom he bears no relation other than that his books are published by the same firm. "Drums" is the story of Johnny Fraser of North Caro-

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lina and the American Revolution. Johnny is a youngster of bravery and charm. Mr. Boyd writes with great attention to atmospheric detail and with an uncanny sense of dialects. Still, for all that, there is something missing. I suspect that this Boyd will some day be considered one of our best; yet he lacks poetry and fire, and that curious quality of romance that one finds in others of his generation, in Sidney Howard, for example, or Louis Bromfield or Robert Nathan or Cyril Hume or, among his elders, Joseph Hergesheimer. Mr. Boyd is solid. He is worthwhile. I don't think he is exactly dull; but he is, without a shadow of a doubt, weighty.

Literary Genius et al.

MARY AUSTIN'S articles on genius, which ran, most of them, in this magazine, have now been published under the title "Everyman's Genius" (Bobbs-Merrill). For the craftsman of any sort who wishes to understand the workings of the subconscious mind and the ways to which it may be put to serve the conscious, here is a book as necessary as an arithmetic. Mrs. Austin's claims are difficult ones to state, and she has accomplished the seemingly impossible. Her theory is that every man is possessed of genius if only he knows how to use it. One of the most interesting parts of the volume as it stands, and new to me, is the collection of data she has made on the methods of work of various geniuses in one line or another, from Bill Robinson, the buck and wing dancer, to Wilfred Lewis, the inventor. All of them testify in one way or another to the accomplishment of their best work through the use of the subconscious mind. With my own classes in composition, I have always used Mrs. Austin's theories. I find that after one or two talks on the use of the subconscious, the writing tends to become expressive of the students and to gain in power and force. In directing a young actor I once used Mrs. Austin's method, quite unknown to him; the resulting performance was the best he had ever given. Many people will find something strange in this theory and in this book; but to me it is thoroughly understandable, and vitally important.

"Principles of Literary Criticism" by I. A. Richards (Harcourt, Brace) is an excellent text on this much discussed subject. Mr. Richards not only advances his own critical theories, he analyzes, too, the history of æsthetics in a clear and understanding way. With this volume, Spingarn's "Literary Criticism in the Renaissance", and W. C. Brownell's brochure, "Criticism", the library of the potential critic or the student of reviews should be adequate.

A good book, too, is Ernest Boyd's "Studies from Ten Literatures" (Scribner), a discussion of leading contemporary figures in the various European countries. Mr. Boyd is informed on a variety of subjects and writes with amazing facility. As a literary journalist he is unexcelled, and his books occasionally rise above journalism to a high level of thought and entertainment. This is one of his best efforts.

Bitterness and Light

"AZRAEL" (Appleton) by Robert Gilbert Welsh, who was tragically drowned last year while trying to save a stranger, is a volume containing

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poems of grace and dramatic power, and lyrics of beauty. The preface by Charles Hanson Towne, from one friend to another, is warm with sentiment and understanding. Welsh, as we knew him, was a gentle person with a host of friends. His dramatic criticisms were kindly and his poetry, for the most part, concerned with the joy of living. Occasionally, however, as in "The Floorwalker", there is a note of quiet irony. The title poem has majesty and authority. It rings true throughout and the final stanza is memorable:

> And yet the souls that Azrael brings
> Across the dark and cold,
> Look up beneath these folded wings,
> And find them lined with gold.

Marion Strobel, like Aline Kilmer, finds moods and incidents in the ordinary life of woman to capture in lyric and dramatic stanza. "Once in a Blue Moon" (Harcourt, Brace) is her first published volume, although she has long been known to magazine readers both as a lyrist and as the associate editor of Harriet Monroe's "Poetry". It seems to me that she is at her best in careless songs, in her verses to her tiny daughter. In the sonnet form she becomes a trifle impressed with the movement of her own lines. There is just a trace of pompousness; but her gift is unmistakable. "Pastoral", I like especially:

> This is a place of ease:
> Beauty has come to rest,
> Color is gentle in the trees,
> The willow leaves look
> Timidly down, more timidly back from the brook.
>
> Beauty has come to rest:
> Sweet as a sleepy-bell
> The breeze swings within the close-pressed
> Shadows, and the sun
> Falls in little sprays, to be picked by anyone!

Unflaggingly Pleasant

CHARLES S. BROOKS is one of the most popular of American essayists, yet I think he is not often given his due by the critics. Perhaps that is because so many of our popular essayists live in and about New York City, and have columns or other means of self expression. This remark is not meant as a criticism of them; for columns are useful things for any man to own. Brooks is, after all, a trifle too pleasant, but that is a happy fault and easily forgiven. "Like Summer's Cloud" (Harcourt, Brace) is as a whole, I think, his best collection of essays. "On Playing the Trombone" and "Once there was a Furnace Boy" are excellent pieces, containing much wise observation and delicate humor. So are many others in the book; there could be few better companions for the essay lover on a summer's day than this volume. It has charm, wit, and wisdom, and shows Mr. Brooks's gift for the nice phrase — a growing, not a lessening one.

— *J. F.*

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A SHELF OF RECENT BOOKS

A HOMER OF THE LOGGING CAMPS

By Percy MacKaye

THE author of "Paul Bunyan" — our own James Stevens, born in Iowa and raised in the spacious outdoors of the great west — well merits to be known, by this epical work, as the prose Homer of that American mythology which has sprung gigantically into being from the campfires of our vast timberlands during the last half century.

From generations of forest lore, whose dim origins are lost in dateless times and distant lands, from countless minor tales and anecdotes, he has builded a major native epic, through the cloud capped contours of which emerge a few enormous forms, centring in one mythic Colossus — Paul Bunyan, the logger-dreamer of "Real America".

The ancient demigods of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" — with their battles, intrigues, feasts, and voyages in a still uncharted world — were not more heroically indigenous to the imaginations of the Greeks than these grotesquer titans of forest fairy lore have been to the day dreams of a million American lumberjacks, who are even now but just rubbing their eyes to stare with dumb yearning after their departing heroes — passing away forever before the "evil inventions" of "Ford Fordsen", the genius of modernity.

For Mr. Stevens's acknowledgments to anecdotal sources of his form of the legend, the reader is referred to his introduction. A very worthwhile comparison with this preface and its cited material may be had in the foreword of Esther Shephard to her own significant volume "Paul Bunyan" — an admirably conscientious setting down, from the lips of lumbermen in their own speech, of those extravagant logging tales, many of which James Stevens has embodied in his work.

A comparison of the two books will reveal Mr. Stevens's method as an artist and the excellence of his style, vitally plastic and fecund with imaginative insight and observation. His epic is told in a fluent and vivid prose, simple, powerful, clear and un-self-conscious, which shows him to be an accomplished master of his medium, a native writer likely to rank very high in future works.

The only regrets of this reviewer are, first, that Mr. Stevens has allowed (in the book's later chapters) certain transient journalistic allusions to invade his folk theme in a work else permanent as true literature; and secondly, that he has not more often permitted his own spirited prose to cite the native speech modes of his woodsmen, of which he shows such imaginative, first hand knowledge as in this volcanic eruption of Paul Bunyan at the outset of his fight with Hels Helsen, the Big Swede:

> "By the blazing sands of the hot high hills of hell, and by the stink and steam of the low swamp water, how in the name of the holy old mackinaw, how in the names of the whistling old, roaring old, jumping old, bald-headed, blue-bellied jeem cris and the dod durned dod do you figure you're wearing any shining crown of supreme authority in this man's camp? Say!!"
>
> "Aye tank so", said Hels Helsen calmly.
>
> "Suffering old saints and bleary-eyed fathers!"
>
> "Yah, aye tank so."

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Volumes might be written (and probably will be) on the ethnic sources of the Paul Bunyan legend. The principle of its childlike humoresques is the dislocation of size values. Here are lineal traces of Gulliver and Gargantua; of Thor's boastings in the Elder Edda; of "Beowulf" and the "Grimm's Tales" giants; of Münchhausen and Hercules.

A wild blend of the Babylonian with the Canuck might be discovered in that preposterous "Babe, the Blue Ox, who measured forty-two axhandles and a plug of chewing tobacco between the horns". An analogous blue cattle beast of other sex and less grandiose dimensions was tracked, though never corralled, by this reviewer, on his travels in the Kentucky Mountains, lured by an old fiddler's snatch, which sang as follows:

I had an old blue cow and her name were Luck;
Ary time I milked her she run over the cup.
I fed her on coren, oats and hay;
And milked her twenty-five times a day.

But the reader must turn without fail to Mr. Stevens's volume for the delectable wonders of Babe and his master, Paul Bunyan, with their superlative associates, Johnny Inkslinger, Hels Helsen, "The Bull of the Woods", Hot Biscuit Slim, Pea Soup Shorty, Sourdough Sam, Jonah Wiles, "the legless logger", and the impossible others.

In prose narrative Mr. Stevens has written an unforgetable poem: the epic of a vast overgrown dreamer — America — who has laid waste his dominion in the blind exuberance of his own dreams of "Work — Work — Work". In the humorous-pathetic legend of this dreamer of the woods the imaginative folk cultures of the world, which we have darkly stamped out in our immigrant-teeming cities, have interbred and happily flowered from the wild timberlands to splendid native stature — in this book of James Stevens.

Paul Bunyan. By James Stevens. Alfred A. Knopf.
Paul Bunyan. By Esther Shephard. Seattle: McNeil Press.

MARRIAGE BY THE BOOK

By Kathleen Norris

IT is with a lightsome touch indeed that George Gibbs handles his awful theme. The Beatrice and Benedick whose married tiffs compose his book are simple folk, reminding one of nothing so much as Meg and her John in "Little Women". Beatrice pouts when Benedick's Aunt Imogen is too much considered, in their early married life, and Benedick does not admire Beatrice's Uncle William to excess. From these Freudian deeps of dissimilarity they proceed, sometimes almost with tears, through the sewing on of buttons, the unwelcome action of relatives, the arrival of a "man-child, in the doctor's black bag", to the moment when Beatrice decides that the house is godless, and takes Benedick to church with her, on page 237. Later, the athletic parson beats Benedick at golf. This evidently settles any theological doubts Benedick has ever had. By this time Benedick and Beatrice have two babies, and while the husband "knows that his wife will never again lead their paths very far afield", Beatrice has fortunately reached the conclusion that "Benedick is a much nicer sort of person than any of the gay married men who used to make love to her".

So that some four years after marriage, by the exercise of tact and adaptability and reason, everything is

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straightened out nicely, and there is not going to be any more trouble.

Paul Popenoe strikes a much deeper note — strikes a note indeed that is arresting, as far as I am concerned. Perhaps there are other little handbooks upon marriage as excellently simple and earnest as this one; I have never seen one. Mr. Popenoe ignores the spiritual aspects of marriage, and the economic factors, and deals faithfully and plainly with the everyday human interest: selection, courtship, marriage itself. What qualities girls want in their husbands, what qualities men look for in their wives, he has tabulated and worked out by the law of averages, and the result is extremely interesting and enlightening reading. With dignity, with deep conviction, and with an unmistakable interest in the general happiness of the race, he has handled physiological problems carefully and sympathetically; "Modern Marriage" is a book numbers of persons would be the better for reading. It is delightful to find these things treated normally, with no references to complexes, suppressed desires, neurotic emotionalism, and psychoanalytical values; infidelity, satiety and coldness in marriage, called by these old fashioned names, seem somehow more manageable!

One can easily imagine the stupefaction with which the young persons of 1970, say, will learn that their grandmothers used to get married without reading anything about it. "But then what on earth did you know about anything?" these youngsters will demand. "About yourselves, and life, and what to do, and what not to do?"

And we shall answer meekly, "We didn't know." Such a book as "Modern Marriage" will be a textbook taken for granted then. It is good for us occasionally to find our heroics reduced to plain terms, our "incompatibilities" and "mental cruelties" brought down to the level of circus tummyache and measles.

How to Stay Married. By George Gibbs. D. Appleton and Co.
Modern Marriage. By Paul Popenoe. Macmillan Company.

AN IRISH-AMERICAN DUET

By Arthur Bartlett Maurice

OF course we have had the substance of most of George Bernard Shaw's share of this book before in the introductions to the various plays, and in the periodic polemical outbursts that have usually stimulated thought, and have always started controversy and added to the gaiety of mankind. But this book, save for the suggestion of its title, is not a solo but a duet. Adelphi Terrace is the battleground where the voice of North Carolina vies with the voice of Dublin. There are two protagonists; one, the clever, industrious American who never shies from the limelight, who has always held in praiseworthy reverence the Biblical injunction about "hiding one's light under a bushel", and who has never been parsimonious in the disbursement of words. Here Mr. Henderson has the first word. The surprise of the book comes when the reader discovers that Shaw has the last word.

Yet for all that it is a delightful and valuable little volume; Shaw in a nutshell; a repository of Shavian epigram and a short cut to the high spots of the Shavian philosophy. Directed adroitly by Mr. Henderson, the table talk veers, not with Shaw's mood of the moment, but toward the illumination of those questions in which American readers are most likely to be interested. In

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turn the duet concerns itself with "Things in General"; "The Drama, the Theatre, and the Films"; "England and America: Contrasts"; "Literature and Science"; "The Great War and the Aftermath".

Cartoon by Bohun Lynch depicting "A Quiet Dialogue between Bernard Shaw and His Biographer" — From "Table-Talk of G. B. S."

"People should execrate me for things I have said, not for things that fools say I have said", is Shaw's reply to Henderson's allusion to the alleged suggestion by Shaw, prior to the Washington Conference, that England wanted to fight America. It is a language in common that makes most of the trouble, for while it makes an alliance easier, it also makes quarreling easier. "The Americans and Chinese may utter endless insults to each other and be none the worse, because neither understands the other; but an American insult to the English or an English insult to the Americans might lead to a war." It is for that reason that Anglo-American relations have been so frequently strained.

The films, and above all the American domination of the films, come in for Shaw's particular vituperation. He offers the suggestion that the United States government put a limit of $25,000 to the expenditure on any single non-educational film. In his opinion such a law would probably result in an enormous improvement because it would force directors to rely on dramatic imagination. The present colossal proportions of the film make mediocrity compulsory: "They aim at the average of an American millionaire and a Chinese coolie, a cathedral-town governess and a mining-village barmaid, because the film has to go everywhere and please everybody." Shaw finds the preliminary titling exasperating. "We shall soon have to sit for ten minutes at the beginning of every reel to be told who developed it, who fixed it, who dried it, who provided the celluloid, who sold the chemicals, and who cut the author's hair."

There are peeps of the Shaw who seems to be "spoofing" the world for his own amusement in the occasional profession of utter ignorance. For example, Henderson is quizzing his host at No. 10 Adelphi Terrace about some of the American authors of the hour. "Surely you know Edith Wharton?" "I seem to have heard the name, but cannot connect anything with it." "Willa Cather?" "Never heard of her — or him." "James Branch Cabell?" "Not Cable — no, of course not. Is he a Senator? No; that's Cabot, isn't it? I am afraid I am out of it." "Sinclair Lewis?" "Nice chap. I met

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him with Mary Austin after 'Main Street'; and he gave me 'Babbitt'."

Table-Talk of G. B. S., Conversations on Things in General between George Bernard Shaw and His Biographer. By Archibald Henderson. Harper and Bros.

HENRY JAMES DISSECTED

By Joseph Collins

VAN WYCK BROOKS is a sensitive, scholarly, sympathetic student of literature. In his new book he attempts to explain why Henry James made a failure of life. If it be urged that the word "failure" is too strong, then why, during the last years of his life, did Henry James express frequently to his friends a dissatisfaction with his accomplishments, and allow the world, which was interested in him, to discern that it had not brought him the beer and skittles that he had anticipated — yes, let us say it boldly — that he deserved?

Mr. Brooks would have us believe that Henry James had a delusion which conditioned his conduct: that somewhere in the world he could find a cordial, inviting culture; a people who would have urbanity, understanding, and charm; an arena from which vulgarity of speech and conduct were not only rigorously excluded but would die of inanition did they succeed in getting in; where there would be no jostling, elbowing, or hurrying; where no one was better than his neighbor; where boasting was barred and boosting prohibited; a land where every prospect pleased and not even man was vile; the ideal land for which no one searches. Then Mr. Brooks thrusts an illusion on him as well, an optical illusion: he sees England as such a land.

We are asked to believe that after nursing this delusion for more than a quarter of a century, and after having lived intimately with the illusion for a similar period, the cloud began to lift from James's mind, the scales to drop from his eyes. The delusion gradually left him and the illusion faded and vanished. Then his mind became the prey of a question: whether he might not have developed more harmoniously and survived more effectively had he remained in America. The question obsessed him and, strangely enough, since obsessions do not usually condition deliberate conduct, it compelled him to formulate a plan to "go back to America, to retrace the past, to see for himself, to recover on the spot some echo of ghostly footsteps, the sound as of taps on the window-pane heard in the glimmering dawn". He had been in cotton wool too long, he must experience some of the perils of exposure, otherwise he would succumb to the first draft; moreover, he was hungry for material, for an "all-round renovation of his too monotonized grab-bag"; he needed shocks.

Had I not such a high regard for Mr. Brooks as author and interpreter, I should reply to him as M'liss did to the school examiner who sought to humble her beloved school teacher by posing the question: "Has the sun ever stood still in the heavens?" But since I have such esteem of him, of his sincerity and artistry, I content myself with saying, "It is not true." To bring Mr. Hueffer (I assume he means Ford Madox Ford) forward to give corroborative testimony does not bolster up the case. Mr. Ford is a discredited witness; his reputation for veracity has had a tremendous dent put in it recently by Mrs. Conrad. I am in as favorable position to give testimony as even Mr. Gosse. When Henry James made this "comeback" attempt which Mr. Brooks

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elaborates in the chapter entitled "The Altar of the Dead", the arterial disease to which he finally succumbed had already so progressed as to give great anxiety and concern to his intimates. He put himself under my professional care and I saw him at close range nearly every day for two months; I talked with him or listened to him on countless subjects. I believe that it would not have been possible for him to harbor and essay the plan that Mr. Brooks credits him with having, or to ruminate on it as Mr. Brooks says he did, without my having become aware of its existence in his mind.

Henry James did not dislike America, but the people he met here with few exceptions did not interest him, and most of them annoyed him, sometimes to the point of explosion. He had had many pleasant experiences in Italy and in France, and he treasured them as a prima donna treasures programs and testimonials. He often took them from the strongboxes of his memory and reinvoked the pleasurable sensations that he had had in acquiring them. Above everything in the world he valued good form, and all that it implies: good taste, good manners, good breeding, good conduct. He had convinced himself from taking thought and from experience that it was to be had in England, even without the asking. He took his tree of life there and planted it and only one root developed, the social root. The political, the scholastic, the religious, the Marathon roots, did not develop. In other words, the roots that make the tree of life so admiration-compelling in England did not grow from the tree that Henry James planted there. The tree that did grow was, however, sturdy and majestic. It has given shade and protection to many travelers since its full growth. The man who planted it assured so far as he could its permanency by making a few months before his death the supreme genuflection to the country of his adoption. He forfeited citizenship in the country of his birth and obtained citizenship in the country that had sheltered him during the years of his fruition. How could any such thesis as that of Mr. Brooks be maintained in view of this last great gesture of Henry James, and why is it not mentioned in a book that aims to describe his pilgrimage?

To uphold as a major thesis that, by forsaking the land of his birth, he had not given an adequate earnest of his talent, that he had failed to saturate himself with life, that in his old age he found himself astray in the gloomy wood, and that "it had been too much for him over there", must appear contrary to common sense or sound judgment to anyone who knew Henry James, who admired him as an artist and loved him as a man.

Is it not natural that a sensitive man, supremely susceptible to the seductiveness of society, should, when the pulse of life begins to intermit, dwell upon the terrors of loneliness, become apprehensive of a future that would find him bereft of the sympathy that is the balm of life, of that understanding which is the support of the inelastic artery? Henry James knew that such society, sympathy, and staff were in Cambridge, that they were composited in the family of his brother William, that he might *have* to go to them, as we all have to go to the spring if there is no one to bring us the water.

Any pilgrim who sets out on a journey may properly anticipate the necessities of life even though he does not take them with him, but it would be fatuous for him to hope for the comforts, and beyond belief that he should expect the luxuries. Henry James in

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his pilgrimage found the necessities, the comforts, and the luxuries, and we can never be sufficiently grateful to the country of his adoption for having given them to him without the asking.

The Pilgrimage of Henry James. By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton and Co.

THE WORLD'S DIARY

By James Melvin Lee

LITERATURE dealing with the world's diary — as the newspaper may quite correctly be described — was most scant and jejune until journalism was added to the curriculum of many of the universities. This fertile field, which has so long lain fallow, is now being tilled.

William S. Maulsby of the University of Iowa turns over one furrow in "Getting the News". Some of his chapters do not go very deep, but those dealing with the eye for news and the selection of a background turn up practical material for the members of the working press. Other chapters outlining the way a modern newspaper gets its entries for the world's diary will interest lay readers. The chapter "How to Handle a Beat" reaches subsoil. A blue pencil would have helped the text materially.

Another furrow was turned over by M. Lyle Spencer of the University of Washington. His furrow, editorial rather than reportorial, is called "Editorial Writing". In addition to discussing editorial composition he outlines somewhat in detail different types, such as the interpretative editorial, the human interest editorial, the controversial editorial, and the editorial paragraph. ("Salt and pepper" is the term used in a newspaper office to describe the type last mentioned.) The editorial page is considered, not only from the viewpoint of policy, but also from that of mechanical makeup. A bibliography of collections of editorials is given in the appendix. Mr. Spencer has plowed a straight furrow.

Nelson A. Crawford, of Kansas State Agricultural College, calls his furrow "The Ethics of Journalism". As its title implies, it aims to set professional standards to regulate the material given in the world's diary. The volume is stimulating, and is a distinct contribution to the literature of the subject, even though it does take too seriously without confirmation the charges brought by Upton Sinclair in "The Brass Check".

Henry W. Sackett of the Pulitzer School of Journalism endorses rather highly the work of Samuel Arthur Dawson, a young student to whom was assigned the task of plowing the furrow "The Freedom of the Press". Occasionally Mr. Dawson lifts his plow and carries it over a piece of hardpan. But he had a long furrow to trace: the story of "qualified privilege", not only in this country, but also in England. At the end of the furrow he found that freedom of the press is a requisite of democracy.

Casper S. Yost, the editor of the St. Louis "Globe-Democrat" and president of the American Society of Newspaper Editors, has gone over the field with a harrow in "The Principles of Journalism". He devotes several chapters to the getting and handling of news, gives two chapters to the editorial page and the responsibility of the editor, and sets aside a chapter for the freedom of the press with another one for ethics of journalism. Without belittling his work elsewhere I may state that he is at his best when dealing with editorial policy and editorial construction.

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By special invitation Ivy L. Lee addressed the American Association of Teachers of Journalism on the general subject of publicity and propaganda. One half of his furrow, "Publicity", is this address; and the second half is his address, delivered before the American Electric Railway Association, which dealt with publicity as applied to public service. Glancing down this furrow, one can see that the essential evil of propaganda is failure to disclose the source of information.

With the field plowed, harrowed, and planted, Joseph Anthony has gathered a rich harvest, so to speak, in "The Best News Stories of 1923". In the preparation of this volume he invited some 400 newspaper editors to submit examples of their best news stories. In this and other ways he tried to give every newspaper full opportunity to offer entries. The stories selected seem to prove that the difference between journalism and literature is simply a matter of classification.

By way of a postscript I might add that Mordecai Soltes spades up interesting material in "The Yiddish Press". Making a special study of some 1,500 editorials, he found that two thirds of them dealt with American issues. He announces the somewhat startling fact that constant readers of these editorials are found, for the most part, among the laboring class. He calls attention to the large amount of space given in the Yiddish press to a discussion of industrial problems. He believes that the Yiddish newspapers will disappear when other papers print more Jewish news.

In the limited space at my disposal I have had to write in headlines in order to cover the ground. The mere number of books which are published on different phases of journalism is rather a positive proof of the interest of the general public in organs of public opinion.

Getting the News. By William S. Maulsby. Harcourt, Brace and Company.
Editorial Writing. By M. Lyle Spencer. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Ethics of Journalism. By Nelson A. Crawford. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Freedom of the Press. By Samuel A. Dawson. Columbia University Press.
The Principles of Journalism. By Casper S. Yost. D. Appleton and Company.
Publicity. By Ivy L. Lee. Industries Publishing Company.
The Best News Stories of 1923. Edited by Joseph Anthony. Small, Maynard and Company.
The Yiddish Press. By Mordecai Soltes. Teachers College Press.

TWO BOYS AND A BOOK

By Floyd Dell

THERE is a boy — I don't know his name — who is today idly and rather impatiently turning the pages of Upton Sinclair's "Mammonart". He is about eighteen years old, and he knows that he is going to be a writer some day. He is in rebellion against the world in which he lives, but he does not understand the nature of that rebellion; or rather, he interprets his emotions according to the æsthetic fashion of the moment. That is to say, he thinks of himself as a rebel against Puritanism, not against Capitalism. His defiance of tyranny would never conceivably take the form of getting arrested for joining with striking waiters to picket a restaurant; it takes the form, rather, of paying excessive prices for teacupfuls of bad gin in such restaurants. He is indifferent to economics, scornful of politics, and utterly bored by moralists of all sorts. He is an artist. He feels within himself great powers struggling to come to utterance. And he is right in thinking of himself as an extraordinary person.

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He has been endowed with sensitive perceptions, deep emotions, and the gift of expression — and these are rare. He is among those who will be our American writers of the immediate future. He has not written much of anything yet, except perhaps a few things confessedly imitative, a tribute to the newest influences in the literary world.

The truth is, he has not yet found himself, and his mind is in a muddle. He doesn't quite know what he wants to do. It is a symptom of his secret uncertainty that he finds himself reading "Mammonart" today instead of "Ulysses". He is rather ashamed to be reading "Mammonart" — almost as much so as if it were the Family Bible. He would not like to be caught reading it by his sophisticated friends. He had always understood that Upton Sinclair was a "propagandist", and what is worse, a Puritan. He is only condescending to read it now because he has seen it praised in ridiculously enthusiastic terms by somebody like Floyd Dell — who, though apparently become sadly reactionary in his middle age, nevertheless did write a novel which was suppressed by the censorship, and is therefore entitled to some respect from the young. . . . But, reading "Mammonart", the boy shakes his head, and yawns. "This will never do!"

It is true, the boy reflects, the book has gusto, and a turbulent, reckless humor — a kind of cosmic satire which has its affinities with Anatole France in his later period. It might be, but for its obvious animus, a scandalous masterpiece, this irreverent history of literature and its makers, in which unmentionable matters are mentioned in plain terms, and the part played by them in the lives of some of our eminent men of letters not glossed over; yes, and hypocrisy and cowardice exposed in plenty among the dwellers on Parnassus. But the book is so directly purposeful — the author is not doing this for the sheer fun of it, "as an artist should", nor even to shock the bourgeoisie. Upton Sinclair has a theory, a very disturbing theory about the relation of art to economics; and finally, he has a purpose in life, to which he wants to convert everybody in general and young writers in particular. "Upton Sinclair is too Puritanical, that's what's the matter!"

It isn't that he believes in conventional morality — for he doesn't; his ideas on sex are as radical and subversive as his ideas on politics. But he isn't tolerant! He doesn't believe, as a genuinely freeminded person must nowadays, in letting everybody go to hell in his own sweet way. No, he believes in something, and wants young writers to believe in something; he wants them to be courageous about their beliefs. He wants them, among other things, to respect themselves because they are writers; to understand what their relation to society is, why they have their difficulties, and why nevertheless they must go on telling the truth in what they write. In a word, Upton Sinclair wants them to behave like heroes, instead of like bums. He is eloquent and savage and funny and grimly sad about the matter. It seems to hurt his feelings to see the persons who can — as he thinks — interpret life's best values to the world, idly proceed to entangle themselves in the very sillinesses they despise, and eventually destroy themselves with meaningless dissipations. Upton Sinclair does not hesitate to speak of "virtue" and of "religion": "Let me put it briefly," he says, "that some day there will be yet another generation, which will realize that no man can get along

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without a religion, least of all the creative artist. It will not be the Methodist religion, but it will be something that gives young geniuses a reason for taking care of themselves and their gifts."

The young writer-to-be shuts the book and tosses it aside. "Too earnest! too moral! too Puritanical!" . . . No, I am afraid "Mammonart" will not make much of an impression on the young writer-to-be of 1925. I wish it could. I am rather sorry for that young writer — not so sorry as Upton Sinclair, perhaps, nor so indignant; that boy will serve, for me, to exhibit year by year in his own career some of the most interesting symptoms of that decaying society in which I live and which I find so fascinating; and I shall be grateful to him for making a pathetic, funny, tragic, and beautiful spectacle of himself, in his bewildered struggles to adjust his artistic ego to a world that he does not understand — for I too am sufficiently a child of my time to have a touch of that damnable "art-for-art's-sake" heresy which Sinclair deplores, and I can take an æsthetic satisfaction that he can't in such spectacles.

But, as Upton Sinclair says, there will be another generation; I think it will soon be due. In the year 1935 or thereabouts, a boy of eighteen, who feels in himself the stirring of great powers, will turn the pages of this old book, found perhaps in his prowlings in a second hand bookstore; and at the end of these pages, over which he will have laughed uproariously, and even perhaps unashamedly cried a little, and been stirred to the core of his heart, he will lift up his head and say: "By God, this is the stuff!"

Mammonart: An Essay in Economic Interpretation. By Upton Sinclair. Published by the author.

MUSSOLINI STATES HIS CASE

By Alice Rohe

OBSERVERS of the political phenomenon Fascism, with the change of its founder Benito Mussolini from Revolutionary Socialist to Supernationalist, will find an interesting revelation in the pages of Mussolini's "My Diary, 1915–1917". As a thrilling war diary the book offers nothing spectacularly new in the account of the Italian soldiers' difficult mountain warfare. But the story of the man Mussolini in these pages is the unconscious psychoanalysis of Europe's most sensational premier in the making. The essential interest in this day-by-day chronicle lies in the continued reflection of one dominating idea. From the first paragraph, this former editor of the Socialist "Avanti", whose paper "Il Popolo d'Italia" was instrumental in Italy's entering the war, is ever the archpatriot. Every page reveals the single ideal of a united, resurgent Italy, and points the way toward the culminating political experiment — Fascism. In the dedication to his fellow soldiers of the Eleventh Bersaglieri the note of faith in his race sounds clearly:

> You demonstrated that the Italian stock is not worn out but that it holds in its vitals the precious material of everlasting youth.

Here is a man, to use a florid figure of speech, who entered the war with the red of internationalism still on his hands. He left it, bathed in the blood of his own personal sacrificial patriotism. He entered the war a common soldier, a Bersagliere, strong of courage and spirit and body. He came out of it, after fifteen months' active service, a torn and bleeding wreck, lacerated with frightful wounds, but with a spirit stronger and more purposeful than ever. For those who watch the weaving

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threads of destiny the visit of Italy's king to this supposedly dying hero is one of the significant details of the war's chronicles.

Mussolini's reactions to the big and little happenings of trench life are equally indicative of his character. When his colonel suggests that he remain with him and write the history of the regiment, he requests that he be permitted to stay with his companions in the trenches. And to these surprised comrades he explains: "I have come to war to fight, not to write."

There is his joy at finding proletariat workmen friends fighting at his side. He sees the message of a greater Italy in such incidents as this:

> Here no one says: "I am going back to my home town." They all say: "I am going back to Italy." Perhaps for the first time Italy has come to take her place in the consciousness of her sons as a living reality, as the united nation.

These lines seem interpretative of Mussolini's own character:

> This state of mind and spirit which we express by the general term "morale" is the fundamental coefficient of victory, of far greater importance than the technical or mechanical elements. He wins who wills to win. He wins who has the greatest store of mental energy, of will power.

Of American-Italians and their morale he says: — "It is true the soldiers from America are among the best at the front." When told of the throngs besieging the Consulate begging permission to fight for Italy, he comments: "I can understand this. Thousands of Italians, particularly the southerners who have emigrated to all parts of the world in the past twenty years, know, through sad experience, what it means to belong to a country which is disparaged from the military and political points of view."

Those who think of Mussolini as a fiery eyed dictator will glimpse in these pages the poetry, the love of beauty, the sensitiveness, and the great courage which are in this man's soul. They will discover what every unbiased observer should know, that here is no ego mad dictator lusting for power, but a man burning with a single flaming passion — Italy.

He writes:

> I pass by the Isonzo again. Beautiful blue river! Italy was born on the banks of the Tiber; on the banks of the Isonzo she is reborn.

Again:

> Today is Christmas. The date means nothing to me. In order to feel any of the poetry of the occasion I have to go back to the days of my childhood. Today one's heart is as hard as these rocky cliffs. Modern civilization has made us into machines. The war has carried this mechanical process of European society to a most exasperating extreme. Twenty-five years ago I was a punctilious and violent child. . . . I remember the Christmases of those days very distinctly. Very few people in the town stayed away from Christmas mass. My father was one of these. The trees and the white-thorn hedges along the road to San Cassiano were covered with silver hoar frost. . . . I remember I followed my mother. The church was filled with candles, and in the centre of the altar, in a little flower-bedecked cradle — there was the infant Jesus. . . . How many years, how many centuries have passed since then? A gunshot recalls me to reality. It is a war Christmas. There is silence in the trenches, full of secret nostalgia.

The book is translated by Rita Wellman. The preface, which gives an intelligent light on Fascism and Mussolini, is by Nancy Cox McCormack, the American sculptress for whom Mussolini posed.

My Diary, 1915–1917. By Benito Mussolini. Translated by Rita Wellman. Small, Maynard and Co.

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

GLEN H. MULLIN, in "The Adventures of a Scholar Tramp" (Century), has written one of the most thoroughly enjoyable, veracious, and interesting autobiographic narratives we have recently read. Here indeed is the realistic Odyssey of a "bum" — smells, dirt, rags, panhandling, hunger, hardship, excitement — experienced by a university man who roamed the country as an authentic hobo in the company of hobos. He rode the "rods", the "sidedoor Pullmans", the "decks" of freights, from Chicago to New York, from Portland, Maine, to New Orleans, from Texas home again to his starting point, in four crowded months of incessant wandering. It is all told with perfect candor and a rare, irresistible sense of humor, a great part of the latter flowing from the rich vein of hobo vernacular which is reproduced here — cusses and all — in the picturesque drollery of the original.

Apparently you are to prove yourself of superior calibre if you read "Tales You Won't Believe" by Gene Stratton-Porter (Doubleday, Page) and believe them without visioning the nature wonders for yourself, for at the beginning of the book this scriptural quotation is to be found: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." The cecropia moth, however, did not see well. Nor was she ready to be led. For she would have none of the handsome mate Mrs. Porter chose for her, but took a "frowsy little ragged-winged male" instead. Personally we admire that moth for choosing for herself. The book is chatty, nature informing, autobiographical — even to the extent of informing readers why Mrs. Porter considered she had keen hearing.

Another Borgia! This time Rodrigo, father of the iniquitous Cesare and the "more sinned against than sinning" Lucrezia, and, according to his biographer, the principal character of the Borgia family. The Most Reverend Arnold H. Mathew, D.D., whose voluble study will tempt those who have a penchant for murder, sedition, lust, and intrigue on the printed page, is no Borgia apologist, nor does he endeavor to gloss over the gross profligacy of the Papal Court at the time when the voice of Savonarola made itself heard in an unsympathetic wilderness. He sets himself out to follow the precepts of Pope Leo XIII: "Let writers of history remember never to dare to tell a lie nor to fear to tell the truth." Therefore we find in "The Life and Times of Rodrigo Borgia" (Brentano) no attempt at vindication, but an impersonal and objective study of the conspicuous fifteenth century figure who, by bribery and flattery, brought about his own election as Pope Alexander VI. The volume affords an excellent cross section picture of these turbulent times and contains valuable historical data. In purposing, however, to reproduce the entire European scene, the author gives undue attention to the military exploits of Charles VIII of France, and the Borgias are all but forgotten while the reader is plunged into a succession of wars and rumors of wars. Evidently published for general circulation, the book could have been made more acceptable through judicious pruning.

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Together Henry James Forman and Frederick R. Gruger explored the "toe of the boot that is Italy" and together they have made of "Grecian Italy" (Boni, Liveright) a notable addition to the ideal Italian library. Mr. Forman's intimate narrative of the experiences of two seasoned vagabonds in this Old World region may be complete in itself, but Mr. Gruger's score of illustrations in color and halftone charge the volume with life and romance and give one a vivid picture of donkeys and orange carts, Greek ruins, Moorish columns, and staircase streets. The reader roams about the sun dried plains of Calabria, lingers, possibly too long, in the land of the Lotus Eaters, takes a trip to Malta, and stands in wonder before Taormina and the golden cities of Sicily. Mr. Forman has found a veritable museum of antiquity in this region where Hellenic culture was first transmitted to the Romans, and proves himself at once an instructive and entertaining guide. Let no one say that he has not fallen under the spell of the land where retired bankers go to rub shoulders with Theocritus and anyone at all may take a spiritual bath in the fabled Fountains of Arethusa.

Certainly if anyone should believe firmly in the happy ending, that person is Kathleen Norris. Now at the noontide of life, with the bounteous fruits of her years of writing around her, she has written her own story, as full of vigorous joy in living and unshaken faith in human kind as any fiction story she ever wrote. "Noon" (Doubleday, Page) is a mixture of autobiography, philosophy, humor, with her never failing emphasis on the importance of motherhood in a woman's life. Perhaps no incident is as engrossing as the tale of the writing of "Mother", her first real success. The birth, development, and final flowering of a novel is always a fascinating saga of the artist's life, and Mrs. Norris tells the story as expertly and sympathetically as she has so often told of the beginnings and endings of mortal children. We get the full flavor of her first struggles in New York, when her husband, now the recognized author of several estimable novels of modern life, was bringing in the only regular income of the family, twenty five dollars a week on an editorial job. We feel her courage, her joy in the friendships that began in the metropolis, and her dogged persistence in the face of discouragements. From the experiences of her newspaper days in California she gained the facility and speed that enables her to turn out an astonishingly large bulk of writing every year. But it was from life itself that she gleaned the heart and soul of her work.

Some biographers live in a world far removed from that of the man whose life and art they seek to interpret. They read copiously, they collect, assimilate, revalue and discard, they produce an intellectual piece of work, objectively conceived and painlessly delivered. Others feel a spiritual kinship to the object of their literary study and, through similarity of life, environment, or philosophy, give of themselves generously and without stint. With them the writing of a biography or critical essay is a subjective experience fraught with emotion and deepest significance. It is the next thing to writing an autobiography — and the reader to appreciate the work before him must know something of the biographer. To this class belongs George Gissing, whose twenty two novels dealing with the under side of London life stamp him as one of the grimmest and most authentic of Eng-

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lish realists. Gissing knew London slums with a dreadful intimacy. They constituted his life, or a large part of it. Most of the time he was in abject penury. He wrote from the simple but compelling necessity of keeping body and soul together, yet one knows that he would still have written had he been a prince rather than a pauper, so sincere was his art and so genuine his craftsmanship. Although living among the denizens of lower London, Gissing hated poverty and wrote, possibly with a trace of bitterness: "I am no friend of the people." All this and much more should be known before one reads his "Charles Dickens" (Dodd, Mead), written in 1898 and now reissued. His picture of Dickens is highly colored with pigments snatched here and there from his own experience; it is by no means photographic. In the chapter devoted to "Comparisons" Gissing says: "Twenty years ago a familiar topic for debating societies was a comparison of the literary characteristics of Dickens and Thackeray." The thought comes quite naturally that debating societies today, if any survive, might with profit spend an hour comparing Dickens and Gissing. Or should we say contrasting?

Under the psychological test of association of ideas, no doubt many folk, if given the work "Turk", would at once reply with "unspeakable" or "atrocity". Yet, almost without exception, competent English and American observers who have lived much among them speak well of the Turks. In any case, the average citizen has small acquaintance with facts about the Turk. This state of affairs makes such an enlightening volume as that prepared by Professor Eliot Grinnell Mears entitled "Modern Turkey" (Macmillan) peculiarly valuable. His own attitude is as judicially impartial as can be, and his volume contains numerous contributions from others giving various points of view, including those of Armenians, Greeks, and Jews. He supplements these with extensive extracts from select official documents (seventy pages in small type) down to the Treaty of Lausanne. His purpose is to explain the many and often conflicting factors which are at work today in the politico-economic life of the very new Turkish Republic — elements of race, religion, economic and agricultural conditions, and international political relationships. The latter part of the book deals with the Young Turk movement and recent history, chiefly as to international complications, culminating in the Kemalist success. The volume is liberally illustrated and contains several excellent maps. It also has an extensive bibliography and a good index.

Victorian Poetry, edited by C. E. Andrews and M. O. Percival of Ohio State University (R. G. Adams), is a collection made for teachers and students. It contains the most liberal selections of Tennyson and Browning to be found in any similar anthology, and it gives the delicious "Goblin Market" of Christina Rossetti. Meredith and Houseman are there; Swinburne and Dowson. Oscar Wilde has not been included. This is an excellent collection, offering not only the best known poems of the Victorian era but also the work which represents their historical development. There is, too, a group of humorous verse.

There is something about university press publications, in respect both to format and subject matter, that puts them quite in a class by themselves, and surely no exception to the general

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rule is the pair of slender volumes which bear the imprint of the University of Chicago Press. "Germany in Transition" and "The Stabilization of Europe" contain lectures given at the University of Chicago during the summer of 1924 on the Norman Wait Harris Memorial Foundation to aid the "promotion of a better understanding on the part of American citizens of the other peoples of the world". The former is the work of Herbert Kraus, a Königsberg professor who was assigned as expert to the German Foreign Office during the making of the Versailles Treaty. The latter comes from Charles de Visscher, an authority on international law and editor of the "Revue de Droit International". "Germany in Transition" revolves quite naturally around the general question of reparations, discussing as well the Treaty, the League of Nations, and the new German constitution, and does not sidestep the issue of assigning the responsibility for the war. International cooperation, based upon economic solidarity, is Professor de Visscher's plea. He further treats, in some detail, the problems of nationalities and military security and other interrelated topics. The volumes are of particular value to Americans in that they are the work of foreigners whose background and experience do not countenance a purely academic discussion.

It is a pleasure to read writing so lucid, and criticism of our civilization so intelligent, as that of Stanton A. Coblentz in "The Decline of Man" (Minton, Balch). But, since his book is a reworking of ideas absorbed from others into a pattern of his own (the constantly reiterated "as —— says in ——" becomes quite irritating), its value is the value of the original writings and therefore varies almost from page to page. For Mr. Coblentz seems not to have discriminated among the men he has read, and so Lothrop Stoddard or Madison Grant is a scientist no less than Edwin Grant Conklin, and Brooks Adams is to be quoted no less than Bertrand Russell or Edward Alsworth Ross. On the one hand, then, Mr. Coblentz is correct in pointing out that man may be wiped out not only by changes in the natural physical environment but by the adverse conditions of his own creation already referred to; on the other hand, from the strictly scientific point of view his evidence for the mental deterioration of the race is not worth serious consideration, comprising as it does the results of so called intelligence tests, which do not distinguish between what is inherited and what is taught; the lugubrious statistics of Stoddard and Company on the failure of the "best intellectual stocks" to reproduce, which is open to the same criticism since it assumes that intellect is hereditary; and finally such an utterly naive procedure as counting the number of supposedly great men in successive periods.

There is spaciousness and a rare biblical quality in some of the "Poems" (Yale University Press) of Charlton Miner Lewis, and a paradoxical lightness of touch in others. Certainly they are derivative, and from many widely separated sources, yet many are so beautifully fashioned, with the loving skill of an artizan who cares for his medium, that we may sometimes overlook the lack of spontaneity. Poetry such as this, collected as a tribute and commemoration to one who walked in academic ways, is as fitting a monument as any. It is one man's creative urge speaking in the

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eternal voices of the past. It must not be said, however, that this little volume fails to add some coin to the treasure of poetic thought. "Israfel", striking as it does the vibrant keynote of the author's age, might well become a pattern for the sonnet makers, and the translations and adaptations from the French and Anglo-Saxon are smooth and vigorous. The occasional poems are, after all, only occasional poems, and as such offend present day canons of taste. The one long poem in the book, "Gawayne and the Green Knight", is an amusing performance, though for all its facility hardly worth the doing.

Intended for popular, non-scholastic consumption, Edgcumbe Staley's "The Tragedies of the Medici" (Brentano) is nothing but a reassembling of known historic data in an easily readable form. It is just another contribution to a take-it-on-the-run age, making history as easily absorbed as prepared foods. It offers only one more conversational asset for those who would seem learned without learning.

After reading "Eastward" (Doran) by Louis Couperus we have come once more to the conclusion that the so called "travel book" can best be written, not by the inveterate traveler who sets about to describe what he sees, but by the man of letters who can endow the unfamiliar scene with the observations and the literary experience of a lifetime. The one is comfortably concerned with externals, while the other — we are thinking of Hearn, Symonds, Henry James, Howells, and Hopkinson Smith as well as Couperus — uses a trip as the means of sharpening his perceptions and arriving at conclusions never to be reached at home. For instance, on his last journey, eastward to Sumatra and to Java, the scene of his boyhood, Couperus took little account of politics, tea and coffee plantations, tobacco production, population statistics, and general industrial development. It was the shadowy mysticism of the Orient, the essential differences which permeate human kind, the strange humanity of people everywhere, and the wild, symbolic beauty of the East which engaged his pen and which supplied the essence of a series of letters sent back to his beloved Holland for publication. His amiable philosophy, the charm of his prose, and the imaginative quality of all his work make one eager for the translation of several of his earlier books that have not yet reached English and American readers. The volume is fully illustrated, yet the reproduction of the illustrations fails to do justice to the subjects photographed and the book is without an index.

Good verse need not be great verse. Faith Baldwin's "Sign Posts" (Small, Maynard) marks no new era in poetry, but its contents are companionable reading, verse that is easy flowing but not jingly about subjects that are sympathetically close to the heart. There is a certain familiarity about her lines that is comforting. The verses sometimes echo the note of this or that singer whom we have come to know and admire — but it is no disgrace to possess a craftsmanship that can produce new work and put into it something of the deftness learned from another. Miss Baldwin has written verses that can be read with pleasure and then reread.

H. M. Bateman, the cartoonist, is a byword in England, and certainly ought to be here. His "A Mixture"

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(Dial) is thoroughly satisfying — the perfect pick-me-up for a mind harassed by ultrasophistication in life and literature. The book is all pictures, pen and ink with plenty of space around them, the only words being the terse captions. And how deliciously funny the pictures are — not so much in their meanings, some of which are significant only to the British, as in their lines and keen observation of the human form and features in all phases. Among the most amusing are those depicting the life of the one note man (the important musician who contributes one solitary note in an orchestra) from awakening to bedtime; a sympathetic tax collector on his rounds, weeping his eyes out; and the sad tale of the Man Who Watched the Speedometer. Bateman has a positive genius for portraying laughs, from the inane smile to the guffaw. They are infectious. Drink the "Mixture" if you too want to tickle your diaphragm.

The title of Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy's fine work, "Bird Islands of Peru" (Putnam), is somewhat misleading. This serious volume not only contains an absorbing and scientific study of the prolific bird life of the Peruvian Islands, but represents a complete summary of information regarding the west coast of South America. Exhaustive scientific data are given concerning the oceanography of the Humboldt Current, this "cold ocean river" of the tropics, with the strange abundance and distribution of life under its influence. The great guano industry, based on the conservation of animal life, forms an important chapter, together with a description of the guanay, or Peruvian cormorant, the "most valuable bird in the world". Dr. Murphy, who is assistant director of the Museum of Natural History, has compiled a work invaluable to the natural scientist, and of greatest interest to the layman. Detailed descriptions are given of innumerable species of wild life found on these islands and in their waters. There are also vivid and colorful pictures of the natives, their picturesque fisheries, the ancient Incas, and the remnants of primitive life in Peru. The volume contains an introduction by Dr. Frank M. Chapman and is illustrated with unusually attractive photographs.

Ethel Colburn Mayne's "Byron" (Scribner) is fat and beautiful, after the manner of all English books of criticism or biography which our American publishers import. It is a detailed, minute, scholarly work — not at all for the reader of "outlines". For a quick view of Byron's life the little "Life" by J. Nichol remains excellent and readable, and for literary estimates we have the essays of Matthew Arnold, Hazlitt, Macaulay, and Georg Brandes, not to speak of Ernest Hartley Coleridge in the invaluable and ubiquitous Encyclopædia Britannica. But the Mayne volume is for the student; the Byron enthusiast, indeed, one might say for the scandal hunter. For the book, originally issued in 1912, has been brought up to date so as to include all the fruits — the rank fruits — of modern scholarship. The fault is Byron's, of course, not the scholars'. The point of view is professionally detached, but the feminine in the author intrudes just enough to be interesting, and to allow the publisher to advertise the book as doing Byron "from the woman's point of view". But the woman is not that new celebrity, the Old Lady in Dubuque.

The second volume in the invigorating series of American "propaganda"

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under the general editorship of Henry Bass Hall is "The Indestructible Union" (Little, Brown) by Professor William McDougall. It is well defined in its subtitle as the "Rudiments of Political Science for the American Citizen", and it is quite fitting that these basic ideals should be presented by an imported Englishman (well acclimatized at Harvard), since their roots go back through at least seven centuries of English thinking tradition. There is a fine optimism in that title, justified, on the whole, by the analyses of American development and present tendencies as Dr. McDougall sees them. He devotes three chapters to an examination of the meaning of "nationalism" and "internationalism" in relation to the ideals of American democracy, and then proceeds to an outline of our growth toward true nationhood — not neglecting the disruptive influences, especially those of the recent immigration of alien peoples, and of our apparently insoluble Negro problem. The general conclusion is that the Union has become truly a nation, with genuinely nationalist ideals — which boil down, broadly speaking, to a fundamental "like-mindedness" — but that we are not yet fully grown up, having still to face the "supreme test" of democracy in our national relationship to other nations. The book is done with Dr. McDougall's usual vigor and brilliancy of execution.

Impressions caught from looking out of "Nantucket Windows" (Little Book House, Nantucket) are set down by Edwina Stanton Babcock in a small book of contemplative verse whose local flavor is perhaps its greatest charm. These are verses with a textbook air that now and then slip into unusual and striking phrases describing the picturesque features of this tight little island. They are, however, rather extravagant and too pedantic at times to give a clear picture, and the author has a fondness for polemics that discourages a free flow of poetic expression. Her tribute "To the Nineties", for example, may be sincerely intentioned, but we have a feeling that this verse is in the mode of an older generation that liked its poetry to be a preachment rather than a spiritual or intellectual recreation. To present day readers, aside from the sentimental celebration of a charming and isolated little island, the book as a whole must seem anachronistic, with its lavish use of threadbare expressions and its undistinguished poetic posturings.

"Meek Americans" by Joseph Warren Beach (Chicago University Press) is a pleasant, if prosaic, series of essays relating a literary tourist's impressions of France, Italy, Switzerland, and Austria. They are distinguished from the mass of such commentaries by a keen faculty of observation, a polished, masterly style, and a rare command of descriptive values. Their weakness lies in a tame monotony — due, we presume, to the author's desire to be truthful — which is never once relieved by anything remotely exciting. However, this lack of the adventurous is amply balanced by the variety and quality of the book's gracefully narrated experiences.

The most popular royal personage in the world today is presented with strict fidelity to the facts and significance of that sparkling young man's first thirty years of life, in Genevieve Parkhurst's biography, "A King in the Making" (Putnam). There is here no unrestrained romancing, though the temptations are legion, over the

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charms and gifts of the English prince who informally visited America last autumn under the simple title of Baron Renfrew. His career from birth, through childhood, youth at naval training school and Oxford, in the world war and after, as the brilliantly successful traveler among the distant peoples of his father's empire, is set forth with a winning simplicity which makes Edward, Seventeenth Prince of Wales, seem in truth the wonderful human being many of us have imagined him to be.

Sir Philip Gibbs begins "Ten Years After" (Doran) by recalling the profound sense of peace that existed up to the very outbreak of the war, pointing out that the intrigues in the chancelleries of Europe were utterly remote from the minds of the peoples concerned. But, he insists, this was true in Germany as well: the sabre rattling of the Junkers was not only "scorned by millions of theoretical Socialists" but "ignored by the peasants who were busy with their sowing and reaping in quiet fields". Sir Philip, in other words, rejects the notion that a people, and so the German people, should be held responsible for the nature and acts of its government. He is aware, moreover, of the revisionist position that the acts of the German government were not uniquely responsible for the war; but he holds that even if they had been, peace was not to be secured by punishment and vengeance. On these grounds he bases a denunciation of the Treaty of Versailles. It was, he says, to have been "a peace which would be generous to the defeated if they overthrew their old gods, and would be based on justice, the rights of peoples and the commonwealth of nations, rather than upon vengeance and hatred". Instead the peace not only did punish the people for the supposed crime of the government it had repudiated, but "reeked with injustice" and so "struck a knock-out blow . . . to all the ideals of people who had looked for something nobler and more righteous by which the peace of the world should be assured". "It was", moreover, "incapable of fulfilment", and the effort to secure fulfilment by the imposition of fresh burdens and penalties, in the face of actual reasonable performance of Germany, brought Europe to the verge of ruin. Sir Philip welcomes the Dawes plan, and places his faith in the League of Nations.

Professor Alfred Edward Taylor (of the University of Edinburgh) remarks in the preface to his study of "Platonism and Its Influence" (Marshall Jones) that his object is "not so much to supply information as to provoke the desire for it". The kindling of such a desire for acquaintance with the classics is perhaps the best service rendered by the admirable series of monographs entitled "Our Debt to Greece and Rome". Other current issues in that series are "Stoicism and Its Influence" by Professor R. M. Wenley of the University of Michigan; "Mythology" by Jane Ellen Harrison; "Architecture" by Professor Alfred Mansfield Brooks of Swarthmore: "Roman Private Life and Its Survivals" by Professor Walton Brooks McDaniel of the University of Pennsylvania, and "Sappho and Her Influence" by Professor David M. Robinson of Johns Hopkins. This last volume is somewhat more ambitiously planned than most of the series, containing twenty four plates reproducing paintings, coins, statues, and Greek vases. Each volume contains a well selected bibliography.

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Those who feast subtly upon E. E. Cummings and Wallace Stevens will find Roselle Mercier Montgomery's "Ulysses Returns" (Brentano) very nondescript indeed. But, fortunately for poets like Mrs. Montgomery, this group is very small. The jacket says: "The themes have a unique public appeal, as indicated by the thousands of laudatory letters that have been received by Mrs. Montgomery from persons in all walks of life." Her moods, for the most part, are hackneyed but sincerely felt, cluttered with clichés, done in obvious, easy rhythms, but occasionally there is an original phrase. Her subjects are life and death, love and parting, grief and joy. Her work rises above the class of completely mediocre poets because of her basic sincerity and grace.

After "conscious waiting and longing for it for more than thirty years" Michael Monahan has made his first trip to Europe. "The Road to Paris" (Brown) is the literary peregrination of the author under the Tricolor and down along the Tiber. The author must be taken to task for at least two things. In a discussion of modern French writers he only briefly refers to Jean Cocteau, and utterly ignores Marcel Proust and Paul Morand. Also, exception is taken to his indictment of American journalism and journalists. "The French journalist, usually a man of literary abilities and good education, is content to remain a journalist pure and simple: his American confrère of the highly successful type becomes a Farmer-General of Publicity." A study of French and American journalism would hold interest, but such comparisons are fallible. The one delightful chapter in the book is an excellent translation, by Mr. Monahan, of Guy de Maupassant's "Legend de Mont St. Michel". It is regrettable that the reader may not enjoy the same thrill on "The Road to Paris" that Mr. Monahan experienced during his sojourn on the Continent.

"Life's Little Day" (Dodd, Mead) is the most recent record of pleasant reminiscences and interesting encounters from the pen of Mrs. A. M. W. Stirling. Those who enjoy a glimpse into the intimate daily life of the great and the near great will revel in this volume. So will those who love to peer into the realms of the unknown — for Mrs. Stirling has packed her book with the uncanny, as well as the "canny" experiences of herself and her friends and acquaintances. The personality of the author's illustrious brother-in-law, William De Morgan, seems to pervade the narrative, bringing to it little added touches of idealism and artistry. Family love and family pride lend to it a pleasing warmth and sometimes a moving pathos, making of it, in grand total, a soothing tale of not too eventful memories.

In "Poems for Youth" (Dutton), William Rose Benét has accomplished a commendable bit of anthologizing, and has produced a collection which, on the whole, should fulfil its purpose of appealing to young men and women in their late teens and early twenties. The compiler is at his best in his selections from the early American poets, but when he reaches the twentieth century he is treading continually on questionable ground. One wonders, for example, why he has omitted so capable a lyricist as David Morton while devoting space to the doggerel of John V. A. Weaver; and one questions the inclusion of the juvenile although talented Hilda Conkling when mature poets such as Amory Hare, Hazel Hall,

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and Genevieve Taggard are unrepresented. Such matters, of course, are largely questions of opinion, but one resents the somewhat dogmatic attitude of the compiler, particularly in his preface and introduction, as when he patronizes William Cullen Bryant somewhat disdainfully for writing "Thanatopsis", and remarks of T. S. Eliot that there is no question that he "is one of the foremost American poets now living".

In introducing his remarkable volume on "Tibet, Past and Present" (Oxford), Sir Charles Bell modestly declares: "I am not versed in the art of writing books . . ." Nevertheless, many writers might well emulate his lucidity of style and scholarly beauty of expression. After nineteen years of experience as British political representative in Tibet, Bhutan, and Sikkim, Sir Charles gives to the world an exhaustive outline of Tibetan history, and a faithfully drawn picture of this little known Asiatic people, with a fine, clear analysis of their customs, religion, and character. To the student of world politics, especially, this work will prove invaluable, setting forth as it does the problems confronting the Western Powers. The historian, the Orientalist, the litterateur, will find rare material, as will the stay-at-home who travels to strange, far away lands of an evening.

In "John Viscount Morley" (Houghton Mifflin) John H. Morgan has written an excellent memoir of a distinguished man for whom we have no prototype in America. Statesmanship and letters, the arena of affairs and the ivory tower, both attracted Morley and in both his achievement was notable. Portions of this book have previously appeared in English journals, the rest being published for the first time. In Britain Morley has been greatly praised and greatly blamed since his death, chiefly, of course, for his political acts. Morgan, who was an intimate of Lord Morley's, maintains an admirable equipoise in dealing with political topics. Concerning Lord Morley's literary career, however, General Morgan's criticism may well — and does — take on the character of eulogy, almost of valedictory, for the influences which formed Lord Morley have spent themselves, or sought new vitality under new guises. Utilitarian, philosophic rationalist, in part a positivist, Morley was the intellectual heir of John Stuart Mill, the friend of Frederic Harrison, the spiritual son of the French Enlightenment. His style was graceful, sinuous, lucid, enchanting, falling short only in the one quality of warmth. "To know him was an intellectual discipline", says Morgan, and it is an intellectual stimulus to meet this almost solitary old Victorian who passed on a year and a half ago, in the vivid pages of his friend's book.

"Beautiful Mexico" by Vernon Quinn (Stokes) is a far better book than its uninviting title suggests. It dispels every prejudice which the ordinary reader maintains against historico-travel books; it is well written; it is colorful; it is absorbing; it is spicily informative. Of particular attractiveness are the portions dealing with the present day life of the Mexican Indians, and with the ancient civilizations in Mexico and Yucatan. In her introduction, Miss Quinn asserts that it is not history or description which she aims to set forth, but a story. That is precisely her achievement; and the story, if on the whole but little known, is nevertheless a good one. The illustrations are as good as the story.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, Life Member of the American Library Association, in Cooperation with the Public Libraries of America

Spring is here and fiction is looking up. Three new titles in the fiction list, of which two were, naturally, to be expected. We forget just how long "Main Street" headed the fiction score — a matter of a couple of years or so — and "Babbitt" had a long career in these reports. Which may be taken as an indication that "Arrowsmith" will be found in a higher place next month and remain with us for some months, at least, to come. Sabatini is now definitely to be classed with the select list of authors whose new books are certain of a wide popular reception; he has the movies largely to thank for that. And if it were necessary (which it is not) to account for "The Divine Lady's" appearance in the score, the same revival of interest in history and biography which brings Miss Lowell's "John Keats" to the fore would do it. The circulation of biographical works in many libraries today exceeds all but the two or three titles at the top of the fiction list. — F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Little French Girl	*Anne Douglas Sedgwick*	HOUGHTON
2.	The White Monkey	*John Galsworthy*	SCRIBNER
3.	The Thundering Herd	*Zane Grey*	HARPER
4.	The Green Hat	*Michael Arlen*	DORAN
5.	So Big	*Edna Ferber*	DOUBLEDAY
6.	Arrowsmith*	*Sinclair Lewis*	HARCOURT
7.	Rugged Water	*Joseph C. Lincoln*	APPLETON
8.	The Carolinian*	*Rafael Sabatini*	HOUGHTON
9.	The Enchanted Hill	*Peter B. Kyne*	COSMOPOLITAN
10.	A Passage to India	*E. M. Forster*	HARCOURT
11.	The Divine Lady*	*E. Barrington*	DODD
12.	The Plastic Age	*Percy Marks*	CENTURY

GENERAL

1.	Mark Twain's Autobiography	*Samuel L. Clemens*	HARPER
2.	Twice Thirty	*Edward W. Bok*	SCRIBNER
3.	Ariel: The Life of Shelley	*André Maurois*	APPLETON
4.	Woodrow Wilson	*William Allen White*	HOUGHTON
5.	Saint Joan	*George Bernard Shaw*	BRENTANO
6.	Life and Letters of Walter H. Page	*Burton J. Hendrick*	DOUBLEDAY
7.	My Garden of Memory	*Kate Douglas Wiggin*	HOUGHTON
8.	John Keats*	*Amy Lowell*	HOUGHTON
9.	The New Decalogue of Science	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
10.	Life of Christ	*Giovanni Papini*	HARCOURT
11.	The Fruit of the Family Tree	*Albert Edward Wiggam*	BOBBS
12.	Etiquette	*Emily Post*	FUNK

*This title has not before appeared in the Monthly Score.

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THE SEVEN SEAS

Czech Authors in General and Srámek in Particular — "T. D. E." — The Frenchwoman Retaliates — America Through French Eyes — Paul Morand — An Engineer Turns to Writing — Joseph Delteil — The Proust Cycle — Legends of Proust and Montesquiou.

THE war was responsible for the recognition of the Czechoslovakian peoples. The name "Czechoslovak" no longer has that unfamiliar ring of the days when dispatches began to appear in American newspapers recounting the exploits of Czechoslovak troops in Russia and Siberia. The existence of a wide and cosmopolitan Czech literature has been recognized with fortunate promptitude, thanks in no small measure to the efforts of modern pioneers like Joseph V. Sládek, who paid a two years' visit to the United States, one result of which was the translation of Longfellow's "The Song of Hiawatha" and Bret Harte's "California Stories" into the Czech language. Dr. Karel Capek's curiously powerful plays, "R. U. R." and "The Insect Play", also served to stimulate western interest in Czechoslovak literature.

Of living Czech authors, one of the most distinguished is Fráňa Srámek, whose volume of war stories, called "The Startled Soldier", was recently published. He is as yet little known to western readers, but I venture to predict an enthusiastic vogue for this writer's work if translation can do him justice. Srámek first published a volume of revolutionary poems, and all his subsequent work, whether novels, plays, or short stories, is marked by a strong lyrical vein. This is particularly effective in his short stories, in which the whimsical imagery of the style imparts a touch of romanticism even to quite realistic subject matter. At the same time he displays a remarkable subtlety in handling delicate psychological situations. In addition to "The Startled Soldier", he has written the following collections of short stories: "Piano and Violin", "Seven Sorrows", "Joy of Life", and "The Aspen". Of his novels, "The Silvery Wind" bears a close resemblance, both in style and subject matter, to James Joyce's "Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man".

Srámek's masterpiece is "The Body", a boldly realistic novel of Prague life, in which the sensitive and pictorial qualities of his short stories are exhibited in their most artistic aspect. Altogether he may be regarded as the first to enrich narrative Czech prose with a personal diction and rhythm. His plays, the chief of which are "Summer", "The Moon Above the River", "The Bells", "The Weeping Satyr", and "The Judgment", are often animated by a lyrical spirit which impedes their dramatic effect; only "The Judgment" can be said to have achieved an unqualified theatrical success.

* * * *

An extraordinarily fantastic novel is "Trusts for the Destruction of Europe" by Ilja Ehrenburg (Williams Publishing Verlag, Berlin). The "D. E. Trust" is an undertaking supposed to be founded with the utmost secrecy

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in 1925 and subsidized by American millionaires with the systematic destruction of Europe for its object. Beginning with the destruction of Germany by French tanks, this "novel of the future" goes on to describe the infection of the Russian population with bacilli, the starving out of England, the rapid diminution and final cessation of births in France (a bitterly satirical chapter, this), until nothing remains of Europe but a barren wilderness.

This weird story is told in a curiously matter of fact style which imparts a gruesome touch of realism to the book. The author has a trenchant wit and his pages are full of incidents amusing as well as startling. But the underlying satirical motif cannot escape the attention of the thoughtful reader. "T.D.E." is a book which will, I think, attract widespread attention if translated and published in English.

* * * *

Throughout the years authors as different as Mary Borden and Thackeray, Anne Douglas Sedgwick and Laurence Sterne, have been presenting more or less accurate and more or less sympathetic pictures of France and its people to Anglo-Saxon readers. Now France retaliates, and though the retort is courteous it is none the less pointed.

In the near future we are promised a book by a French woman of title in which, by way of reply to Mary Borden's "Jane — Our Stranger" with its description of Paris society as it appeared to a rich American woman, we are to be shown how American "social climbers" are regarded by Continental aristocrats.

Another view of that eternally fascinating subject, "the American woman" as seen through French eyes, is presented us by Christiane Fournier in a lately published novel, "La Parabole d'Amour". Here we have a picture of a middle western coeducational university as it appeared to a girl who spent a number of months there, first as a student, later as instructress. It should be said at once that the portrait of the girl graduate as painted by Miss Fournier is not an attractive, therefore surely not a faithful one. Loys, the heroine of "La Parabole d'Amour", and her friends are hard, selfish, spoiled, and rather brainless little things ready to sacrifice much for the sake of "having a good time". The men in the story are more attractive, and the book contains some deftly drawn sketches of American scenery both in the middle west and in Virginia, where Loys pays a country house visit.

Other recent novels dealing with America by French authors are Maurice Dekobra's "Mon Cœur au Ralenti" and Pierre MacOrlan's "Les Pirates de l'Avenue de Rhum". The former presents a lively if somewhat highly colored picture of high and low life in New York; while "Les Pirates", written by a man who is probably acquainted with pirates and who certainly knows rum, reminds the reader of a chapter of Stevenson *à la française*. It is to be hoped however that neither will be taken too seriously by historians of the future.

* * * *

Speaking of authors who really do study their subjects, one may mention Paul Morand and his forthcoming volume of short stories. Before writing his novel "Lewis et Irène", which is closely concerned with modern finance, Morand spent six months in one of the great banking houses in Paris mastering the intricate mysteries of foreign

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exchange and stock market transactions. It may have been a recollection of this fact which caused one of his dear confrères to say of Morand the other day: "Poor fellow, he's looking badly lately and no wonder. His next book is called 'L'Europe Galante'. Just think what he must have gone through to get his facts!"

Before leaving the subject of exotism in recent French literature it is essential to speak of the wholly delightful volume entitled "L'Honorable Partie de Campagne" by Thomas Rancat. The author, an engineer who has lived several years in Japan, here makes his début as a professional man of letters. It is an altogether auspicious one. May he speedily abandon his steel bridges, dynamos, motors, or whatever form of mechanical contrivance he may deal in, and give us more of these charming pictures of a country and people very different from the conventional lay figures of Loti's "Madame Chrysanthème". The honorable O Tara San, aged two but with a hat, his honorable mother and her honorable friends, to say nothing of the station master, are remarkably vivid creations.

How many American readers of French are there who have discovered Joseph Delteil? If one can stomach Rabelais and can, in spite of a certain almost incredible coarseness of language, enjoy prose which is incandescent with highly colored and original metaphors, then one should read his "Sur le Fleuve Amour", "Les Cinq Sens", or better still, "Cholera". This author, who up till now has appeared as a modern of the moderns, a disciple of Freud at his most explicit, announces that he is about to present us with the first really adequate biography of — Jeanne d'Arc! It is safe to predict that his book will be something very different from the scholarly compilation of Anatole France or the panegyrics of more orthodox writers. The chapter which appeared not long ago in the "Nouvelle Revue Française" had in it, besides a certain naive realism, a dignity and tenderness which one would hardly have expected to find in Delteil. To have made Anatole France devout and Delteil pure is reason enough for pronouncing Joan a worker of miracles.

* * * *

No French author in the past ten years has received more praise from foreign critics than Marcel Proust. The next volume of Proust's great cycle "A la Recherche du Temps Perdu" will appear in June. As previously announced, it will be entitled "Albertine Disparu". We learned, in the fragment published by "The Criterion" last spring, that Albertine is killed by being thrown from her horse. The opening of the new volume goes on and shows us, with all of Proust's characteristic minuteness, the various reactions which this event arouses in the heart of the man who has loved her. But that is by no means all. One of Proust's favorite doctrines was the fragility of human sentiments, and we are not altogether surprised to find his hero taken up with a new intrigue. The latter is made the more piquant by the fact that the woman in the case is none other than Gilberte, his — and our — old friend, the daughter of Odette Swann. It would be unfair to the reader further to reveal the contents of the volume. We are assured, however, by those who have had the privilege of reading the text before publication, that this latest book is in every respect worthy of its predecessors.

Like Proust, Robert de Montes-

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quiou, his sometime friend, was one of those men about whom legends spring up even in their own lifetime. Montesquiou's memoirs in an abridged form are to be published shortly in English. Certain of these legends, dealing both with Proust and Montesquiou, are retold pleasantly in a book that has just appeared by the Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre. The author knew the two men of letters intimately, and her volume with its number of hitherto unpublished letters throws some interesting sidelights on these two unusual characters.

MICHAEL JOSEPH

SENTIMENTALITY

By Maxwell Bodenheim

SENTIMENTALITY,
You win the love of men
Who look upon you as a soft
And indiscreetly reassuring minx.
You stand upon the street corner
Of their trysts and felonies.
Underneath your glance
Their disappointments grow less harsh
And assume a charmed, theatrical pose,
While their momentary victories
Feel an ardent ownership of life.
Again, to other men you seem
Obnoxious, cloying, and replete
With remedies that merely drug the wound.
To them, you wander through the sharp
And carnal vagaries of life,
And make the faces of men and women
Blind beneath your perfumed handkerchief.
Yet, you are none of the figures
Engraved upon you by the needs of men.
You stand, invincibly compassionate;
Disguised by frail, poetic mockeries;
Held up by an ephemeral erectness
Whose finely knitted lies
Are often better than the stripped
And grossly stooping honesties of life.
You wait for men to corrupt you
With their snivelings and heavy smiles,
But at your best you add
A quickly graceful, valiant compensation
To the underpaid and slowly wilting
Slaveries of minds and hearts.

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IN THE BOOKMAN'S MAIL

TO THE EDITOR OF THE BOOKMAN:

Was your rather puzzled query, "How Sell, Why Buy?" which appeared in the March BOOKMAN a rhetorical question, or would a reply be permissible? It seems to me that there are some definite reasons why people buy "one particular book instead of another very much like it in size and color", and also why publishers find advertising an effective means of selling their wares.

Generally speaking, readers are of two types — those to whom reading is as much a necessity as eating and sleeping, and who form their own literary judgments; and those admirable souls who read only the most talked of books. The laudable aim of these readers is to be "up" on literature, or else they are pursued with the American's great bogy, fear of missing something.

Individuals who comprise the first class differ widely in taste, of course. As you say, some booklovers buy Zane Grey's perennial novel as faithfully as they buy the Newsboy's Annual on New Year's Day, while others wait expectantly for new books of James Branch Cabell or of Aldous Huxley. But after all, every reader's list of favorite contemporary writers is comparatively short, and while some of these readers rely thereafter upon the "classics", a greater number are open to suggestion. At this point the ubiquitous book advertisement enters, and I really believe that advertisements even of books leave an impress on one's consciousness.

I have selected, almost at random, several book advertisements from a weekly literary review. The writer whose book is announced in the following is virtually unknown, hence the reader is given an idea of the book by the method of comparison:

THE CONSTANT NYMPH
By Margaret Kennedy
As witty as May Sinclair at her best—fascinating—keen!

If the reader is particularly fond of May Sinclair's books, he will indignantly read "The Constant Nymph" to verify his preconceived decision that Miss Kennedy is not as witty as May Sinclair. On the other hand, if he is addicted to Harold Bell Wright and has never heard of May Sinclair, it is an even chance that he will not be interested in "The Constant Nymph". But he certainly wouldn't have been, anyway, if the advertisement had not appeared, and there is a possibility that the title may attract him!

Many book publicity men are evidently adherents of the theory recently made, that no novel can be a best seller which does not introduce a woman and the suggestion of a love affair within the first fifty pages. People who are captivated by the effusions of Elinor Glyn, Robert W. Chambers, and the like, are gratifyingly responsive to such announcements as the following:

BUY IT—READ IT—LAUGH AND THR-I-ILL!

The very prolongated spelling of the last word gives an anticipatory shiver of excitement!

Now that Percy Marks's "The Plastic Age" is being serialized in the New York "Evening Journal", the following brief announcement is more than sufficient:

MARTHA
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE PLASTIC AGE"
Percy Marks

The thousands of "Evening Journal" readers are unswerving in their loyalty, and "Martha" will undoubtedly be a best seller in the most lucrative sense of the word.

Human beings, or at any rate, Americans, cannot resist the announcement of a bargain sale — an announcement to which is appended the warning:

COME EARLY — The DEMAND for these stockings will far exceed the SUPPLY — NO MORE THAN SIX PAIRS TO ONE PERSON!

Consequently, advertisements like the following react with great effect upon those who read to be "up" on literature:

13 Times
We have reprinted
THE DIVINE LADY
By E. BARRINGTON
Because of the insatiable demand — etc.

Since advertising in this country has been raised to a stage of perfection wherein "more than a million of us weekly" spend five cents to admire the artistic pictures of superb automobiles, browned biscuits, and several brands of toothpaste, each of which is the *only* way of avoiding frightful diseases of the teeth, small wonder that we cannot avoid the reading of book advertisements! As a result of years of travel in street cars, subways, and in motor cars, we have unconsciously acquired the habit of examining every spot of bright artificial color. One placard informs us that some enterprising American has invented an unfailing system of developing dimples where none have

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flashed before; another has a method for starting Ford cars in winter without discomfort.

We have learned to rely upon advertisements as an escape from ennui, if for no other reason; and we would not be representative Americans if we did not read and profit by proclamations of products as prosaic — comparatively speaking — as new books!

KATHARINE L. SEYMOUR.

DEAR MR. FARRAR:

I've been about lately and had work to do so I have had no opportunity to tell you how glad I was to see Mrs. Conrad's letter reprinted in THE BOOKMAN. I had heard of it but had not seen it, so I was hampered and bothered by a lack of first hand knowledge. Because I had read F. M. Ford's book and thought, and still think, that it is a most fascinating and remarkable study. There has been much comment upon the flare up on the part of the Conradistas led by Mrs. Conrad, but the comment has been singularly lacking in imagination. The theory that a writer's wife is necessarily an infallible guide in matters concerning her husband's literary activities and friendships is novel and amazing. Mrs. Conrad's letter and her previous excursions into print lead one to suspect that had she not happened to be Conrad's wife, she would never have read Conrad's books. Her dislike of Mr. Ford has nothing to do with the case. Mr. Ford has written a brilliant study of Conrad. He premises at the outset that he is going to write a novel about Conrad. In doing this he has presented Conrad to us in an entirely satisfying and legitimate light. Because Ford has not had the luck or the cunning to secure an American public it is assumed that he is therefore small beer and of no importance. There are many writers in England who are just as legitimately the objects of our interest as Arnold Bennett, Walpole, Arlen, and others, and these fortunate writers would be the first to tell you so.

When Mrs. Conrad says that Ford's book is detestable she is expressing her own opinion, but it has no value beyond that of any other lady. Those devoted adherents of the Conrad cult are doing their hero a serious disservice in decrying Ford's book. It is a greater tribute to the dead master than most of the stuff ground out now by people who allowed Conrad's books to be pirated all over the place and were not even aware of his existence when he was not yet the vogue.

I am surprised no one has seen the amusing side of Mrs. Conrad's letter. I have personally known of married men who had affiliations and friendships unknown to their wives. I have known wives who were so prejudiced against men friends of their husbands that the husbands have soft pedaled those friendships.

But I am more interested in the reaction of the public lately to the Ford-Conrad squabble because I think most people underestimate "Romance", the book Ford and Conrad struggled with for so long. To me it is one of the best of the lot. It is not Conradian in the sense that "Nostromo" and "Youth" are Conradian, but it is one of the best stories of the lot. It is so magnificently built, it seems to stand the strain of years and constant rereading. It owes much to Ford, and I for one wish some of the other books had had some Ford in them — "The Rescue" and "The Arrow of Gold", for instance. Mrs. Conrad said a plot was of no use to her husband, which is true in one sense. But it is a sense that can be easily carried beyond reason. To say that Conrad was independent of plots is to misunderstand the whole business of writing. In Conrad's first book, written before he met Ford, "Almayer's Folly", there is a very skilful and intricate plot structure. To say that Conrad could not use another man's plot means nothing. No writer can use the other man's plot as the other man hands it to him. But he can make it his own. As an example, I had a plot given me by another man. Indeed, he had made a story of it but it did not function. I took it. I agreed to use it. I stripped it to the bare bones. I even took the bones apart and reconstructed the skeleton. I provided new scenes, new characters, a fresh climax, and added several other improvements. But the idea came from the other man, and without his preliminary plot my story would never have been written.

This is explaining great things by small, but we are all human, I suppose. What I want to protest against is the *embalming* of Conrad in a grand tomb. Ford shows us the living man. Let us keep him living. Already publishers are beginning to advertise new books by authors who (strange to say!) resemble Conrad. Let us keep him human. He was a great man, but — correct me if I am wrong — only a mortal man.

WILLIAM McFEE.

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THE GOSSIP SHOP

OCCASIONALLY the quibbles and the quiddities of literary folk became boring. I was amazed recently at the attitude taken by Thomas Hardy's English publishers toward Ernest Brennecke's biography. Here is a young American student and journalist, a kindly, forthright person who has spent the best years of his life studying Hardy, whom he greatly admires. Perhaps his American publishers made undue claims for the book — I don't know. On the whole it is an excellent piece of work, and it seems to me that all those connected with Mr. Hardy should feel grateful for the undertaking and its accomplishment. I suppose in banking or in the canning business such unpleasant episodes constantly occur; but one is always hoping that publishers and authors still have some ethics, some sense of art and taste. However, it does not seem to be so; and there will be quarrels forever and anon. Speaking of quarrels, have you ever talked with a lecturer on poetry concerning the attitude he is expected to take on the subject of Edgar A. Guest? Mr. Guest, by the way, the last time I met him, had had an excellent Ford presented to him by the manufacturer; now, however, he has apparently decided to drive in other makes. A nice and shy poet of national reputation was talking in Detroit recently. Someone demanded an opinion of Mr. Guest. Somewhat fearing, but nevertheless courageous, he answered that in his humble opinion Mr. Guest was no poet at all. After the talk a lady swathed in furs approached him. "Do you drive a car?" she asked. He shook his head sadly. "Mr. Guest", said the lady with hauteur as she swished away, "owns a Packard!" And that, after all, is the answer — in America! Sometimes we are driven to a Menckenish state of mind. (I use "we" to mean those poor folk who try to steer a liberal course in the hurlyburly of American opinion.) Speaking of Mencken, the reports of Mr. Nathan's marriage are still at large, although that gentleman denies them. However, so many people deny so many things that turn out to be true. I can think of nothing more delightful than that Mr. Nathan should marry, unless it should be that he and his fellow editor should have a double wedding! Now that would be a wedding!

It never pays to write about parties to which you didn't go, even if you were invited. It seems that Constance Linsay Skinner's tea for Stefansson and Zuloaga was entertained by the music of Cecil Arden of the Metropolitan, who sang Spanish-American folk songs and also Miss Skinner's "Wild Woman's Lullaby" set to music for her by Buzzi-Peccia. Alas, that the chance to hear a wild woman's lullaby was missed. Could anything be more soothing? Miss Skinner is the lady who writes Indian poetry, or adapts it or translates it or whatever it is one does to Indian poetry. The other day a gentleman who once sat about council fires and heard the folk tales of various tribes, came into the office, and brought with him a book that recalled childhood memories. Have you ever looked at a little book called "Algonquin Indian Legends", by Leland? It

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contains some of the most engaging stories of mysticism and madness that ever sprang from the human brain. I can remember living with this book under my pillow at the age of fifteen or so, and trying to figure out whether or not it was really possible for Glooskap the hero to lash the stars with his spear point, and to make a canoe out of a skipping stone. The Indians had remarkably childlike minds filled with beauty and imagery. What odd things children think of to do! I happened in on Anthony Dell the other evening after he had gone safely to bed, and found him urging a nest of rabbits to lay chocolates for him. He seemed to figure out that if the rabbits did lay a chocolate it would be quite all right for him to eat it, even though just ordinary human chocolates had been strictly forbidden by his author father. Henry James, my own revered small cousin, is not so poetical; he has coined a large vocabulary of cuss words from the pages of "Rootabaga Stories" and is making them fit the sublime uses of "The American Language". Well, if you like fairy stories, I recommend the Algonquin myths.

Why is it that all the great popular novelists are so interested in the poor Indian? Meeting Harold Bell Wright for the first time the other day, I found him a tall, rangy, quiet mannered gentleman who might pose for either a preacher or a prosperous farmer. I shook his hand, then listened to his conversation, and found that it was concerned for the most part with problems of Indian reservations and the rights of the much-put-upon aborigines. It is true that Mr. Wright makes his home in Tucson, Arizona, where I presume this problem is more evident than it is on Forty Second Street and Broadway. I did not want to talk with Mr. Wright about his novels, lest he think that I was patronizing him. He has always written honestly, and he has had a message. That he chooses to preach his sermons in fiction, is his own affair. Surely more folk have read Harold Bell Wright's books than have ever heard Billy Sunday preach. A new book of his, now appearing serially, will shortly be published, the first in some time. To town also recently came Dean Inge of St. Paul's, London. He astonished the reporters, who had heard he never allowed himself to be interviewed, by giving them pertinent sayings on a variety of subjects. A contrast to Michael Arlen and James Stephens, this latest English visitor showed in his pictures, over a clerical collar, the bravest smile of all, in spite of the fact that he has been known — has he not? — as the "gloomy dean". For clarity of writing and inspirational value, Dean Inge, among modern religious philosophers, cannot be equaled. For a visit from England came also Alice Williamson, with several manuscripts, I imagine, tucked safely in her trunk. Since her husband's death, she has not flagged in her pursuit of the golden story, and her fiction bubbles along gaily. There came also the Messrs. Pinker, stalwart young gentlemen, worthy sons of an honored father who was one of the very great literary agents. They, too, are apparently finding our shores hospitable, and are carrying on ably the tradition of their father. Ships, both going and coming, are crowded; all of Europe is determined to spend the summer in America, and vice versa. I shall become exceedingly lonely for Americans as I ply my typewriter during the dog days high up on Murray Hill, with only Irish and Italian riveters to keep me company as they noisily build a skyscraper alongside.

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Zelma Brandt, another favorite literary agent, recently gave a dance, in a high vaulted studio somewhere on Madison Avenue, with a jazz band that sent even the stodgiest authors into dancing mood. Such a mixture of writers and publishers never was seen. Here was Alfred Stanford, tall, light haired, and in a grey suit. He is at work on a biography. Everyone is writing biography. Perhaps you will remember his "The Ground Swell", a sea story with good atmosphere. Elliot Holt, recently married, also in grey, was talking earnestly, when I saw him, to Rosemary Benét. Mrs. Alfred Knopf, beautiful and dexterous, found the floor and the music excellent, and made a few trenchant remarks about publishing, while Mrs. Horace Liveright, also beautiful and dexterous, preferred to talk wisely of Palm Beach and amateur theatricals. Here was Scudder Middleton, the poet, and Lucien Cary, the short story writer, and Mrs. Fletcher from the west. Mrs. Fletcher has aided James Stevens in his story of Paul Bunyan, and has herself made explorations; she declares she cannot excuse those who mix Tacoma with — she'll never forgive me, but I can't remember with what — anyway, it's one of those large western villages. Phyllis Duganne, too, has returned to town with her young child, and is trying to write and play nursemaid at the same time. She says it's much more fun to roll a baby carriage up Riverside Drive than it is to spin out novelettes for the magazines. She claims that she is no longer a member of the younger generation; but there is much to be said against that opinion. Will Irwin, her uncle-in-law, has just finished, by the way, a play from the Chinese, adapted in collaboration with Sidney Howard. They tell me that a recent trip to the Chinese theatre playing in lower New York with success, proved somewhat puzzling. I should think a trip through New York's foreign language theatres would prove fascinating. I only recently awoke to the fact that it would be possible in the course of a week to see plays in practically every known language within the confines of Manhattan. Wells Root's column in the "World" has been publishing a list of these, and for anyone who enjoys the exotic and the remote, we recommend such a pilgrimage. You could start with Italian comic opera and end with Yiddish vaudeville, and what could be better than that?

The BOOKMAN contest for club papers has been remarkably successful. The essays have come in from all over the country, from both men and women, and they are of an exceptionally high quality. The committee and the magazine want to thank all those who took part in it in any way. Mary Roberts Rinehart, one of the judges, who has taken a deep personal interest in the contest, unfortunately did not return from Europe in time for a decision to be reached in this month's magazine. We shall therefore publish the announcement of prizes in July. We regret this delay, but it affords a chance for careful perusal of all the essays, and a considered decision from the judges.

Little news of Chicago has drifted this way recently. True, Marcella Burns Hahner came in to say how-do-you-do, with much news of Harry Hansen's success as a radio purveyor of books. In fact, she so assured us of the power of the radio that we have instituted from WEAF "The BOOKMAN Review". It is to be given once a month at first. Mr. Wells of "Harper's" told me the other day that the

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amount of mail which Harry Hansen receives from his book section in "Harper's" is extraordinary. Keith Preston, of the Windy City, occasionally drops us a line here, and now and then I catch a glimpse of Llewellyn Jones flitting across Broadway; but Gene Markey, that æsthete of æsthetes, no longer darkens our doorway. Recently I heard of him through Arlen, whom he had lunched or dined or wined on his native heaths. What has become of Carl Sandburg? Anyone who reads this note is hereby commanded to give me news of my favorite midwest poet. The Chicago Bookstore, which is new to my ear and eye, sends an announcement of lectures to be held in its "grotto"— sounds rather special. The first one was on "The Philosophical Poetry of William Vaughn Moody" and was delivered by Ferdinand Schevill; the second by Alfred Kreymborg, the incurable "Troubadour". Incidentally, his book is racy and rare. It is one of the gayest of autobiographical narratives and can be recommended for almost any taste.

I'd like to be a wanderer,
A Kreymborg or a Burton,
To gambol on a dusty road,
With any kind of shirt on.

I'd like to own a dancing bear,
Or twang a mandalute,
For then I shouldn't have to buy
An Easter hat or suit!

"When Mr. Pickwick Went Fishing" is an exquisitely printed little volume by Dr. Samuel W. Lambert, New York's eminent physician. In it, Dr. Lambert explains simply and with utter conviction the Robert Seymour-Charles Dickens controversy. Robert Seymour's brain, it seems, invented the character of Pickwick, who was to be president of a cockney sporting club. Dickens, when some of Seymour's illustrations were shown him and his publishers told him the idea, was amused by it. He was not, however, a sportsman. Therefore Seymour's original idea was changed, and his interview with Dickens is supposed to have induced one of the fits of melancholy which caused him to take his own life forty eight hours afterward. This was after the publication of the first number, and the meeting in question was the only occasion on which "Boz" ever met his collaborator. Later in life Dickens forcibly denied that Seymour had originated Pickwick, although he had practically admitted it earlier. Dr. Lambert's book is one of much charm. It should be in the library of any bibliophile, and in many another. It proves Dickens to have been the vain man I have always suspected — but how human! If you knew authors as well as I do — and probably you do — you would know that they glean ideas from everywhere, and promptly think the ideas belong wholly to themselves. I once rewrote a play without the author's knowledge. When he saw a performance he was furious, but as time went on and people liked his play he honestly believed that my lines were his — and why not? We must get ideas from somewhere. We must make them our own before turning them out. Poor, sensitive Seymour. He had as little sense of humor in his way as Dickens had in his — only his lack of humor cost *him* his life; Dickens, only some respect — and both of them humorists, at that!

Someone has sent us the following illuminating note about Harry Hervey, the intrepid, whose room in Savannah was recently destroyed by fire, or, more properly perhaps, the hotel in which was the room, or both — how should it be put? Anyway, Mr. Hervey was

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roomless, so he decided to go to the Far East. We quote:

One week before the publication of his new novel "Ethan Quest", Harry Hervey, novelist and traveler, has departed for the Far East on an expedition into Indo-China. This young man, who is an authority on many Far Eastern subjects, and has brought the authentic atmosphere of the Orient as well as its glamor to his books, believes that hidden somewhere in the fastness of the Indo-Chinese jungle are broken piles of sun bleached stones that may add another chapter to the story of the Khmers, the lost builders of the mysterious and magnificent city of Angkor in Cambodia.

Mr. Hervey sailed recently from the west coast. On the way he will stop a while in Japan and China, then go on down the coast of Indo-China to Saigon, turning inland, up the Mekong River to Angkor, the dead city of the Khmers. After a sojourn in Angkor, his caravan will press into the jungle, cross upper Siam, and move north toward Luang-prabang, searching for the secrets of the builders of Angkor.

Across the dulness of a weary evening flashed the large and cheerful yellow of "The Complete Limerick Book" by Langford Reed. I intend to keep this gay, delightful book as hostage against other occasional evenings of the same sort. Mr. Reed has prefaced his book with an entertaining history of the limerick, and has divided his collection of four hundred examples into sixteen chapters. One chapter is devoted to Lear, who, while not the originator of this verse form, was the one who made it popular in his "Book of Nonsense", that gorgeous piece of foolery which he composed for the grandchildren of his patron, the Earl of Derby. Other chapters concern limericks topical, tongue twisting, clerical, and literary. On the whole the book is a joy, in spite of the fact that about one third of the examples which Mr. Reed selects are pointless or structurally bad, and that he omits many of my old favorites. It is too bad to handicap a book of many merits with a too inclusive title. But one of the nice things about the format of this book is that it has very wide margins, on which one may jot down such omissions. BOOKMAN readers ought to be especially interested in the "limicritical reviews". They suggest a jazzed review medium, doing for books what "Processional" tried to do for the theatre. How's this for an epitome of the Dell (Ethel) manner:

From "The Complete Limerick Book"

A strong silent man on a ranch
Thrashed a beautiful girl with a branch.
Cried she, "You are hellish!
But deliciously Dellish,
So take my affection, carte-blanche."

The book is happily illustrated by H. M. Bateman.

Charles Norris was about to start for his ranch in California when I last saw him. His new book "Pig Iron" safely finished, he was indulging in a few days of speculation and enjoyment. His wife, Kathleen, was hard at work on a short story. Her "The Heart of Juanita" is appearing in the "Cosmopolitan"; and about the same time as her husband's novel is published, another one of hers, which has not been used in a magazine, will see the light of publicity. Mrs. Norris says that winter in New York City has proved to her that it is possible to work here if you

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really wish to do so. As a matter of fact, Kathleen Norris is one of the few women writers I know who really like to write. She enjoys telling stories, and putting them on paper, too. If you haven't read her autobiographical sketch, "Noon", I strongly advise your doing so. There could be no better textbook for the ambitious girl, or boy either for that matter. The same day, not far down the avenue, in her apartment which afforded a grand view of spring trees and drives black and shiny with rain, I found Edna Ferber, packing to go down into the North Carolina mountains. Was this a pleasure trip? Not at all. It seemed that she was going into the hills, miles from a railroad, to collect material for the novel on which she is at work. Having heard that she was writing a story of Chicago in the last century, I was curious; but since no information was volunteered, like the perfect interviewer which we all aim to be, I remained discreet. Why is it that, suddenly, everyone is writing stories of the south? Roy Helton, tall, dark, with a soft Kentucky drawl, arrived not long since and informed me that he was writing a story of old Kentucky days. Even as he told me this, I could hear Irvin Cobb's voice dictating a letter in the next office. Presently in drifted DuBose Heyward and his wife Dorothy, fresh from lectures and South Carolina, with manuscripts of plays, poems, and novels aplenty. The Heywards have found themselves a cottage on the Sea Islands, and after a summer at the Peterboro Colony they will retire to the simplicities of plantation life, to turn out more products of southern literature. From Baltimore comes an energetic young gentleman named Polan Banks. He can't be more than twenty and he looks eighteen. He tells me that his costume romance has just been accepted by a major publisher. I was much impressed by his light grey hat and his peg topped trousers. Young novelists flourish! Eighteen year old Michalena Keating, who has been acting some years with David Belasco, writes a story in her dressing room while she understudies a famous star. It is called "Fame", and is a rattling good story, now naive, now sophisticated, but readable throughout. Miss Keating is rather too good-looking to be a writer. She tells me that she expects to appear in the stage version of Dorothy Speare's "Dancers in the Dark", and that she is hard at work on another novel dealing with the trials and tribulations of three geniuses. None of them, she assured me angrily, was herself. She is not a genius, and prefers to be known as a simple girl who enjoys sitting on the floor listening to a radio or, perchance, dancing the Charleston. What is the Charleston, anyway? And why is it named for that charming and dignified city?

Devotees of A. A. Milne's "When We Were Very Young" (which means practically everyone) will be delighted with the collection of "Fourteen Songs" from it set to music by H. Fraser-Simson, decorated with gay thumbnail sketches, and containing waggish directions to children for the manner in which the songs are to be sung. The tunes are simple and, as in "Hoppity" for instance, admirably fit the words. I suspect that grown ups as well as children will have great fun singing them. Another group of delectable songs is to be found in "The Book of Diversion". Here Deems Taylor has compiled folksongs, cowboy songs, spirituals, and other odd bits not included in the usual family or college songbook. If you are not of the *liederkranz* fraternity, skip this part of the

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book and regale yourself with the section of verse compiled by F. P. A. It starts out gaily with the famous "Tobacco is a dirty weed" and the equally famous "Study Hour", beloved of all column fans, and hops about from Shakespeare to Keats to King Solomon to Deems Taylor and what not. But I haven't yet done with the book. Helen Rowland edits "The World in Epigram"; Jack Bechdolt contributes suggestions for "Play" ranging from campfire directions to party games; and Mabel Claire instructs in the art of indoor and outdoor cooking. Surely a serious study of the volume, added to the vaunted fifteen minutes' reading a day, ought to turn out supermen in any social circle.

George Payne of Cincinnati tells us that what is thought to be one of the most important collections of ancient bibles in the world recently came into the possession of the Cincinnati Public Library. In the collection are three of the most valuable bibles in the world: "Biblia Maxima Volumines" or "The Bishop's Bible" printed by Richard Carmardenmat, Rouen, in 1586; the Miles Coverdale Bible, the first printed in English, in 1522, and "Biblia Paperum", printed in 1508 in Venice, and remarkable for its wood cuts and xylography. It is larger than the copy in the British Museum and has one leaf more than that copy. The collection also includes many others. Somewhat different from bibles, but nevertheless with a significance, is Number One of a new poetry magazine, "The Gypsy", hailing also from Cincinnati, which seems to be attempting to rival Cleveland as a centre of the arts. The editors are H. A. Conley Joslin, George Elliston, and Halley Groesbeck. Among other contributors is James Stephens.

A beautiful book in every way is "Chez Nous" by Adjutor Rivard, translated by W. H. Blake. Here is the tenderness and the quiet beauty of French Canada. I shall never forget a summer spent in Canada farm country. Working in the fields was my chief joy, and talking with the Frenchmen along the road, trying to learn to harness a

From "Chez Nous"

horse, sitting about all day while my elders discussed the town happenings. Then there was a grand orangeman celebration, when our horse, frightened by the sound of drums and trumpets, ran away and threw us gaily into a ditch. Evenings on dark roads, when tramps were about, and days spent with the horses in the barns — all this, and the charm of the country, the scent of raspberries and of hay, seep through the pages of "Chez Nous" and have, withal, the touch of the French Canadian peasantry.

The New York "World" has entered the lists with its selection of best short stories, and the method of so doing seems to me a little worse than those previously hit upon. If you select a group of editors, and each one picks a

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story, it stands to reason that you will get a curious assortment of stories, and no very definite viewpoint. I really prefer the opinion of one man, even though he be an Edward J. O'Brien, than a hodgepodge made by a committee. At least, you finally get to know the man's particular slant on life. Here is the first result of their efforts:

1. MICHAEL ARLEN — "The Dancer of Paris." Nominated by Sewell Haggard, Everybody's.
2. F. R. BUCKLEY — "The Primitive Method." Nominated by Arthur Sullivant Hoffman, Adventure.
3. A. M. CHISHOLM — "Tim of Bush Valley." Selected by Charles Angew MacLean, Popular.
4. IRVIN S. COBB — "Standing Room Only." Selected by Ray Long, Cosmopolitan.
5. RICHARD CONNELL — "The Most Dangerous Game." Nominated by Loren Palmer, Collier's.
6. SAMUEL A. DERIEUX — "Wild Bill McCorkle." Selected by Merle Crowell, American.
7. MEIGS O. FROST — "Shackles of Service." Nominated by Harry E. Maule, Short Stories.
8. ZONA GALE — "The Biography of Blade." Selected by Carl Van Doren, Century.
9. ELLEN GLASGOW — "Romance and Sally Byrd." Nominated by Gertrude B. Lane, Woman's Home Companion.
10. INEZ HAYNES IRWIN — "The Spring Flight." Selected by Harry P. Burton, McCall's.
11. W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM — "The Letter." Selected by Ray Long, Hearst's International.
12. SAMUEL MERWIN — "More Stately Mansions." Nominated by Karl E. Harriman, Red Book.
13. HONORÉ WILLSIE MORROW — "Fighting Blood." Nominated by Mrs. William Brown Meloney, Delineator.
14. ELSIE SINGMASTER — "November the Nineteenth." Nominated by Arthur T. Vance, Pictorial Review.
15. LISA YSAYE TARLEAU — "Loutre." Selected by Thomas B. Wells, Harper's. A prize story in Harper competition.
16. IDA A. R. WYLIE — "Little Fraulein and the Big World." Selected by W. F. Bigelow, Good Housekeeping.

It seems to me there have been more so called literary parties of late. In Boston, the Amy Lowell dinner was one of the best. Most impressive was President Lowell, and a covey of Harvard professors. Then, too, I must say that there is something about the ladies of Boston that sets them off from the rest of the world. They have grace. They have poise. They have a peculiar distinction. I have a feeling that the lady who sat at my left, behind one of the loveliest pink orchid sprays imaginable, would feel hurt if she should see her name in print, so it must simply go on record here that she was one of the kindliest of dinner companions. On my right, behind nodding white blossoms, was Ada Dwyer Russell, and proud she was, for her constant advice and helpfulness to Miss Lowell during the trying period of the composition of the Keats book has been of incalculable assistance. From Boston I sought Utica, and was fascinated by the young men and women of the Utica Country Day School. They showed me their newspaper and their magazine, the cover of which was a linoleum print made and printed entirely by themselves. Frank R. Page has a most interesting outfit there, and has carried out many educational experiments. One of the most fascinating to me was the library he is developing in each schoolroom. Every scholar buys one book and contributes it. The volumes stay in the classrooms all year, then are taken home by their owners at the session's close. In the evening a charming district attorney told me of various engaging criminals. I also made the discovery that Nalbro Bartley has been living in Utica. It was not the district attorney, however, who told me. Mrs. Bartley's young son, Jack, black headed and filled with the joy of life on a spring day, was

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unearthed at luncheon time in the school. Later, his mother told me that she was hard at work on a new story to be called "The Orchid Door". Mrs. Bartley recently came on to New York City to sign a contract with her new publishers, then without a word to anyone went back to Utica, signed a marriage license, and was promptly married. She informs me that she will soon move to Niagara Falls, and that her son Jack is to go to a military academy, where she hopes he will learn to carry a musket and if necessary do penance in the guardhouse. "I don't know what I'll do without him", she confessed; "but I'm sure it's the best thing for a boy to be away from home." Sensible mother. As I start tonight for Detroit, there comes a memory of the lady there, earlier in the year, who asked, "Do you think I ought to *let* my son read 'The Plastic Age'?"

Tony Sarg, round and jovial and full of ideas, tells me that he is busy making store window displays, and that he has finished a new children's book all about animals. I saw him, with Mrs. Sarg, at the exceedingly gala opening of Gloria Swanson's "Madame Sans Gêne". To this came all the world arrayed in costly garments, beating its way through impressive crowds on the sidewalks and in the streets to see Gloria in a gold gown, back from Paris with a title and a new hair cut. Miss Swanson's coiffure proves as varied as Isabel Paterson's hats. Mrs. Paterson, busy in the daytime on "Books" at the "Herald-Tribune", writes in the evenings on a new novel. She complained bitterly that she had started out to write a nice love story of two young things in the Elizabethan period. Then Queen Elizabeth happened into the tale, and is running away with it! Was there ever such a woman? — Queen Elizabeth, I mean, of course. Mrs. Paterson's latest hat — I suppose it is spring that is to blame — is small and black, and sits jauntily on the top of her head like a curled pancake. Pity I don't know the technical term, although if I talk much more of the

Isabel Paterson

movies and clothes someone will call the Gossip Shop frivolous and write me a scented letter to tell me that academic values must be observed, even in the springtime. Yet is it not the part of a reporter, even a literary one, to note down all he sees, or most of it?

"The Book Dial", issued by the Doubleday, Page Bookshop Company, is an attractive little pamphlet. In the spring number is to be found "How to Read Joseph Conrad" as suggested by twenty famous critics, none of whom is probably famous. However, it's an interesting approach to Mr. Conrad. Another trade pamphlet that interested me this month is one issued by Messrs.

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W. and G. Foyle of London. They have called it "The Romance of a Bookshop", and it is the story of the development of a great business from nothing. In 1902 two sons of a Shoreditch grocer failed in civil service examinations. Having no further use for their textbooks, they decided to sell them by means of an advertisement. The answers to this advertisement were so many that these two clever young men perceived a market. The result — a firm with a stock of more than 1,250,000 volumes on shelves measuring 22 miles.

Schools start hither and yon. My favorite school is, of course, the Bread Loaf School of English. There I shall hie me in July, to consort with violent Sidney Cox from out west, who teaches English with such a verve and dash that he could scare a tin woodman into flights of poetry. Then, there is the Paramount Picture School, which the Famous Players are starting in their New York City studio. Here, the entrance requirements are somewhat different from those of Bread Loaf — a common school education is all that is necessary. Boys must be from eighteen to thirty; and although a girl may enter at sixteen, she may not apply after twenty five. Both boys and girls must have "good looks", further defined as *exceptional beauty of face and figure*. Tuition, moreover, is five hundred dollars a term. It's what I call a school de luxe. In the capable hands of Winifred Lenihan, famed as Saint Joan, the Theatre Guild School of Acting will start functioning next season. I have not yet seen the syllabus, but if Miss Lenihan has anything to do with it, there will be a large infusion of sanity, you may be sure. Actual beauty will not, of course, be demanded. On the stage it is possible for makeup to do almost anything to the face and figure; but the movie camera is a cruel detective to ferret out disguises.

From Minnesota comes word that local celebrities are being honored by the women's clubs. The State Federation at its midwinter meeting gave them a send off, while the following newspaper account of a club program shows that home talent does not go neglected in the twin cities:

> Minnesota Writers' Day was observed Wednesday by the Merriam Park Women's Club. The club met at the House of Hope Presbyterian Church, Summit avenue and Avon street. Those featured on the program which the women sponsored, included poets.
>
> James Gray, dramatic critic of the "Pioneer Press-Dispatch", and author of a novel soon to be published by Scribner's, gave an interesting talk on St. Paul writers, the Boyds, the Flandraus, F. Scott Fitzgerald, and others. Mrs. B. F. Pelton read a number of poems by Robert Cary, some of those from the pen of Sarah Buffem Ramaley and Blanche J. Chapin's "Minnesota". Mrs. J. A. Bennett read from the works of Lily Long and Arthur Upson, the young poet who met a tragic death in Lake Bemidji a dozen or so years ago. Cushing Wright talked on "The Art of the Short Story", and also read a detective story of his authorship.

Prizes will be awarded by THE BOOKMAN for the best poems appearing in "The Fun Shop" between June 1 and December 25. "The Fun Shop", edited by Maxson Foxhall Judell, is a department of humor, appearing in eighty five leading newspapers of the United States and Canada, with which we are cooperating in a contest for the purpose of discovering more writers of humorous verse. All the poems accepted and published during this period by Mr. Judell will be paid for at his regular rates in addition to being entered in the contest. The awards will be $50 for first prize, $25 for second prize, $15 for third prize, $10 for fourth prize,

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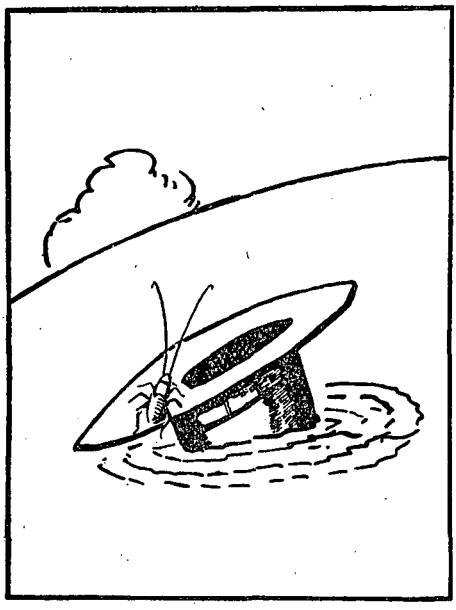
and twenty five one dollar prizes. The contest is open to everyone. The poems must be original—not previously published, not translations or adaptations. They must be no longer than 24 lines, and shorter if possible. They should be submitted to Maxson F. Judell, Fun Shop Headquarters, 250 Park Avenue, New York. A second contest will extend from December 26 to May 1, 1926. Any contestant may submit as many poems as he desires. Each poem must contain the name and complete address of the author. And no manuscript will be returned unless it is accompanied by a stamped, self addressed envelope. The judges will be Maxson Foxhall Judell, chairman; Professor William Lyon Phelps of Yale; M. E. Foster, editor of the Houston "Chronicle"; W. L. Harrison, managing editor of the Oklahoma "Oklahoman"; F. W. Clarke, managing editor of the Atlanta "Constitution"; Harris M. Crist, managing editor of the Brooklyn "Eagle"; John Farrar, editor of THE BOOKMAN; and Frank Crowninshield, editor of "Vanity Fair". This is the only prize we know of being offered for verse of this sort, and it should be an appetizer for the columnist, the jingle writer, and even the more serious minded poet who occasionally is to be found chuckling over a gay parody of his own manufacture.

Some like breakfast,
Some like tea,
Some like dinner,
Beafsteak dinner,
Apple pie dinner,
But not
For me!

I like between meals,
Just for fun,
I like sandwiches,
Lollipops, pie crust,
Lemon snaps, ginger snaps,
And hot
Cross bun!

— and that's the way I like to read, too — not just the things they tell me I should, or the publishers say I must,



From "The story of Wilbur the Hat"

but just the things I really want to read, such as going back to shout out a few lines from the "Iliad", or to chuckle over "Tristram Shandy", or to wish I could read Dante so that I could make out the other side of my Italian-English "Inferno". Now one of the first books I'd take under those circumstances would be Hendrick Van Loon's "The Story of Wilbur the Hat". It has no sense — or perhaps it has cosmic significance. Either way, you will find magic in Mr. Van Loon's illustrations. I like particularly the one of hell. It looks like such a warm place, which is the way we've been told that it should look, and I'm all for living up to the old traditions — in the imagination, at least. I like also the picture wherein Wilbur is floating in the midst of a lake, accompanied by Cedric the cricket.

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The Authors' League asks that the following information be printed:

The Authors' League Fund, incorporated under the laws of the State of New York in 1917, is an organ designed to give aid to artists, authors, dramatists, etc. in need through age or misfortune. It is the only organization to which members of its allied professions can apply for quick, confidential service in the form of loans without interest or security. No sex, age or race limits are drawn, neither need the recipient be a member of the Authors' League, the only stipulation being that the case be pressing and deserving.

Although established and conducted by the Authors' League, the Fund is a distinct organization, and no part of League dues goes toward its support, which is maintained solely by voluntary contribution, all donors of five dollars or more becoming members for the period of one year. The books are audited by certified public accountants and reports made at frequent intervals to both the Fund and the League.

The Fund hopes shortly to be able to establish a permanent endowment, the principal of which will be preserved intact and the interest used for needy cases. A benefit entertainment will soon be held to obtain money with this object in view. Pensions and a home for aged and incapacitated authors and artists is another end toward which the Fund is striving.

The officers of the Fund are George Creel, president; Charles Dana Gibson, first vice president; Booth Tarkington, second vice president; Owen Davis, third vice president; Ellis Parker Butler, secretary; Luise Sillcox, treasurer. The Board of Directors, the majority of which must be League members, consists of George Ade, Irving Bacheller, George Barr Baker, Rex Beach, Eugene Buck, Ellis Parker Butler, Irvin S. Cobb, C. B. Falls, Edna Ferber, James Forbes, Montague Glass, John Golden, Arthur Guiterman, Ruth Hale, Will Irwin, Orson Lowell, George Barr McCutcheon, J. Hartley Manners, Alice Duer Miller, Kathleen Norris, Harvey O'Higgins, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Tony Sarg, Charles Scribner, Frederick A. Stokes, Julian Street, Walter Darwin Teague, William Allen White, Mrs. Payne Whitney, Jesse Lynch Williams.

Here is a cause of interest to all who care for writing and writers.

"Sonnets of a Simpleton" is a good title for a book. It was given to a series of genial verses by A. M. Sullivan, and published, curiously enough, in Newark. Grant C. Knight sends a copy of his "Superlatives" to the Gossip Shop. I have a feeling that he has a sly suspicion that the superlative habit is one which is not to be overlooked in these pages. However, I liked his book: it is clever, and has informative value as well. In case you have not seen it, he writes of things literary under chapter headings such as "The Greatest Rogue", "The Most Unreal", etc., etc. Having abandoned the editorial "we" in the Gossip Shop, I find myself wondering what prompted Mr. Knight to use it throughout an entire volume. However, each man to his own taste. Roland Holt's "A List of Music for Plays and Pageants" is a carefully put together and useful little book. For collectors — and not, to me at least, of great literary distinction — are Joseph Conrad's "Tales of Hearsay" and Lewis Carroll's "Novelty and Romancement". The former are stories by the great novelist hitherto unpublished in book form; the latter a newly discovered story by the author of "Alice in Wonderland". Each month I collect on the corner of my desk these tidbits of one sort and another. The record of plays produced under the direction of David Belasco, autographed and explicit, naturally gives me a few twinges about the editorial in the March BOOKMAN, but no record of past achievement can quite blot out this season in my mind. "Fancy's Garden" from the Rowny Press of Los Angeles is a beautifully made and illustrated volume. It contains poems by Luisa Re Mondini. Now I hate to carp, but for a beautiful book the case is execrable — in my humble opinion, of course. The orange backing is ugly and the proportions seem to me all wrong. However, the inside is lovely, I'll admit.

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